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BEAUTY OF THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Oh, give me not the sweetest smile
Of one with whom there dwelleth guile,
Deceit in every part.
Though shrined within a form of grace,
Let every other charm give place,
The outward beauty of the face,
To beauty of the heart.

The gaudy flower that rises bold
Above its mates, and seems to hold
In disdain other flowers,
Is not one half so sweet, so rare,
Nor can its fragrance e'en compare
With those which scent the desert air,
Or bloom in humbler bowers.

We cast the passion-flower aside,
Nor heed the poppy's crimson pride,
But pluck the violet sweet.
Within this fleeting world of ours
The lowliest are the sweetest flowers;
The bolder bloom in gaudier bowers,
An emblem of deceit.

The one who wears the regal crown
Of wit and beauty, and whose frown
Is feared by flattering friends,
Is not so blest as one whose lot
Is lowlier cast—her home bears not
The content of the quiet cot
Where peace and joy attends.

Then give me not the sweetest smile
Of one with whom there dwelleth guile,
Deceit in every part.
Give me the pure, unsullied mind,
The soul unshackled, unconfined,
As free, as chainless as the wind—
The beauty of the heart.

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW ANDRE'S PLANS WORKED.

Although much hurt by this reception, the young girl concealed her emotion, lest the footman who was standing near might detect it.

The meeting took place at the foot of the grand staircase, in the presence of the porter and three or four valets who loitered near in the vain hope of picking up some fresh materials for scandal to detail to their friends. Andre was so much discomposed by this visit that he did not ask his visitor to enter.

"Well," said he after an awkward pause, "you and Jerome are well, I hope."

"Yes, thank Heaven," said Colombine. "But is it the custom here to receive people on the staircase?"

"No," stammered Andre, growing more and more embarrassed every moment; "but—you see—this is not my house—my room is at the other end of the house—and, besides, I would never dare to ——"

"Oh, that's it?" said the young woman. "I will go, then; but you shall pay for this, monsieur."

"But, my dear Jeanette, you must understand ——"

"I understand too well," said the girl. "My presence annoys you. Your vows are lies. You despise me. You offer me the greatest affront an honest woman can suffer. Very well. I am too proud, monsieur, to demand or expect an explanation from you; but my turn will come, and I will repay you, monsieur, be assured."

With these words she turned upon her heel and abruptly departed.

Andre at first made a movement to follow her, but a foolish pride held him back. He could not afford to display weakness before the spies who were watching him. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and returned to his apartment. But he was afflicted with remorse, nevertheless. A secret voice whispered that he had done wrong.

Luckily for Andre's peace of mind, an unexpected event occurred at this time to cause a diversion. Robert came in person to pay him a visit. He was a little pale, but he seemed quite recovered from his wound. He had come to thank his friend again for the service he had rendered him, and to assure him of his eternal friendship.

Andre manifested a due appreciation of the warm gratitude of the Baron, and repaid it by informing him that Irene was confined in the Convent of Val de Grace; that he had seen the Queen, and that she had promised her protection to Irene.

"Her majesty," he added, "has consented to receive you in order that she may hear from your lips a confirmation of the accusations I have made against the Count."

"Then I must go, and speedily," said Robert with eagerness.

"I agree to the policy of that," said Andre; "but have you much hope from that direction?"

"Of course I have—and the greatest hopes."

"Well, I haven't the same confidence, for my part."

"Why haven't you?"

"Because the Count de Laumarail has remained true to the cause of the King and the Cardinal, and has rendered that cause great services. Now, would it be possible for them to refuse him a favor when it comes his turn to ask it? Of course not—especially when, to repay his fidelity, they simply have to do a favor which costs them nothing."

"But that would not be justice."

"Ah! but you know what justice is in revolutionary times, my dear Baron. It is like us—it takes sides blindly either for one or the other. Who are you who dare accuse the Count of crime? By what exploits have you distinguished yourself? What titles have you won? Justice will shut its eyes to your personal merits; and as it makes very little difference as regards the good of the State whether Irene be locked up for life in a convent and the Baron of Jouy die of despair, why, the Count will carry all with a high hand, and thus the King and the Cardinal will reward a faithful servant."

"Well, then, according to you, all I can do is to submit," said Robert, knitting his brows. "I shall not argue with you, but for my part there is nothing I will not risk to rescue Irene from the clutches of her brother. I'll do it if have to set fire to the Convent to set her free."

"Calm yourself, my dear Baron," said Andre, smiling, "I have another proposition to make."

"Another proposition?" repeated Robert, brightening up. "Have you a plan?"

"Why, do you think I haven't been racking my brains for the past week? Of course I have a plan. It is dangerous, foolhardy—impossible, perhaps—but it is a plan."

"What is it?"

"It is this. A certain Brother Tranqui, a friend of my uncle and a monk of the Order of Chartreux, is the porter on duty at the gate of the monastery. He has in his possession all the keys, and among them one that opens the door of a subterranean passage which communicates with the chapel of Val de Grace. You have heard tell of it, I have no doubt."

"Yes; but does it really exist?"

"That's what I'm going to find out."

"Well, then, supposing the passage really exists, how are you to get possession of the key? How, even then, could we reach Irene? Or how could we warn her of our coming?"

As he said this, there came a loud knock at the door of the apartment. Andre, supposing it was a messenger from the Duchess demanding his attendance, gave vent to an exclamation of impatience, and said savagely:

"Come in."

But his features suddenly relaxed, and the dark frown faded from his brow, when the door opened and he saw the round, rubicund face of the jolly old monk Brother Tranqui.

"What lucky chance brings you here?" he asked, rising, and warmly shaking the monk's hand.

"I am something like an embassador," said the visitor, with a stern look at Andre and a suspicious glance at Robert.

"Oh, you may speak out," said Andre. "The Baron of Jouy, whom I have the honor to introduce, is one of my best friends."

"I am glad of that," said Brother Tranqui, resuming his hearty manner; "for now I have only to come to the point without any prevarication. Guess, now, what has sent me here?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Andre.

"Why, your uncle, of course."

"Ah! What does he want of me?"

"He wants to make his peace with you. You know as well as anyone that he must miss you. As wicked and troublesome as such a piece of furniture as you must be in a dwelling, it is not easy to get along without you after living with you for eleven years. Besides, Larbelue has no children of his own. Remember, you are his sister's son, and, in short, there is a number of reasons why he should be attached to you, you ungrateful boy."

"Pardon me, Brother Tranqui; I did not leave of my own accord."

"Yes, I know in an angry moment he drove you out of the house, but he did not think you would take the thing seriously. He thought, of course, you would return, and ——"

"Well, then, I will go and see my poor uncle once more—this evening or to-morrow."

"Why not at once?"

"Because the Baron here, who has just recovered from a serious illness, has come to invite me to a little supper at his lodgings in celebration of his convalescence, and I have accepted the invitation."

"Ah! a little supper, is it?" said Brother Tranqui with a pleased look.

"And I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world. The Baron has such good wine!"

"Ah! Good wine, has he?" said the fat monk, his mouth watering at Andre's glowing description.

"And what a cook he has!"

"A good cook!" repeated Brother Tranqui, like an intelligent echo.

"But I think," said Andre reflectively, "the Baron would be very much pleased if you would do him the honor of supping with us this evening."

"What are you thinking of!" protested the monk. "Can I abandon my monastery?"

"Oh, but at that hour everybody will be sound asleep."

"At what hour is that?"

"Nine o'clock."

"To be sure, at nine o'clock all the Brothers are sleeping. But at midnight they awake and repair to the chapel."

"Very well, then; from nine o'clock till midnight you can ——"

"Yes, I can; but the rules forbid!"

"The rules! Why, then, how many times have you broken them? Don't you remember at my uncle's, when you and he used to enjoy your wine night after night ——"

"Hush! you impudent boy," said the monk.

"I'll not say a word about it if you'll promise to come."

Brother Tranqui was secretly burning with anxiety to accept the invitation, but he insisted on being urged; so it was not until Robert joined his voice with that of Andre to the same end that he answered:

"Well, since you will not take no for an answer, I consent to go. But no wild tricks—no follies—mark that."

"Have no fear," said Robert: "I am almost an invalid yet, and it would not do to indulge in any excesses."

"You are right, monsieur. I engage you by that, then," said the monk.

"Then it is an engagement for to-night?" asked Andre.

"To-night," promised Brother Tranqui.

Robert tore a leaf from his tablets, wrote his name and address on it, and presented it to his ecclesiastical guest. The jolly monk left, anticipating with a secret delight the gorging which was to begin at nine o'clock.

"You see, Heaven is with us," said Andre to Robert when the monk had gone.

"It seems so, indeed; but quick—to work," said the Baron, delighted.

They set about their plans at once, and the entire day was occupied in preparing the gastronomic trap in which they expected to catch such large game as this ruddy monk of the Order of Chartreux.

At eight o'clock the table was spread, and a formidable array of dusty wine-bottles garnished the oaken sideboard, under the skillful manipulation of the host of a neighboring inn, who had agreed, in consideration of a certain round sum to him paid in hand, to furnish the best supper that could be obtained in all Paris for either love or money. At the precise hour named Brother Tranqui arrived, and they took places at table.

Andre and Robert had not gone at this work blindly, nor had they failed to note in advance the difficulties of their undertaking. For two young men to make a rubicund old monk of the Order of Chartreux succumb to the flowing-bowl was no easy matter, and it was not without some misgivings they set about their task.

The innkeeper had not boasted vainly. The supper was complete and the cookery perfect. Brother Tranqui partook heartily, and his potations of the rare old wine were both abundant and frequent, from the fact that not one Ganymede had he, but several. In which respect he remarked that his position was more enviable than if he had been elevated to Olympus, where only one cupbearer did the business. The youngsters went at the strong-headed old monk with a bacchanalian rush. First it was Robert who wished to drink his health; then it was Andre. Then each had a toast to suggest in succession; and so they drank to every imaginable person, topic and principle. At last Brother Tranqui's eyes began to sparkle with a convivial light, and his dignity became the more rigid from the great effort necessary for its maintenance. Andre, too, appeared greatly overpowered. He arose to offer his toast in turn, but his footing was uncertain and his eye unfixed in its look. After a rambling sentimental speech full of maudlin affection, in which he blessed his uncle most effusively, he ended by bursting into tears and falling on the neck of the stately monk, whom he embraced violently, at the imminent risk of overturning him altogether.

"You are as full as a winesack," said the monk, pushing him away with a rigid dignity and a gravity that was, to say the least, suspicious. "No more of your affection, please. If the five or six bottles we have finished have such an effect on you, you are not fit to make your way in the world, boy."

"Such an effect on *me*," said Andre. "Why, Brother Tranqui, it is you who are under the influence, not I. It is you whom our six bottles have already nearly laid by the heels."

"I? I? By the temptation of St. Antoine! I laid by the heels! If the boy doesn't declare ——. Here, Baron, fill, fill, my glass—a bumper till I prove this rogue ——"

"I say you are, Brother Tranqui," stammered Andre. "The six bottles have captured you. You are theirs already."

"They have no effect on me at all. I have my senses perfect."

"I say no."

"I say yes."

"Well, we'll see," said Andre in a thick voice, and vainly trying to rise from his chair; "I challenge you to tell how many keys you have on the ring in your belt."

"Ah!" said the monk, "that's true—I don't know how many there are, for I never counted them."

"Ha, ha! laughed the young man. "And no more are you in a condition to tell me to what use you put this jingling bunch of old iron."

"Old iron!" cried the monk indignantly. "That's what you think, is it? Well, now, I will wager a bottle of Spanish wine that I can take up these keys, one after another, and designate the very doors they open."

"Done!" said Andre with a hiccup that seemed to nearly jerk his head off his shoulders. He held out his hand, and Brother Tranqui gravely took it in his by way of binding the gage. Then, taking up the bunch of rusty keys, he began telling them off as he would his beads. "This one," said he, "is the key of the entrance-gate; this, of the garden; this, the key of the refectory; and this—let me see—ah! yes—this is the key of a certain secret passage ——"

At this point Andre fell against the monk, wildly flinging his arms about his neck to save himself. In the struggle the keys fell to the floor, and it was some time before they could be recovered. Robert was very much troubled by the turn affairs had taken. The suddenness with which his friend had given way under the influence of the wine had utterly disheartened him, and made him despair of success in their enterprise.

Andre was finally hauled out from under the table, and, seizing his glass, cried:

"A toast! Come! It shall not be said that a monk has drunk two soldiers under the table."

"We'll see about that," said the monk, whose blood was evidently up, and, filling his glass again, he emptied it at a draught.

"Ah!" broke from Andre again, "what a fine person you would be, Brother Tranqui, to tell fairy-stories to children. You can invent so beautifully."

"I? I never invent stories," said the monk, furiously indignant. "Why, that would be lying, and I never told a lie in my life."

"What do you call that story about the secret passage, then? Do you pretend that such a thing exists?"

"Does it exist? Of course it does."

"Impossible!"

"Is it impossible? Why, the entrance to it is in the porter's lodge, and I am the porter; so I should know whether it exists or not."

"Ha, ha! Here's a secret passage for you," cried Andre. "It's entrance is in the porter's lodge, through which everyone must pass who goes into the building."

"You wine-sodden stripling, do you suppose the door of a secret passage stands wide open to everyone's gaze? Of course not. It is concealed behind a heavy, carved oaken-panel of the wall. In order to get at the door to use the key at all, you must make the panel slide aside."

"How can you do that?"

"Ah! If I told you that, you would know as much as I know," said the monk, emptying his glass again at a gulp.

"I thought I could corner you," said Andre. "I knew your invention wouldn't hold out long. Come, let us drink."

"My invention," repeated Brother Tranqui indignantly. "By the Martyr of St. Brienc, was there ever anything heard like that?"

"The idea! A sliding-panel, and all that nonsense," said Andre.

"Yes, a sliding-panel," repeated the monk.

"How can it slide, then? Tell me that."

"If you can press your hand on the head of the figure that is carved in the panel in bas-relief, as I have often done, you would see how it could move, you silly, stupid boy," said Tranqui angrily.

"There, Brother Tranqui, do not vex yourself any further," said Robert. "You see, our friend Andre knows not what he says. See, he's gone to sleep with his head on the table. He's snoring already. Don't bother yourself with him any further."

"He's a drunkard," said the monk, rising with difficulty after several earnest attempts, and then only maintaining an exact equilibrium by the most resolute determination. "And he's a fool, too. The idea! such a youngster to dispute with me the existence of a secret passage from my lodge to the chapel of Val de Grace."

"Is it really true, then?" inquired the Baron.

"True?" repeated the monk petulantly. "Why, as true as I stand here before you. And more—it begins in my lodge, and it ends in the tomb of Celestine Moriange, which is in the wall of the chapel. There! If that drunkard were awake he would contradict that too, I suppose, and would swear it was another fairy tale."

"What! The secret passage ends in a tomb?" asked Robert in genuine surprise.

"Yes, and very wise it was, too. True, no such person as Celestine Moriange ever lived, or died; but there is her tomb, and who is going into a tomb to search for a secret passage?"

"The door is in the tomb, then?" asked the Baron.

"It isn't exactly a door, either. There's another wise thing. You have to lift off a broad piece of marble lying on the pedestal, and then you may swing open on their hinges two marble doors at the feet of the statue and thus gain access to the stone steps that lead down to the secret passage. What would that scapegrace say to that if he were awake? He would dispute me to my teeth, of course. But, apropos of St. Laurent, can you tell me why it was that if Montezuma was roasted, he was not canonized? But what was I saying? Ah! bless us, I have forgotten. No matter, young gentleman, you have given me a glorious supper. Another time, try to give me more convivial companions."

With these words Brother Tranqui oscillated towards the door, and made his uncertain way out, accompanied by Robert, who escorted him to the street.

"Now, then," said the Baron with a sigh when he had closed the door on the burly figure of the ecclesiastic, "I must attend to poor Andre. How strange! At the beginning of the supper he held his own well enough, but suddenly ——"

As he said this he opened the door of the apartment and came to a sudden pause, bewildered at the sight that presented itself to his eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STROKE OF ILL FORTUNE.

Andre stood before him perfectly sober, and smilingly holding high before him, between his thumb and forefinger, the great rusty key of the secret passage.

"What!" cried the Baron joyfully. "You were only pretending, after all?"

"Yes; a little bit of comedy—that's all. It was necessary to get the key, and that was the only way to do it. Now, then, we are masters of the situation."

"Oh, not yet," said Robert. "First of all, we must notify Irene."

"Trust that to me," replied Andre. "Write as I dictate:

"My dear Irene: To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, go to the convent chapel, and stand near the statue, over the tomb of Celestine Moriange. Have no tears. I will be there. ROBERT."

"Now, then," said Andre, "give the note into my hands, and engage for use to-morrow night three of the best horses you can find. The rest will go on without trouble."

"But I must be informed in time that Irene has been notified, so that I may not wait in suspense."

"I will return and inform you."

"You need not give yourself that trouble. I can call at the house of the Duchess."

"No, no," replied Andre. "Show yourself as little as possible. It is not wise to run any extra risks at this critical moment."

"Very well. Then I will wait here for your return."

"You may rely on me," said Andre as he took his departure from the lodgings of the Baron, and hastened to the Hotel de Longueville.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he found the house ablaze with light, the valets hurrying to and fro, and everything in a state of unusual excitement. On inquiring, he learned that the Duke de Longueville had returned suddenly from his mission to Germany. His first business had been to revise the list of his household officers, and Andre learned he had inquired for him several times. The young officer, therefore, reported himself to the Duke at once. His first glance at the nobleman made him aware that they were not likely to be friends.

"You are the new officer called Monsieur Andre, are you not?" asked the Duke.

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, then, I regret to inform you that I cannot retain your services after to-day. My household force is already very large, and, as I bring a large retinue back with me from Germany, all old servants of my house for years, I must dispense with some of the new appointments."

"I understand that, monsieur, perfectly," said Andre, trying very hard to conceal his disappointment.

"But yours is not a special case," continued the Duke; "there are five of you altogether, whose services I feel obliged to dispense with. If you will call on my steward to-morrow morning, before you go, he will count you ten pistoles, and you will be free."

"Very good, my lord," said Andre, bowing himself out of the apartment.

He rushed up to his room in a fury of rage. Never before had he been made to feel so keenly his position as a servant. But did the Duke act on his own suggestion in this? Was there not in this crushing blow some near or remote connection with Colombine's threat of vengeance? Here, then, was the end of his ambition. Had it not been better that he had remained with his Uncle Laberlue? At least he had not been a servant there, to be discharged in the company of footmen.

"Bah!" said he, suddenly rising from the chair in which he had flung himself at first, "I shall call on Mlle. Montpensier. She has been very kind to me, and I may make a new stroke of fortune there."

He paced the room angrily, and communed with his bitter thoughts. The confusion in the house lasted during the entire night. The footmen were running to and fro, and carrying messages to every quarter of the great mansion; but, though he listened eagerly to every step that passed his door, to his great disappointment no one knocked, and no message came to him from the Duchess. It seemed to Andre that he had been in the apartment but an hour when he saw the daylight struggling through the window and mingling with the light of his flickering taper.

He placed on the bed with a scrupulous care every article of the brilliant uniform he had worn with so much pride, as well as the sword and poniard, the gifts of Madame De Longueville, and then dressed himself in the humble apparel which he had worn the night his uncle had turned him out of doors. Having done this, he left the house, scorning to take the ten pistoles which had been accorded him by the Duke. It was three o'clock in the morning. No one saw him leave the house except the porter. He wandered about the streets, killing time wearily, until a proper hour should arrive for a call on Robert, with whom he had determined to find asylum. The clocks were striking six just as he was passing a baker's shop, where an apprentice was carrying in from the bake-house a tray laden with a steaming hot bread which we would call "muffins," only they were much larger than our cooks make, being of the circumference of a small round loaf of bread, and two inches in thickness. Andre bought one of these, and ate it with a relish as he walked along. When he had finished his meal he turned on his heel, and, walking back quickly to the baker's shop, bought two of the steaming cakes—one of extraordinary size, the other the smallest he could find. With these carefully wrapped up in paper, he turned his steps towards the Convent of Val de Grace, and hurried along as if propelled by a new impulse. When he had reached a quiet and deserted street on the way, he took out his knife, and, taking the smaller of the two cakes from the package, he thrust the blade carefully under the flaky crust, and into the neat incision glided the note that Robert had written to Irene. A few minutes after he arrived at the tower-door of the Convent, and knocked boldly.

"Good-morning, sister," said he to the nun of the tower—the same who had been the companion of the Lady Superior in the midnight adventure.

"What do you want?" asked she sharply.

"Why, don't you know me, sister? It was I who rescued you the other night when ——"

"You? Are you the young officer?" cried she gladly, recognizing his features at last. "Come in."

She closed the wicket at once, and, opening the door, admitted Andre, whom she eyed from head to foot in great astonishment.

He, noticing her look of surprise, and rightly judging that it was doubtless occasioned by the simplicity of the dress in which he was attired, said:

"I have left the service of the Duchess and have gone back to my parents; and as my mother made so very good hot cakes this morning, I took the idea of bringing you one, sister."

"That is very kind of you, my brother; but you should not take so much trouble for me."

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble; it is a matter of pride with me too. I have had the honor of an audience with the Queen, and her majesty made me a promise regarding Mlle. Laumirail. I have come, as much as anything, to learn if she has given any orders yet concerning the young lady."

"What! Was it you?" said the nun in surprise. "Why, yesterday we received directions from her majesty that the young lady should be released from the rules of our discipline until further orders are received regarding her case. Was it you, then, who accomplished this wonderful command?"

"Yes, sister," replied Andre with a winning smile; "I have had the good fortune to render important services to both the Queen and the Cardinal, and they could hardly refuse me anything I might ask. In fact, since I have such powerful friends, I have presumed, sister, to think that you will feel also enough indebted to me to do me a favor in return by giving Mlle. Laumirail this small cake, which I have brought as a present for her."

"Oh, is that all the favor you ask?" said the nun pleasantly. "Give it me; I will carry it to her at once."

TRUE LOVE.—AT THE THEATRE.

LEONORA.—Oh, Charles! do pray look at the Stage and listen to the music.
CHARLES (not married yet, but in hopes).—Oh, Leonora! I seem to feel the music so much better looking at you.

The nun disappeared with the gift.

Andre was alone. Up to this point his plan had worked to perfection. But would Irene aid him to insure success? On the contrary, having no warning of what was going on, might she not reject the present that was brought her by the nun? Or, again, if she accepted, might she not break it open and discover the note in the presence of the nun? Either of these misfortunes was possible. Andre was a prey to terrible mental anguish. To distract his mind from the subject, he examined the little whitewashed room and noted the furniture, which consisted of a table and two chairs and a crucifix. Some minutes passed wearily by, during which the bold youngster, devoured with nervous apprehensions, walked feverishly up and down and all around the little apartment.

CHAPTER XIX.

FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN.

At last the nun returned. Her hands were empty and her lips wore a smile. These were good signs. She told him that Irene had received the gift without manifesting either disdain or pleasure, and had laid it on the table without tasting it.

"Good," said Andre to himself. "She will break it open in the end, out of curiosity alone."

He then chatted pleasantly with the nun, who eagerly took advantage of this opportunity of talking, since the most of her days were passed in absolute silence. But the conversation giving no promise of ending soon, and Andre being anxious to inform Robert of what he had done, was obliged to plead urgent business to get away. Just as the sister was opening the door to let him out, however, he saw a very beautiful young woman enter the lodge.

"Ah!" said the nun, "here is Mlle. Laumirail come to thank you in person for your present, as I told her she ought to have done at first."

Andre regarded this lovely apparition with a curious scrutiny. He noticed a bright sparkle in her black eyes, and a breathless agitation of her bosom. Although she was restraining herself, he detected with his keen looks that she was under the influence of some deep emotion. She quickly approached him.

"Was it you, monsieur," she asked, "who brought me the cake?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. I have the honor to be the friend of the Baron Robert, and I have taken the liberty of offering you a little gift on the strength of that friendship."

"You have been very kind, monsieur, and I thank you from the depths of my heart."

"Take care, child," said the nun. "If you are so ardent in your thanks, you may be justly taxed with a great tendency to the sin of gluttony. Your thanks for a little cake are beyond all measure."

"Pardon me, sister; it is because my mother doesn't make cakes in the usual way. She introduces certain ingredients into them which have a great influence on delicate palates. The young lady is excusable, therefore, I think; and you will think so, too, after you have eaten your cake."

Then, turning to Irene, he asked:

"You discovered the difference, I wager, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, at once, monsieur."

"And do you like the flavoring?"

"Yes, better than anything else in the world."

"Well, well! You will be disciplined for gluttony, child, if you go on thus," said the nun, smiling.

"Ah! sister, do not blame the young lady," said Andre. "I am delighted that I have so easily pleased Mlle. Laumirail—that I have succeeded at the first attempt in meeting her taste so completely. I shall go at once to the Baron Robert and inform him of my good fortune. He will be delighted to learn that so small a service has produced such happy results.

"With these words Andre gave Irene a quick, meaning look, and, saluting her respectfully, left the apartment. He hastened off at once to relate to Robert all that had passed.

"Then our attempt will be really made to-night?" asked the Baron, beside himself with joy.

"Then, or never," said Andre.

"But how do you propose to manage?"

"Trust yourself to me, and fear nothing."

"I have done so from the first. The three horses have been selected, according to your advice. I chose them myself."

"Good. Old Jacques, your servant, can bring them—can he not?"

"Yes. But Brother Tranqui will be in his lodge to-night. How can you dispose of him?"

"I have my plan. Do not worry about that."

"Well, then, I blindly give myself into your hands," said the Baron. "You have given me so many proofs of your zeal and friendship in the past, that I have no right to doubt you. But I have been so interested with what you have had to tell me, that I have not noticed until this very moment the remarkable change you have undergone as regards your dress. How happens it? Have you left the service of the Duchess?"

"Yes," said Andre with a little embarrassment. "I have something better in view."

"I am happy to learn that," said Robert; "but in any event, do not forget that I am rich, and if you want for the offices of a friend I will give precedence to no one in serving you."

"Thanks. There is time enough to call on you for aid. Keep your money—you may have need of it all. For the present I will content myself with a little of the remains of our supper of yesterday, which I see in the adjoining room."

The Baron summoned his servant, and soon had a good breakfast spread out before them, and Andre made a hearty meal. When he had finished and was ready to go, he reminded Robert again of the evening's work.

"To-night," said he, "I will come here for you a little before nine o'clock. Hold yourself in readiness, and do not forget your weapons and your money."

"I will not fail in anything," said Robert.

Without losing any time, Andre went at once to the residence of the Duke of Orleans, and asked to see Mlle. Montpensier. The servants knew him, and, having noticed that the lady had always seemed anxious to see him, though his visits had been frequent, put no obstacles in his way.

After waiting ten minutes only, he was ushered into the presence of the Princess.

"What is there new?" asked she. "Are you still watched by royal spies? What means this disguise?"

"This is not a disguise, mademoiselle. It is the dress I always wore before I entered the service of the Duchess."

"Are you no longer in her service?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"Since when?"

"Since this morning."

"Has she dismissed you?"

"No; I have not had the honor of seeing the Duchess. It was the Duke, who, having returned from Germany with a great retinue of officers and servants older in his service than I, informed me that he would dispense with me."

"But he gave you an indemnity in money, surely?"

"He intended to do so, mademoiselle, but I refused it."

"Then you are without resources?"

"Not absolutely, mademoiselle. I have only at need to return to my uncle, who is one of the wealthiest merchants of Paris. I was invited to return yesterday, and I am sure of a kind reception by him; but since he turned me out of doors I prefer, if I can, to prove to him that I can get along by my own efforts."

"Would you like to enter into the service of my household?" asked the Princess.

"Very much indeed, mademoiselle, provided I have a rank equal to that I held in the service of the Duchess."

"I could offer you nothing less," said the Princess. "I have seen your work, and the Duchess herself has told me some of your exploits, and has expressed her satisfaction in attaching you to her service. I cannot see how she could have consented to your dismissal. But that does not matter. From this time forth consider yourself an officer of my household."

"Your highness, I know not how to thank you for your favor," said Andre.

"Do not thank me for your office, monsieur. You may yet be called on as my officer—and presently, perhaps—to sacrifice your life in my defense."

"I know it, mademoiselle."

"How!" exclaimed the Princess in astonishment, "you know it?"

"Pardon me, your highness; my voice is but the echo of Paris at this moment."

"Well, what do they say of me in Paris?"

"Rumor has it that you have decided to espouse the cause of the Duke of Orleans against the King."

"They are right, then, monsieur."

"They say that you will not hesitate to use force if you think it necessary."

"And, knowing all this, you have come to me?" said the Princess.

"I am here, your highness," said Andre coolly.

"Let it be as you desire, then, for there cannot be too many stout hearts and true to defend a noble and just cause."

With these words she rang a bell, and a servant appeared.

"Tell Monsieur De Gardes to come here at once," said she.

M. De Gardes, under whose command were all the officers and private retainers attached to the house of Orleans, appeared promptly.

"Monsieur," said the Princess, "you will furnish me to-day an officer's commission for this young gentleman. He will take rank from to-day in the guard of the house of Orleans. Do me the favor of introducing him to his fellow-officers, and see that he is furnished with a uniform suitable to his rank." Then, turning to Andre: "Be pleased to follow this officer, monsieur."

Half an hour after, Andre had assumed the blue-and-gold uniform—the colors of the house of Orleans. Once more he was great with pride. Instead of retrograding, he had gone ahead a step in obtaining a regular commission in due form in the military service of the house of Orleans—the first of all the princely establishments of France. Twenty-four hours must elapse before he could enter into the functions of his new office, and he could not resist the temptation to take a little walk abroad in his new plumage.

He took supper with old Master Lecol, whom he dazzled with his magnificence, and, after parading before the eyes of his uncle's friends as before, he went to the lodgings of his friend the Baron. The latter at once recognized the colors of the house of Orleans, and congratulated his young friend heartily on his advancement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MADE.

In 1823, Talma, having appeared only in tragedy since 1796, consented to give his support to Mlle. Mars in one of Casimir Delavigne's comedies. The announcement created a wonderful sensation—the best actor and best actress in France to appear together.

One morning, about a week previous to the time of the announced appearance, while Mlle. Mars was in her private apartments, a manufacturer of Lyons asked for an audience. On entering he spread out before the actress a shimmering fold of costly, yellow velvet.

"Will you deign to accept this, and make my fortune?" said the visitor.

Explanations followed, and it was understood to be purely a business affair. The sagacious manufacturer knew very well that the superb woman before him set the fashion in female dress before all Paris. Yellow velvet was his specialty, but nobody wore it; and yet he was assured that it would be all the rage if once seen upon the queen of the stage.

Mlle. Mars did not know. The color was very trying; she had dresses enough; but at length the earnest pleading of the manufacturer overcame her scruples, and, in the kindness of her heart, she took the velvet, and handed it over to her dressmaker, with instructions for the making up.

The eventful evening arrived, and Mlle. Mars was arrayed in her robes of yellow velvet. On beholding the reflection of herself in her dressing-room mirror, her heart gave way.

"It is too ridiculous," she cried, almost shedding tears of vexation. "I look like an awfully exaggerated canary-bird. Really, I cannot appear. Tell the manager he must postpone the play, or at least wait for me."

Talma heard the word and hurried from his dressing-room.

"Is that all?" he said, when he had surveyed the queen and heard her story. "Upon my word, you never looked better in your life. The effect is superb. I am charmed with it."

And the play went on.

In less than two weeks thereafter the salons of Paris were literally golden with yellow velvet. A lady could not be in the fashion in anything else.

Years afterwards the wealthiest manufacturer of Lyons gave a grand fete in honor of Mlle. Mars, entertaining her sumptuously. The festival was held in a spacious and superb country-house on the banks of the Saone, and the fortune upon which the estate had been reared had grown up from yellow velvet.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND TOM PURDIE.

* * * Two or three more fish were taken amongst the stones at the tail of the cast, and, the sport in the carry-wheel being now ended, and the fish stowed in the hold of the boat, the crew jumped ashore, and a right hearty appeal was made to the whiskey-bottle. It was first tendered to the veteran Tom Purdie, to whom it was always observed to have a natural gravitation, but, to the astonishment of all, he barely put his lips to the quaigh and passed it to his nephew.

"Why, uncle, man! what the deil's come owre ye? I never kent ye refuse a drappie afore; no, not sin I was a callant. I canna thole to see you gang that gait."

"Why, I'll tell ye what it is, Charlie. I got a repreef from Sir Walter for being fou the ither night."

"Eh, uncle! how was that?"

"'Why,' says Sir Walter, 'Tom,' says he, 'I sent for ye on Monday, and ye were not at hame at aight o'clock; I doubt ye were fou, Tom.' 'I'll just tell ye hale truth,' says I; 'I gaed round by the men at wark by Rymer's Glen, and came in by Tarfield; then I went to Darnick, and had a glass o' whiskey wi' Sandy Trummel at Susy's; and I was joust coming awa when Rob steppit in, and cried for half a mutchkin. I was na for takkin mair, but the glasses were filled, and I did not like to be beat wi' them, so I took mine.' 'And is that all ye had, Tom?' said Sir Walter. 'Ay, indeed was it,' said I; 'but Heaven have a care o' me, I never was the waur o' it till I was ganging up by Jemmy Mercer's by Coat's Green; and when I came up by Kaeside, I wanted to see Maister Laidlaw, but I thocht I dustna gang in; and how I got hame I dinna ken, for I never minded it na mair; but our wife was in a terrible bad key i' the morning, because I was sair wanted last night.' 'Well,' said the maister, 'ye may never do the like again, Tom.' We then gaed to the woods, and thinned the trees; and I labored wi' the axe at thae that Sir Walter marked. 'Now, Tom,' says he, 'you will go home with me, for you have been working very hard, and a glass of whiskey will do you good;' and he cawed to Nicholson to bring Tom a glass o' Glenlivet. I tuk it down; and, man, if ye'd found it! it beat a' the whiskey I ever tasted in my life. 'Well, Tom,' said Sir Walter, 'how do ye feel after it? Do you think anither glass will do ye any harm?' I said naething, but I thocht I wad like anither, and Nicholson poured out ane, and I tuk it. Then the maister said: 'Tom, do ye feel onything the waur o't?' 'Na, na,' said I; 'but it's terrible powerfu', and three times as strang as ony whiskey I ever drank in my life.' 'Then, Tom,' says Sir Walter, 'never tell me that three glasses o' Susy's whiskey will fill ye fou, when ye have drank twa o' mine, which ye say is three times as strong, and ye feel all the better for it.' Hey! man, I never was so ta'en by the face in a' my life. I didna ken where to luk. The deil fa' me if ever he catch me sae again."

ADVERSITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."—SHAKESPEARE.

Adversity will bring to light
The friend that holds you dear;
The flatterer's smile may fade from sight,
And gay companions of the night
No longer may appear;
Bright glances may be turned away,
And friends grow cold from day to day,
But they deserve no weak dismay,
Nor yet a silent tear.
Why should you sigh for pleasures lost?
Does Summer grieve when Winter's frost
Chills all its fruits so fair?
Does Night bemoan the lack of light?
Hath it not stars and moon so bright
To smile upon the air?
Life is not always fair;
It has its day, it has its night,
Its gladness and its care.
If you would test a seeming friend,
And know his value true,
From some high social sphere descend
Below the favored few;
Grow poor, and wander through the night
Bereft of every cheer—
Adversity will bring to light
The friend that holds you dear.

J. P. SKELLY.

FOUND AND LOST.

A TALE OF THE PESTILENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MAGNOLIA.

It was at the sunset of a burning August day that I sat on the balcony of my hotel in the Crescent City—the Queen City of the South—and looked across the hot, furnace-like streets to the broad waters of the Gulf, that seemed seething in the intense heat of the declining day. Not a breath of air stirred the oppressive atmosphere, and a hazy, quivering mist hung above the city, while a silence and stillness most unusual reigned in the streets. And well might it be so, for an awful visitor had made its appearance in the fated city. Death had there set up his throne, and pestilence stalked abroad in the noonday.

As the sun sank a blood-red globe of fire in a coppery sky, and the shadows lengthened on the streets, more signs of life began to appear; but, mingled with them, were also signs of death. Wagons heaped with empty coffins jarred over the stones, and vehicles laden with the dead crept slowly on their way to the cemeteries. Men with hurried step and anxious faces passed without appearing to see each other; and here and there a pale ghost of a woman glided swiftly across a street or around a corner on some errand for the sick or dead. In the midst of such scenes and sounds I sat, fearless and apathetic, so far as myself was concerned, for death had no terrors, as life possessed no charm for me.

Five years ago I had loved, with all the depth and intensity of my passionate young nature, the only woman who had ever had power to stir my heart. We had been little more than boy and girl when we first met—she the daughter of my French dancing-master, and I the heir of a proud and wealthy family—and my friends had consoled themselves with the thought that, being so young, the attachment would wear itself away and the disgraceful *mesalliance* be prevented. But, knowing Marie as I did, her lovliness and purity of character, as well as her grace and beauty, time had only served to increase and intensify my passion. At each return home at my semi-yearly college vacations I had found her maturing into more perfectness of lovely and beautiful young womanhood, and when I at length parted from her for my last collegiate session it was with the promise that she should become my wife on my return. I was already of age and my own master, and nothing stood between us—as I fondly believed. But when I returned, eager to claim my bride, she was gone—gone with her father—leaving no clue by which she might be traced. And it was not until two years of wandering, in my own country and in Europe, that I at length found her.

One night, in Paris, I accompanied a friend to the theatre to see a new actress—one with the praises of whose beauty and talent the city was ringing. Something delayed us, and we reached the theatre only at the close of the performance. And there, in the slight and graceful but queenly figure which bowed to the rapturous applause of the audience, I recognized *Marie!* Robed in satin, glittering with gems, she stood—not excited and flushed with triumph, but pale, and with a calm sadness in even the smile upon her lips.

What need to stir up old bitterness and anguish by relating the rest? She told me all that night, when I rushed half frantic behind the scenes as the curtain fell—told how my friends had spoken to her father, remonstrating upon the inequality of the match between his daughter and a Delancey, threatening never to acknowledge her in the family, and predicting that the *mesalliance* could end only in wretchedness to her. The old dancing-master was proud. His blood, he said, was better than theirs; but he was not one to allow his daughter to intrude into a family which professed to look down upon her. And so he took her away; and when he became suddenly palsied, and was thus incapacitated from earning a living, his daughter became first a ballet-dancer, and then—her wonderful talents and beauty attracting the attention of a famous stage-manager—she, after a brief novitiate, made her debut in the French capital itself, and with a success which took the impressible Parisians by storm. But here, to escape the persecutions which naturally beset one in her position, and for sake of protection, and partly, also, she confessed, in "gratitude," she had married the manager who had taken so much interest in her. It was thus that I found her—married, and lost to me forever.

That interview was my last with Marie. In it her jealous husband had discovered the secret, never spoken by her lips, but already suspected by him, that her love was another's; and I felt that, if only for her sake, and to secure her against constant surveillance, suspicion, and perhaps unkind treatment and slander, it was my duty to see her no more.

So three more years had passed—three long, long years of weariness, in which life seemed to hold for me nothing worth living for. I ascertained that Marie's husband, Monsieur L——, had retired from professional life, and was residing somewhere in America. This was six months ago. I had heard nothing of them since.

Can the reader now understand why it was that I apathetically lingered in the plague-stricken city when others were flying, and where there was no tie to detain me?

Wearied of the dismal sights and sounds, and thirsting for a breath of fresh air, I at length left my hotel, and with a lighted cigar strolled slowly down the street out into the suburbs of the city. Here the street became merged into a shaded avenue, open on one side, but in the other sprinkled with houses set in the midst of gardens. Most of these were shut out from the road by a stone wall, above which hung tropical foliage and gorgeous flowering shrubs, loading the air with their heavy perfume. As I passed the gate of one of these, a group of several persons came forth and were accosted by one who had just hurriedly passed me. My ear seemed to catch mechanically the words spoken in an abrupt but solemn tone:

"*De Chaleure is dead! Cholera!*"

Here, then, also, without the heated city, and on the verge of green fields bordering the river, had the grim pestilence intruded.

The twilight had faded into darkness, and a full moon was struggling with a mass of cloud which obscured its rising. Wearied with my walk, I paused at an iron-barred gate which stood open, and looked wistfully into a shadowy court whence came a cool trickling of water. The court seemed neglected, the house silent, dark and deserted. Doubtless its occupants had, like most others, fled from the plague-stricken city. I sauntered slowly up the broad walk, and, seating myself on the stone threshold of the door, bared my forehead to the scarce perceptible breeze that stirred the feathery mimosa-blossoms.

The moon had now risen, and her light glittered on the broad magnolia leaves and flecked the heavy shadows of the tropical foliage about me. A rich, oppressive Oriental perfume burthened the atmosphere, mingled with the damp miasmic odor of the neglected basin into which the water of the half-dried fountain dripped slowly, with a faint tinkle that suggested, not rippling laughter, but tears. A solemn, death-like stillness brooded over the whole, and the thought involuntarily suggested itself that something like this might have looked the garden of Paradise when the curse had fallen, and the once pure and sinless had thence gone forth forever.

Suddenly I started. Behind me the door had noiselessly opened, and as I arose a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Come in. They have waited for you."

I know not what induced me to yield to the grasp of that hand, as it drew me within and closed the door behind me. I found myself standing in a broad, stone-paved hall, dimly lighted by the reflection from an open door at its extremity. Beyond this was another door, giving a glimpse of a vine-wreathed verandah.

The person who had drawn me in was a woman, old and ugly, and dark enough to be taken at first glance for a negro, though the outline of her features, her manner and accent revealed to me that she was French.

"They are waiting for you, Monsieur De Chaleure," she said, pointing towards the lighted door. "You were late, and my master had to call in Le Petit Jean to take your place."

De Chaleure? The recollection of the words I had a few moments before accidentally heard flashed upon me, and as if by an echo I mechanically repeated:

"*De Chaleure is dead! Cholera!*"

The woman recoiled.

"Mon Dieu! and has it, then, found its way out here? But to-morrow we go, thank Heaven." Lowering her voice, she added: "So, monsieur, you come to tell us that Monsieur De Chaleure is dead? Excuse me, monsieur, but would it be prudent to tell the master, considering his humors, and that he himself is not well? He might not be agreeable, see you, monsieur? But if you think best, go."

She again pointed to the lighted door, and before I could say a word in answer had glided into some dark recess of the hall, and disappeared.

I turned to open the door by which I had entered, but found that it had been bolted in some mysterious manner, the secret of which I could not discover. Then I looked for the bell-wire, but it was not visible. The awkwardness of my situation flashed upon me, and I momentarily dreaded the appearance of someone to whom it would be difficult to explain it. Finally, finding escape by one door impracticable, I decided to try the opposite, which opened upon the verandah in the rear.

As I passed the lighted doorway, I glanced within. Four men were seated there around a table, on which were fruit, wine, and cards. The one who directly faced me was a large, middle-aged man, in a loose dressing-gown of white linen or silk. His face, though handsome, struck me at once with a sudden disagreeable consciousness of having seen it before. In the instant of my passing I saw him stretch forth his hand to the viands before him, and heard him say, in a tone of solemn mockery:

"So, my friends, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Gliding past these reckless revelers unobserved, I reached the verandah. It was a cool and shadowy recess, interlaced with vines and bordered with rows of oleander and cape-jasmine. Amid these I observed the form of a woman—graceful, slender, clad in white, and leaning languidly against one of the vine-wreathed pillars.

What was there in the mere sight of this woman's form which caused the blood to rush to my heart in a sudden torrent of undefinable emotion? Even as I stood, breathless and motionless, she turned, and, seeing me, slowly advanced. Out of the shadow she came, and, stepping before me into the moonlight, stood, white-robed, ruby-lipped, golden-haired—the angel of my dreams for five long years past.

I sprang forward with a breathless exclamation:

"Marie!"

She held out both her hands. Her eyes were radiant and the color flushed into her cheeks; but when I would have impulsively clasped her in a close embrace, and had already felt the quick throbbing of her heart against mine, she drew back.

"O Marie—my darling—I have found you again!"

In the stillness I could almost hear our two hearts beating as we stood silent, gazing into each other's eyes. The flush had suddenly died away from her face, leaving her almost as fair and pale as the white blossom which drooped in her hair.

"How came you here?" she whispered.

I told her, adding:

"Some good, unseen angel must have led me hither."

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured, "it can bring to us but unhappiness."

"Then, Marie, you are still that man's wife?"

She assented with a silent motion of the head. Looking at her closely, I saw that, beautiful as she still was, it was with a more etherealized and spiritual beauty. She looked paler and more fragile than of old, and there was on her sweet face a touching expression of gentle, patient sadness.

"One word, Marie. Is he kind to you?" I inquired, for the moment forgetting myself in anxiety about her.

She hesitated, then answered in a low voice:

"Yes—in his own way—at times."

The words and tone told the whole story, and I involuntarily clenched my teeth as I muttered:

"Curse him!"

"Hush!" she whispered, turning her face towards the half-closed blinds of the windows opening upon the verandah, and through which and the intervening chambers came the sound of the reckless voices beyond.

"Marie, you shall not live longer with this man; you shall not linger here in this plague-stricken city. O my love, my darling! let me take you away from the brute who is not worthy of you—you who belonged, and, spite of all, *do* still belong, to me!"

She shrank back as I again attempted to clasp her.

"You forget," she said, "both your honor and mine. Yet, oh, my heart is breaking! When, oh, when will it end?"

She leaned back against the pillar, with her face buried in her hands. In that moment of mute anguish to us both, I do not know what I should have said or done, but just then a footstep behind me caused me to turn. In the doorway was standing the large man in the white dressing-gown—Marie's husband.

His face was whiter, if possible, than Marie's, but with a deathly, cadaverous pallor.

"*Soh,*" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. "*Soh,* I have found you out, madame. And you, you infernal villain, how dare—you ——"

His voice seemed actually to fail him in the violence of his passion, and he staggered rather than walked towards us.

"You shall pay for this! And *you*, you false, accursed ——"

He stretched out his hand to grasp his wife's shoulder. She saw the motion, and involuntarily shrank with a quivering shudder that seemed more of loathing than of fear. I sprang forward in a blind fury.

"Touch her at your peril!" I cried. "Dare to lay your brutal hand upon her, and ——"

What was it that, as I looked upon his face in the moonlight, hushed the words upon my lips, and caused me, too, to shrink from him in horror? His face was no longer white. Bloated and swollen with passion it still was; but over it, about the glaring eyes and the set, rigid lips, a dark, portentous shadow had gathered, which I knew too well. He made a step towards us, reeled, and with a curse upon his lips fell prone at our feet.

They lifted him, and bore him into the house. My ear, strained to the utmost, caught the words from the inner room, low and awe-struck as they were:

"He is dead."

"Quite. *Cholera!*"

I turned to Marie with a wild thrill of emotion which I dared not speak. Our eyes met, and no words were needed. Suddenly and miraculously, as it were, the barrier between us had been removed. She was mine—mine at last!

"You must leave this place at once," I said. "This is no time for the consideration of anything but safety. I cannot breathe freely while I see you exposed to this awful danger."

The old French housekeeper joined her entreaties to mine. What would be the use of remaining in the infected house another night, when all was already prepared for their leaving in the morning? The "River Queen" would leave her wharf in an hour. Surely madame would go, and leave it to his friends to see the master properly buried. What would it matter to him?

Finally, Marie yielded. It was agreed that I was to meet her at C——, where the "River Queen" would arrive at ten o'clock on the following evening. I, traveling by rail, would await her there, and with her consent at once make her my wife, and take her far away from the plague-stricken South. It was, as I felt, no time to stand on social formula or proprieties. She had no relative, and scarcely a friend in this country. I would give her a home and a husband's protection.

How changed was the whole world and life itself to me as I sped to meet my love on that moonlight Summer-night? And how rapturously my heart beat as, stepping on the gangway of the boat as she moored at the pier, my eye sought eagerly among the crowd for the form of my beloved, now so soon to be my bride.

At the door of the cabin-saloon a man confronted me. It was the steward of the boat.

"Is there a lady, Madame L——, among the passengers?" I inquired hastily.

"Yes, sir," he replied gravely, and those who stood near turned to look at me.

"Where is she? I want to see her."

"This way, sir."

He led me to the door of one of the state-rooms, at which he tapped lightly. It was opened by the old housekeeper, who at once recognized me.

"Where is your mistress?"

"There, monsieur."

She pointed to the berth, and there, with her face covered and her golden-hair rippling about her, lay a graceful woman's form.

"Is she asleep?" I asked in a whisper.

"She is dead," was the reply. "She died two hours since. Cholera!"

THE CONFESSIONAL.

In a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church, at which they made a kind of audible confession, technically called recounting one's "experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D., was in the habit of inviting his neighbor L., who was not a member, to attend these meetings—at one of which Mr. D. got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily with his eyes open—that he willingly and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in him—that he was absolutely and totally depraved—that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of God could save him from eternal damnation. After this confession of Mr. D., Mr. L., who had by accident been placed upon the "anxious seat," rose with the most imperturbable gravity, stated that he had but little to say for himself, but the brethren would remember that he had lived for twenty-five years the nearest neighbor of Mr. D.—that he knew him well—more intimately so than any other man—and it gave him great pleasure, because he could do it with more sincerity, to confirm the truth of all Brother D. had confessed of himself. When Mr. L. sat down, under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson not excepted, Mr. D. went up to him and said: "You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of church."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

T. S. G., Yonkers.—"A bets B that there was a city in the United States of America of over 20,000 inhabitants in which at the late election for President of the United States not one vote was cast for Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate. Please decide."......This wager, having been as to a past event, A could have won had he worded it differently. But his language not only implies, but almost unequivocally says, that there was an election in Washington, D. C., for President, and there is but little doubt that the language was chosen in order to deceive B. There having been no such election, the bet is a draw.

C. W. J., St. Catharines.—1. We cannot spare space to print those questions. They are answered almost every week in these columns. As to difference of opinion, that exists somewhere as to everything. 2. Jack is high in cutting for deal, being the highest euchre card. 3. The player can be compelled to cut the cards. 4. If no one objects to the cards being run off, instead of being cut, the dealer cannot shift the top card or any others. 5. If you play it alone at regular euchre, no one can go alone against you. 6. If you are assisted, or if your partner voluntarily makes or takes up the trump, you cannot go alone.

H. M., Tchila.—They are liable to seize you. Had you come here as a child and went back an American citizen, they could not claim you as a German citizen until after you had resided there two years. Meantime, if it was your intention to return to this country, you would still retain your American citizenship, so far as this Government is concerned. Governments do not regard these things from the same standpoint, and your being in Germany would be bad for you if the German Government wished to claim you.

P. C., Cleveland.—1. Throwing out a State in the count for Presidential electors means the throwing-out of the electors themselves. That State ceases to be represented in the Electoral College, as was the case with Louisiana and one or two other States in 1872. It is by no means certain that in Louisiana the Governor will not virtually appoint electors, as he may have the legal right to do, the laws being frequently changed there. 2. No answers by mail.

SOLDIER, Macon.—The pay of a captain of cavalry in the U. S. Army, prior to five years' service, is $166.67 per month, 10 per cent. being added for each additional five years' service. This salary is in full of all commutation of quarters, fuel, forage, servants' wages and clothing, longevity rations and all allowances of every name and nature whatever.

J. F., Halifax.—At "joker-euchre" there can be but one lone hand at a time. At "railroad euchre," in which the joker also plays a part, two lone hands in opposition are permissible. However, people who play euchre with twenty-eight cards (and a joker), instead of twenty-four or thirty-two, should never dispute about anything. They ought always to be able to agree.

UTILITY, Philadelphia.—1. If you have marked ability for the dramatic stage, you would not be too old at the age of 25 years to commence the dramatic profession. 2. If you had an engagement with a traveling company, you would be paid a sufficient amount of money to support you. 3. The same in a theatre. Managers never employ people to work for nothing.

PICILILY AND BULLETMOULDS.—A combination of ten, formed of five, three and deuce, cannot be made from the board alone, without using a ten-spot from the hand. If the five, three and deuce remain on the board, the combination must be "tens." A "ten" can be made, and be left on the board, only by adding from the hand a card that will make ten and no more.

S. P. L.—To name the trump at once in some coteries, and in others to wait until his turn comes to play, any other player meanwhile having the privilege of naming the trump and ordering up. Joker euchre is a mere diversion, and is no more subject to rules than playing with 156 cards would be.

J. A. DEG.—"A bets B that he can name a city in the United States (meaning Washington, D. C.), having 10,000 or more people or inhabitants, not one of which voted for Samuel J. Tilden. B taking the bet, who loses?"......Having been as to a past event, A wins this bet, *if* he named such a city.

A SCHOOL-BOY, New Haven.—Address a letter to *him* in care of this office. You need not inclose any stamp. The notice referred to means that the person sending for a letter advertised must send a stamped and addressed envelope, in which the advertised letter can be inclosed and sent to him.

O. DAN B., Emerson.—1. The 4th of March was chosen for the inauguration of the President for no special reason whatever. A given day was necessary, and it might as well be that as any other. 2. The 4th of March, as does every one of the other 364 days, falls on Sunday once in every twenty-eight years.

RIVINGTON.—Having bet that "no man living in Washington, D. C., could vote for Hayes or Tilden," you win, the remainder of the statement seeming to concede that your opponent, as well as yourself, was betting simply as to the right of residents of Washington to vote *in* Washington.

A. J. G.—A man born in Canada may be eligible to the Presidency of the United States, and a man who can be that is a pretty good American. Nationality does not depend wholly upon the accident of birth. The same man can claim that he is an Englishman, or a British-American, or a Canadian, by birth.

D. P. N., Philadelphia.—It is not an absolutely certainty that 185 votes will be necessary to elect the next President. There is a remote contingency in which 183 may be enough. There is a doubt as to whether one of the new States is entitled to representation in the Electoral College.

J. B.—1. Fred Treacy of the old Chicago nine played left-field for the Mutuals in 1876. 2. Dean, the Cincinnati pitcher, is not the Dean who played in the Baltimore nine of 1874. 3. Simmons of the Buckeyes is the old Gotham player.

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—J. will win if one Southern State goes for Hayes, and that State is not thrown out—as Louisiana was in 1872, for example—because of fraud. Should any Southern State be thrown out, the bet will be a draw.

S. Z., Philadelphia.—1. The dealer has no right to say how many cards any other player has drawn at poker. He can only be required to answer as to his own drawing, and there are circumstances under which he need not answer even that. 2. No answers by mail.

GYMNAST, St. Charles.—We have not got the correct dimensions of the stages in all of the variety theatres in this country, therefore cannot tell you in how many of them you could get a circular space thirty feet in diameter, clear of all wings, etc.

WALLACE AND FRANK, Port Dalhousie.—1. There is a popular idea that there are 369 electoral votes at present, though it may be discovered, by-and-bye, that there are not so many by just three. 2. Philadelphia is the second city in the Union in point of population.

E. A. M.—1. The last Universal Exposition in Paris was held from April 1 to Sunday (inclusive), Nov. 3, 1867. We have not the record of the aggregate number of visitors. 2. See "News of the Week," in this issue, for the aggregate number at the Centennial.

CHARLES, Albany.—E. D. Davies was performing in Niblo's Garden during the time that Barnum's Drawing-room Aggregation was traveling—in the Fall of 1873. Harry Bryant was the ventriloquist that performed with that company.

READER, Dubuque.—1. An assisted player at euchre cannot go alone. 2. There is no trump until the card turned up is either ordered up, taken up, or turned down so as to admit of the making of a trump. 3. He loses the deal, irrespective of the turn-up.

M. J. C.—1. George H. McDermott and Miss Millie Cook are now performing in England. 2. Watch the Dramatic Summary of THE CLIPPER. 3. There is no such paper published in Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO.—1, 2. We do not publish biographical sketches in this department. 3. The name that Miss Mary Anderson uses for professional purposes is her real name. Cannot tell her birthplace, or whether she is of Irish descent.

DUNN, Texas.—The title of Georgia Minstrels is used by so many companies, and their organization changes so frequently, that it would be impossible to definitely state when any one of them was first organized.

A. C. F., Pittsburg.—We do not know the present whereabouts of M. C. Sexton. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. When we last heard from him he was in your city.

OLD FRIEND.—Money deposited in a savings-bank in the name of the wife can, with a little trouble, be drawn by the husband after her death. It is the same with respect to money deposited in the name of the husband.

TWO SPORTS.—2,500,000,000 is a good deal more than an American or French billion, and but one quarter of an English billion. The latter is expressed thus: 1,000,000,000,000; the former thus: 1,000,000,000.

F. H.—1. There is no record of quarter-mile running or of half-mile trotting. As to the rest, see THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. Tom King the pugilist is in London, and Tom Sayers is dead. 3, 4. Watch our baseball department.

SUBSCRIBER, Memphis.—The original bet has become so muddled by afterthoughts and modifications that we suggest that a draw will save trouble, especially to him who otherwise might be called upon to adjudicate.

SCHAEF, Cleveland.—1. The official canvas in this vicinity has just begun. 2. There is no longer any age, though in some coteries here at the East it would, by agreement, pass to C.

CASSINO, Phila.—No. 2 having put his deuce on the four and made it six, No. 3 can put his deuce on the six and make it eight, he having an eight-spot in his hand.

F. E. DE L., St. Louis.—We never answer questions by telegraph or mail. Mrs. Levy has not been divorced from her husband.

T. P. B., Chester.—No answers by mail. Miss Belle Howitt is still in this country. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

CONSTANT READER.—Barnum's Circus and Menagerie, located in Fourteenth street, nearly opposite the Academy of Music, in this city, was destroyed by fire Dec. 24, 1872.

WEST, Bald Mountain.—It was the steamship London, en route from England to Australia, that foundered in the Bay of Biscay Jan. 11, 1866.

MRS. C. H., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. The lady subsequently married John Germon, and died in Sayville, L. I., July 4, 1874.

EUGENE, Newark, would like to know the present address of George Stevens, a variety performer, who is supposed to have retired from the business some years ago.

DAD, Newport.—An advertisement the depth of your card and one column wide would cost $12 for two insertions under the head of amusements.

W. C. J.—If Tilden is elected, he will be the next President (regardless of the 4th of March), for the purpose of that bet.

U. N. DECIDED.—The party with the five cards wins the pot, if his opponent raised his cards before discovering he had but four.

J. W. T., Troy.—He is still a Democrat, but not a strict party one. The latter never shirks his ticket in any particular.

DICK, Brooklyn.—"Putting them in" must be a private game of your own. There is no known system of raffles in which three aces count nine.

J. J. R., Philadelphia.—Custom makes it the off-horse. What is the off one in this country is the near one in Great Britain.

G. G.—"Article 47" was first produced in this city at the Fifth-avenue Theatre (24th street), and Miss Clara Morris acted Mlle. Cora, the leading part therein.

C. J., Grand Rapids.—As we never had the pleasure of seeing Harry King, we cannot tell you whether the description sent tallies with his or not.

SAN FRANCISCO.—We cannot tell, nor can anyone else, what "the population of San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston is at the present time."

C. A. B., Covington.—1. The left hand. 2. There were 700,000 soldiers in the Union Army at one time, and many more.

CHARLES STREET.—Charles K. Fox died at his house, in this city, Jan. 17, 1875. George L. Fox is living in Brooklyn, L. I., with his family.

READER, Guelph.—1. If she is thirty-one years old, it is very likely that she is now in her thirty-second year. 2. Flora Temple was foaled in 1845, near Utica, N. Y.

O. A. K., Buffalo.—1. The date of election is that which the parties presumptively had in view when the bet was made, viz., Nov 7 last. 2. We have not the official vote.

A. B. C.—Three of the Presidential electoral votes of New Jersey were cast for Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, and four for Abraham Lincoln.

BOWLIST.—His abstract right to take away his own private property is unquestionable, and there is no question either, as to the impropriety of his so doing.

C. B., Syracuse.—No answers by mail. Get engravings or photographs of such statues as you wish to portray, and study the attitudes from them.

EDDIE.—A person who either has or contemplates having a plurality of wives should either consult a lawyer or join the community of Mormons.

JONES AND COOK, Lonaconing.—They met repeatedly in races open to all, but we have no record of their ever being opposed to each other in a match race.

J. B., Toledo.—Pauline Markham has been in England for some time, as has the Lydia Thompson Troupe, with which she first came here.

CONSTANT READER.—You can learn to turn somersaults at Wood's Gymnasium, No. 4 East Twenty-eighth street.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Any player, inclusive of him who "went the blind," could raise the blind.

C. A. H., Palestine.—The house settles all those little questions. Faro is an arbitrary game.

A. L. W., St. Joe.—A jack turned up counts at seven-up, even though the cards run out.

R. D. M., Toronto.—B, when called upon, had to show A his hand. B could also demand to see A's hand.

CONSTANT READER.—The hours varied according to the varying ideas of the owners.

PEGGY PRICE, Auburn.—In point of population, London, Eng., is the largest city in the world.

A. J.—Straights do not play in poker, except by agreement.

E. W., Baltimore.—Robert Heller can be addressed at Heller's Wonder Theatre, in this city.

READER, Lockport.—We cannot say to what private individuals France owes money.

J. H., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. Address a letter of inquiry to Lewis Morrison, in care of this office.

E. B. E., Lexington.—Warren Peabody is still living somewhere in Ohio. We cannot give the address.

PROFESSIONAL.—It would be proper for you to address your daughter in that way.

BUCK, Bangor.—The price of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC is fifteen cents.

DECLINED.—"To Eileen," "Meet Me, Darling," "Down Where the Bluebells Grow."

W. J. B., Lockport.—We will endeavor to answer you next week.

B. MCTEAGUE.—Boston (Eng.) is 119 miles from London.

ALEX., Milwaukee.—It is pronounced as if spelled mont-a-gew, with the g hard.

S. J. T.—Inquire at some of our leading book-stores for a work treating of theatrical mechanism.

BULLY BOY, Indianapolis.—We cannot give the present whereabouts of George Riches, comic singer.

C. M. T., Corry.—Mlle. Morlacchi married "Texas Jack."

ST. JOHN.—Send 50 cents to Ed. James, as per address in advertisement, for "The Athlete's Guide."

WALKIST, Davenport.—The referee is the proper person to decide.

JERRY, Columbia.—Tom Allen beat James C. Gallagher near St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 5, 1870.

J. B. M.—Jack, the highest euchre card, is high in cutting for deal at that game.

A. B. C., Cleveland.—A man can win who bets on a "certainty."

JOHN, Cleveland.—Hayes must have a majority of all the votes cast. Jim is right.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—Tilden's majority for Governor of this State was 38,549. Over Dix it was 50,317.

F. C. H., Brooklyn.—The late General George A. Custer was born in Ohio.

B. C., Baltimore.—Neither is game. Either should have called out before the last trick was turned or quitted.

READER, Philadelphia.—There are no official returns as yet.

D. L., Chicago.—Dexter has not trotted for money since he came into Mr. Bonner's possession.

SUBSCRIBER, Wheeling.—Hayes did not get 5,000 majority in Ohio.

J. L. VOSBURGH, Palatine Bridge.—The right name of Yankee Sullivan is said to have been Frank Ambrose.

T. J. ODELL, Water Valley.—It was Daniel O'Leary who defeated E. P. Weston in a six days' walk in Chicago, Ill.

BALL.—They played four, three of which were won by the St. Louis nine.

J. K., Cincinnati.—"Game" counts before don-pedro-sancho.

T. S. C., City.—Juno's pedigree is not known. Her best record is 2:30¼.

B. F., Phila.—Outside of this city, the State of New York at the late election went Republican.

E. F. A., Troy.—The bet is off, for lack of mutual understanding. B was on the "catch."

C. J. C., San Francisco.—B, who did not beat eleven, loses.

KENSINGTON, Phila.—Andrew Johnson was impeached.

J. J., Phila.—We have not space to explain the process.

G. S., Bridgeport.—Toronto Chief has a record of 2:24¼.

BLUFF.—The ace-five straight is the lowest in the pack.

JULIAN SLEIGHT AND J. J. MULCAHAY.—Out of print.

D. G. L., Rockford.—State when the bet was made.

COOPER MAID.—There are no official returns as yet.

J. K. H. AND B. N. S.—Such a vote would not count.

F. DUSENBURY, Boston.—See answer to "St. John."

R. C. S., Troy.—The bet stands between C and D.

E. C.—C, having passed, has no claim to the pot.

ED. LYNCH, Burlington.—The record will appear.

W. T. S., Trenton.—Those dates are out of print.

CONSTANT READER.—He can call out on sweeps.

P. H. S.—Forty-five cents for each insertion.

A. J., Bloomington.—Await official returns.

CONSTANT READER.—High deals at euchre.

T. K., East Princeton.—The Chicago Club.

J. H.—A man named George Washington.

NO SIGNATURE.—The bet is void.

R. W. J., Detroit.—Cricket.

C. W. JR.—Twenty-one.

B. M.—State the bet.

ABOUT NERVE.

The general importance of this needful quality in the trials and tribulations of every-day life, and its wonderful power in working out successes and overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, are generally understood and appreciated by people in every trade and profession. Many brilliant ideas and thoroughly good intentions have been abandoned and despondently given up which could, by a proper display of nerve and energy, have been undoubtedly pushed to the coveted successful issue. And if in the general run of life and its duties this quality is found to be of such advantage, how much more important must it be in a profession like that of the drama, for instance, where—in the nature of things, and by the prominence and public notice in which its members must be placed—an extra allowance of coolness and nerve is required to properly fulfill their responsible duties, forced as they are into positions which invite comment upon look, gesture and action, and render them liable to hostile or envious "criticism." The importance, therefore, of "nerve" as a valuable friend to the dramatic aspirant is easily understood. There have been, without doubt, actors of talent who in the *study* of their parts have formed ideas of character and representation which, if practically carried out, would have been at once recognized as effective and of merit, but who, by pure physical failure and nervousness, have been unable to properly work out their own ideas, and, as a consequence, have had their efforts pronounced tame and commonplace. But, although this want of nerve is a serious defect, the other extreme is equally hurtful, for an overweening confidence tends to a carelessness in the matter of details, its possessor evidently acting on the presumption that his natural taste and power must of necessity properly cover all minor points. Besides, a conceited estimate of one's powers, and a corresponding coolness and indifference in the exercise of them, do not redound to the confidant one's credit, and do not at all favor an exalted opinion of its possessor's artistic tastes and feelings; for it has been truly said that a conscientious artist must, in the nature of things, experience a certain degree of worriment and nervousness; and further, that a lack of this nervous excitement argues a practical and business-like idea of professional duties, totally at variance with the artistic sensibilities and feelings of the earnest and enthusiastic dramatic scholar. Of course, when speaking of an artist experiencing this feeling, we allude only to such times as he may be called upon to present his idea and conception of some new or strange part; for the greatest amount of enthusiasm and nervousness will wear off with continual repetition—the enthusiast having his ardor cooled by a too long acquaintance with the lines and situations, and the nervous performer gaining a sort of artificial coolness by the assured success of his efforts. This feeling of nervous excitement is easily accounted for. The earnest scholar has thought and studied deeply over his part and the best and most effective manner of presenting the character. He has everything to gain by a good representation—fame, money, honor, and public endorsement—and he has in his mind's eye that ever bright hope of everyone in his profession, i. e., the possibility of making a "hit" of decided and undoubted effect, which will lift him out of the ruck of hard work and small salary, and send him through the country with all the pleasant and comfortable surroundings belonging to the successful actor. Having all these cheerful prospects in view, and knowing that their realization is to be effected solely by success—which is problematical at the best—it is not difficult to account for his nervous restlessness and forebodings. On the other hand, we believe it to be a well-demonstrated physiological fact that a slight degree of nervous excitement is always to be considered an aid rather than a drawback, stimulating the brain as it does to extra exertion, and giving to the body an artificial energy and power of great benefit at the time. So that the performer afflicted with this unfortunate nervous weakness can derive consolation from the fact that the very defect which he possesses contains—if properly subdued and put under control—an element of great power and effect to aid him in the duties of his profession.

THOSE GENTLEMEN who dipped so deeply and so recklessly into the political pools are in a state of anxiety and uncertainty concerning the status of their investments, as the thousands of dollars which found their way into the safes of the poolsellers have gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream, and the depositors cannot even get a sight for their money. This "lock-out" places some of the poolers in very embarrassing situations, if all be true that we hear about clerks using their employers' money in making their game; for the day of reckoning must soon come, and, if the pools do not disgorge, there will be some awful disclosures. There have been rumors of one or more of the poolsellers "jumping the bounty," but there does not seem to be any substantial foundation for such reports. The same amount of money, under the same circumstances, left with some of our legitimate financial institutions, might induce the sudden abdication and disappearance of certain officials; but poolsellers are more trustworthy, and, when the successful candidate for the Presidency is announced, the money will be forthcoming from the pools.

WHILE MUTUAL ADMIRATION has been the order of the closing days among the high officials of the Centennial Exposition, and while well-deserved praise has been accorded the executive committees, etc., the valuable services of Joseph Hammond, chief of the Centennial Fire Department, and his efficient and watchful body of firemen, seem to have been ignored or overlooked, and yet they well merit the highest honors for preserving the great exhibition from destruction by conflagration. Numerous fires took place within the buildings which the public were never permitted to know anything about—fires which were quickly subdued by the harmonious action of Chief Hammond and his well-drilled fire-laddies. These men are from humble walks of life, and for that reason, probably, no public acknowledgment of their important services has been made. Surely they are worthy of all commendation for the part they took in guarding the Centennial buildings and exhibits against the ravages of "the devouring element."

BANISHED.—Several of the highdaddies of the Commercial Loan Bank, at Moscow, have been variously sentenced to banishment and imprisonment, after being convicted of fraud. Now, isn't this a sad state of affairs when a Government is so lost to all sense of justice and decency as to imprison men who have hitherto moved in the best circles of Moscow! In New Jersey, now, they imprison the lowly prize-fighter, but let the rich criminal go free. To pursue any other course would be worse than the conflagration of Moscow!

"SOLID MEN TO THE FRONT" is once more the cry; and, instead of following the advice of Horace Greeley to "go West," the preservers of our liberties now "go South"—as if a new gold-mine had been discovered there. Irrespective of party, our free and enlightened citizens are going for this new lode, and expeditions to the North Pole are secondary considerations.

SOMEBODY says that "the first law of nature is marriage;" but we find in these latter days that our high-toned society go for the root of all evil at the same time.

FASHION NOTE.—Cashmere is in request, but the want of the mere cash to purchase it with is what makes the article dull of sale.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S condition has been lost sight of during the excitement attending the "counting-in" of the Presidential candidate; and, being thus let alone, the railroad millionaire has improved in health and spirits; and, if the reportorial wolves can be kept from his door a little longer, there may be a chance of his complete recovery.

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY is still ex-rcised over the late election. If falsehood, deceit, and plotting were allowed to prevail, both candidates would be successful. Nearly all our political brethren are fit subjects for the *lying "in" department.*

A SALOON-KEEPER who has been long annoyed by the sitters who frequent his place is about to put up a sign—"*Dry* goods for sale."

THE EFFORT to "make *Haze* (President) while *The Sun* shines" for all seems to have *mist*-ified everybody.

IN ORDER to get in the latest "returns," our politicians are making early "departures."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

⁂ On Nov. 13: Francis Grappotte, convicted of murder in the second degree, hung himself in his cell at Watertown, N. Y. He was worth $30,000......The death sentence of James Ryan of Peterboro, Ont., was commuted to imprisonment for life......It was stated that, in an affray near Okemos, Mich., on the 12th, Charles Ayres was shot dead and three others were mortally wounded......Patrick Tully, a Molly Maguire and murderer, was arrested at Wilkesbarre, Pa......Thos. J. Lilly stabbed and instantly killed his employer, Chas. Creegan, at Dowagiac, Mich......E. P. Willis was reported to have been murdered by Albert Hayes at Kirwin, Kansas......Samuel Lemons of Hoboken, N. J., hanged himself......It was cabled that the Czar's speech had been enthusiastically approved throughout Russia, all classes placing their fortunes and all their resources at the disposal of the Government; that Turkey hesitates to accept a conference, and the situation again looked serious; that the Servian Government was to immediately send back to Russia all Russian officers who have not resigned their commission in the Czar's army; that the Turks were gathering large armies at Erzeroum and Schumla; that a rumor prevailed that the Czar had chartered seventy steamers in the Black Sea ports for the transportation of troops; that *The London Post*, in a semi-official article, used the following words: "It is no secret that public opinion here has viewed the Russian proposition for the occupation of Turkish territory as a pretext for aggression; and, taking our stand on the Treaty of Paris, we are prepared to resist invasion of Turkish territory;" and that at a meeting of 7,000 citizens at Athens, Greece, it was resolved that an association be formed for promoting military preparations......The Marine Bank, St. Paul, Minn., failed through mismanagement......The death of the exiled Egyptian Minister was denied......Great damage to shipping and other property was reported to have been done by a hurricane at Lisbon, Portugal......A Greek bark was run down in the English Channel, eight of the crew perishing......The Circo Theatre, at Madrid, Spain, was burned, several lives being lost......At Clinton, Miss., Mrs. Henry N. Bigelow, in jumping from a carriage while the horses were running away, received fatal injuries......At London, Eng., Lord Chief-justice Cockburn delivered judgment quashing the conviction of the captain of the steamer Franconia from want of jurisdiction......It was stated that, on the 12th inst., Mr. Cohn, a butcher of Newark, N. J., struck Patrick McGovern with a cleaver, inflicting probably fatal wounds.

⁂ Nov. 14: Cable dispatches stated that, in explanation of an order for the mobilization of part of the Russian army, Prince Gortschakoff, in a circular, says: "The Czar does not wish war, and will, if possible, avoid it; but he is determined that the principles of justice which have been recognized as necessary by the whole of Europe shall be carried out in Turkey under efficacious guarantees; that, should Russia persist in her warlike policy, there is reason to believe that she will be perfectly isolated; that the Czar forbids the return of Gen. Tchernayeff to Russia; that, being convinced that the demands of Russia will be inadmissible, the Turks are vigorously preparing for war, and were placing torpedoes at the eastern entrance of the Bosphorus; that the British ship Carolina Agnes, from Shields, Eng., to New Orleans, has been wrecked, with the loss of six lives; and that the British brig Oromocto was aground in South Bay, and three of the crew had been drowned......The body of Stephen Owen of Woonsocket, R. I., was found in the woods, where he had died of exposure......Catherine Andrews of Milford, Pa., aged fifty, was reported to have committed suicide, on account of domestic trouble, Nov. 13......Two brothers named Nugent and a man named Medcliffe were killed by the roof of a copper-mine shaft falling upon them in Nova Scotia......E. O. Chase, a merchant of Richmond, Ind., was killed while attempting to board a train, and, in trying to render him assistance, Rev. P. B. Benson was perhaps fatally injured......James Wieder, a cattle-dealer, was robbed, and so badly beaten that his life was despaired of, in Lennoxville, Vt......James Bradley was killed in the woods of Bay County, Mich., by the discharge of a trap-gun set by himself.

⁂ Nov. 15: European telegrams announced that the British steamer City of Manchester was sunk off Akyab, on the coast of India, and it was supposed that all hands except the captain and steward were lost; that all the powers were in accord respecting the conference, which will probably commence its sittings at the end of this month; that the exportation of horses from Western and Southern Russia has been prohibited; that freight traffic on the railway lines from the Polish frontier southward has been stopped, the roads being required for the transportation of military stores, and large hospitals are being established; that Turkey will concentrate five army corps of 40,000 men each in Bulgaria, the fortresses of the Danube are being strengthened and arranged under the supervision of four English officers of Engineers, and Widdin will be provisioned for eight months for a garrison of 14,000 men; that a rising in Poland is threatened, and it was reported that a state of siege had been proclaimed; that the sailing from Liverpool, Eng., of the American steamer Lord Clive was delayed by a fire in the hold, which did not damage the vessel; and that Germany positively refuses to participate in the French Exhibition of 1878......News from Cuba was to the effect that, when the steamer Montezuma was on the high seas, thirteen persons who embarked at Puerto Plata killed the captain, first-mate, first-engineer, and the supercargo, and took possession of the vessel; that a fight, resulting disastrously to the Spanish troops, had occurred near Peurto Principe; that a woman named Salome Gomez had been condemned by a court-martial to be shot, and another named Paula Gamboa to be banished, for, it is supposed, complicity in the Las Tunas affair; and that, for the alleged covert preaching of sermons hostile to the Spanish cause, Fathers Arteaga, E. Del Los Santos, Miguel De Los Santos and Barnada had been advised that, unless they resign, they will be forcibly deposed......The yellow-fever was declared to be at an end in Savannah, Ga., and citizens were advised to return......The Methodist Church South adopted a petition to Congress praying that the Nashville Publication House be reimbursed for losses incurred during the Civil War......James G. Barber was found dead by the roadside in Richmond, R. I......The engineers on the Georgia Railroad struck for higher wages at one o'clock A. M......Mayor-elect W. L. Shelton of New Haven, Ct., brought suit against *The Palladium* for libel, damages being placed at $5,000......It was reported that the tug J. W. Bennett went ashore near St. Helena Island, in the Straits of Mackinaw, on the night of the 13th, and five of her crew were smothered and scalded to death by escaping steam......In this city James McLouchlin struck with a saw and probably fatally wounded Officer O'Shea, who was attempting to arrest him......Losses by fire: Sanders & Barrett's carriage-factory, at Oneida, N. Y.—loss $35,000, fully insured; John Gerbe's flour-mill, Henderson, Minn.—loss $15,000, insurance $8,500; J. B. Wyckoff's school-building, North Elizabeth, N. J.—loss $10,000; Lamb & Son's saw-mill, etc., Clinton, Ia.—loss $80,000; Rev. Dr. Pierson's house, Elizabeth, N. J.—loss $5,000.

⁂ Nov. 16: It was officially stated that the number of cash admissions to the Centennial Exhibition from May 10 to Nov. 10 was 8,004,274; free admissions, 1,906,692; total, 9,910,966; total cash receipts, $3,813,724......Foreign telegrams stated that preparations for war continued on a large scale in Russia, Turkey and England; that the entire Polish contingent of the Russian army has been sent out of Poland for service in the field, and that the enrollment of the Polish reserves was characterized with great rigor, the men being taken from their beds at Warsaw and escorted to the trains; that orders had been given for an increase in the production of rifle-ball cartridges at the Woolwich (Eng.) Arsenal from 500,000 to 2,500,000 per week, the ironclad turret ships Cyclops and Hydra were being prepared for immediate service, and all furloughs of British soldiers had been suspended; that a general lock-out had been resolved upon by the master spinners of Lancashire, Eng.; that the Minister of the Interior had introduced in the Spanish Congress the Electoral Law formerly prevalent in that country, and which abolishes universal suffrage; and that Hamilton & Co., colliery owners, of Manchester, Eng., have failed, with liabilities estimated at $600,000......Charles Saunders and another fisherman of Sayville, L. I., were drowned in Jones' Inlet, their smack breaking in two on a bar......Thos. F. Davis was fatally crushed beneath a pile of lumber in South Boston, Mass......Proceedings were instituted by the Public Prosecutor at Hamburg, Germany, against the captain of the Franconia for manslaughter in running down the British steamer Strathclyde......It was stated that an amicable settlement of the Lick-estate dispute will probably be reached within a week......The locomotive engineers on the Cairo and St. Louis Narrow-guage Railroad struck for an increase of pay......Losses by fire: the Rhode Island Brewery, in Cranston—loss $40,000, insured for $16,000; five buildings at Kingston, S. C.—loss, $15,000; John Wickham's out-houses, near Richmond, Va.—loss, $10,000; the business part of Magnolia, N. C.

⁂ Nov. 17: A freight-train was thrown upon a side track by a misplaced switch at Ballardville, Mass., and collided with cars standing there, Engineer Chas. C. Walker and Fireman Chas B. Miller being killed, and a train-hand named Stevens fatally injured......A passenger-train was ditched near Malvern, Ark., by a crooked rail, twenty-eight persons being injured......A dispatch from Chicago, Ill., stated that Jack Hughes and Terence Mullen were arrested there for the attempted robbery of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, and that the object of the attempt was to secure the ransom of the notorious counterfeiter Boyd......The Grangers' Encampment, a one-story-hotel structure situated near the Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $80,000; insurance on furniture, $50,000. Other fires: Garrett Ackerman's dwelling-house, at Allandale, N. J.—loss, $10,000; the barn of a farmer named Fallonsbee, in East Medway, Mass., the headless body of the owner being found in the ruins, which caused a suspicion of murder and arson to attach to a hired man; S. P. Kittle's spring-mattress manufactory, this city—loss $10,000, covered by insurance; the Belcher & Taylor Agricultural Tool Co.'s storehouse, at Chicopee Falls—loss $6,000, insured......It was cabled that the Czar, in addressing the generals and officers at the close of a review, significantly said: "Gentlemen, let us wish the best success to the commanders of our armies," which words were received enthusiastically; that all freight traffic had been stopped on several Russian railways; that Roumania has voted $80,000 for the maintenance of a corps of observation on the Danube and for keeping the reserve under arms till December; that an order for 40,000,000 cartridges and 40,000 ammunition-boxes for the transportation of cartidges had been received at Woolwich, Eng.; that Russia demands that the line of demarkation be pushed further back on the Drina; that Turkey is expected to solemnly protest against the mobilization of the Russian army; that Captain Lausil of the abandoned American schooner Ada W. Gould had arrived at Liverpool, Eng., and reported the drowning of John Cooler and Russell Wyatt; that among the thirty-two new Italian Senators appointed is Prof. Palmieri; and that Spanish men-of-war are in pursuit of the steamer Moctezuma, seized by supposed Cuban insurgents, who landed eight passengers and fifteen seamen at Cape Haytien......Frank Lovell, a railroad brakeman, was stated to have been killed by falling from a train near Berkely, Mass......John Taeffe was convicted in this city of manslaughter in the fourth degree for killing John Farrell, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment......George Richardson & Son, manufacturers of straw-goods, and Andrews & Sanford, dealers in millinery goods, both firms of this city, failed, owing $100,000 each.

⁂ Nov. 18: Malowski, the Pole who killed his wife, was convicted at Pottsville, Pa., of murder in the second degree......Cable dispatches announced that Turkey had agreed unconditionally to a conference; that the Rothschilds have promised to privately loan Russia money, thus removing the principal obstacle to war; that preparations are being made for the mobilization of a Russian Sanitary Corps, and committees of ladies have been formed for the private nursing of the wounded; that later accounts state that 120,000 persons perished during the recent cyclone in India; that the Mercado De Colon, a market in Havana, Cuba, was totally destroyed by fire; that, owing to the depression in the steamer coal trade, over one thousand miners are out of employment in England; and that the steamer Parthia sailed from Liverpool with $750,000 in specie for the United States......William Dorman was killed by a fall of coal in a mine at Minersville, Pa......Edward Sparrow and Chas. Maker were drowned by the capsizing of their boat near Harwich, Mass......Nine prisoners escaped from jail at Columbus, O., four of them being recaptured after the leader had been shot twice......Robert H. Auld was killed by falling from the topmast of a vessel at New Bedford, Mass......After being twice shot at, Deputy collector W. H. Hosford shot and instantly killed Charles Lightner at Custer, Dakota......Frightened by a threat of her husband to kill her, Mrs. Maria King jumped from a third-story window in this city, receiving, probably, fatal injuries......At Newark, N. J., Charles Oschwald and Thomas Ryan, convicted of the murder of Officer Breck, were sentenced to be hanged Jan. 5, 1877......Patrick Leary was run over and killed at Monmouth Junction, N. J......It was reported that, while on the lookout for burglars, two sons of George R. Riddle shot each other by mistake at Springdale, Pa., Joseph being, it was thought, fatally injured......While riding on the top of a railroad car, John Sullivan was knocked down and instantly killed, at Reading, Mass......James Bartlett was run over and instantly killed by a train on the Boston and Albany Railroad......John Wolf committed suicide by shooting in Brooklyn, N. Y......President Grant signed the pardon of William McKee.

⁂ Nov. 19: It was cabled that Midhat Pasha and the Savfet Pasha will be the Turkish plenipotentiaries to the conference; that Chevket Pasha has been sent to Philippopolis for trial by the commission which is investigating the Bulgarian outrages; that the State Bank at St. Petersburg, Russia, has been authorized to receive subscriptions for an issue of 100,000,000 roubles in bank-notes, bearing interest at five per cent.; that Gen. Tchernayeff has been superseded in the chief command of the Servian army by Gen. Semeka, also a Russian officer; that several Americans have applied to the Russian Government for letters of marque to be used against English shipping in the event of war; that neither Germany nor Austria would oppose Russia's entry into Roumania; that, if war is declared, India will send a strong contingent of troops to Egypt; that the Russian police claim to have discovered a plot in Russian Poland, and have arrested a Roman Catholic bishop and several Polish curates, and imprisoned them; that 215,000 lives were lost in three districts during the cyclone in India; and that Marshal Serrano of Spain has determined to retire from public life......It was stated that on the evening of the 18th the floor of Moore's Opera-house, at Sacramento, Cal., gave way, killing seven and wounding about one hundred spectators......By the accidental driving of a wagon containing thirty-six persons over the side of a bridge near Cincinnati, O., Louis G. Bramlage, aged 67, Joseph Myers, and Mary Kleinburg, aged 10, were probably fatally injured, and nine or ten other seriously hurt......At Philadelphia, Pa., David M. Jones, a negro, shot and mortally wounded Nicoli Jacquet......Miss Ludmilla Zobischek, aged 18, residing in Morrisania, N. Y., committed suicide by drowning in a cistern......Wm. Smith, Francis Prig, John Henry, Simon Savage, Salvini Cosco Cora and Joseph Petty, part of the crew of the clipper ship F. B. Sage of Bangor, Me., abandoned off the Banks, arrived in this city......Thomas McElgun was found dead in a cell in a police-station in this city.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARMSTRONG, Miss Lillia—Daughter of Lieutenant-governor Armstrong of North Carolina. Accidently shot by a pistol in the hands of her brother—about Nov. 10.

BURD, Charlotte R.—Widow of Rev. Charles Burd—this city, Nov. 15, aged 69.

BEVENS, George—Brother-in-law of the late Barney Williams the actor—this city, Nov. 16, aged 52.

COXE, Ellen—Widow of Lieut. James Sidney Coxe, U. S. Navy, and daughter of the late John Sullivan—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, aged 78.

CAMERON, John Hillyard—A leading lawyer of Ontario, Canada, and at one time Solicitor-general of the Canadian Cabinet. He took a prominent part in all the political debates and noted trials in that country within the past twenty years, and, though himself a Grand Master of the Orangemen, in 1868 defended Whelan, who had killed Thomas D'Arcy McGee—Toronto, Can., Nov. 14.

DUFFIN, Benjamin—An old Oddfellow. He attended the meeting, on Dec. 26, 1821, that constituted the nucleus of Pennsylvania Lodge, No. 1, which on June 27, 1823, was made the Grand Lodge of the State, he being chosen Grand Secretary. He so continued until June 14, 1825, when he resigned, as a preliminary to visiting Europe. The latter portion of his life was passed in Baltimore—that city, about Nov. 12.

DOVE, Dr. John—Of Richmond, Va. He was for sixty-three years a Mason, and was reputed to be the oldest grand secretary in the world, having held the office over fifty years, and for thirty years he was Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment of Knights-templar—Richmond, Va., Nov. 16, aged 84.

GRACE, James Delmon—Actor. (See Drama)—Providence, R. I., Nov. 15.

GORDON, S.—A well-known florist, who had stores in this city, and several conservatories on Staten Island—this city, Nov. 18.

GARDNER, William—Brother of Dr. H. Gardner of this city—here, about Nov. 15.

GREGORY, Mrs Anna Maria—Widow of the well-known Benjamin Gregory of Jersey City, N. J.—Morristown, N. J., Nov. 17, aged 64.

HOYM, Otto von—Well known German actor and manager in this country. (See Drama)—Darmstadt, Germany, Oct. 29, aged 54.

HILL, Archibald—From June, 1861, to December, 1862, when he was mustered out because of having lost a leg at Antietam, he served in Co. D, Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves. Afterwards he became an associate editor of *The Sunday Mercury* of Philadelphia—Fayette County, Pa., Nov. 14.

LAMPORT, Martin L.—From September, 1862, to May, 1865, served in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. Of late he had been a member of the Republican Executive Committee of the Fifteenth Ward of Philadelphia—that city, Nov. 15, aged 39.

LOWRIE, Hon. Walter H.—President-judge of the Thirteenth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, and ex-Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. The bulk of his life was passed in Pittsburg, Pa. He was born there about 1806, and was the son of Matthew B. Lowrie, an Alderman under the old form of government there, when the Recorder's Court had criminal jurisdiction over that city. He studied law under Hon. Walter Forward, and he was admitted to the bar in August, 1829. Judge H. W. Williams of the Supreme Court subsequently read law with Judge Lowrie, and formed a partnership with him which continued until the year 1846, when the latter was appointed by Gov. Shunk as Assistant-judge of the District Court of that county, Judge Hepburn being President-judge. This position he filled with distinction until the year 1851, when, under the bill making the judiciary elective, he was made a Judge of the State Supreme Court, having been elected with Jeremiah S. Black, Ellis Lewis, John Bannister Gibson and Richard Coulter. He drew a term of twelve years, and served as an Associate-justice until 1857, when, after the death of Chief-justice Gibson and the expiration of the term of Hon. Ellis Lewis, who succeeded him, Judge Lowrie became Chief-justice, and so remained until his term expired, in 1863. He then resumed the practice of law in Pittsburg, and subsequently, while engaged in his profession there, received a unanimous call from the bar of Crawford County to become a candidate for President-judge of the newly created Thirtieth Judicial district, comprised of that county. He was nominated as an independent candidate, and elected by a large majority over the regular Republican nominee, Joshua Douglas, the district at the same time being Republican by a heavy vote. He was elected in 1870, and entered upon his duties the following year, continuing to hold the position up to the time of his death. He was married to a daughter of Samuel Thompson, formerly a merchant of Pittsburg, and a sister of Robert D. Thompson. His wife is still living, as are several of his children. Professor S. T. Lowrie, D. D., of the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, is a son, as is also James A. Lowrie, formerly of Pittsburg, but now of Denver, Colorado. The wife of William A. McClurg of Allegheny City is a daughter, while one of his sisters is the wife of Rev. Dr. Wylie of Philadelphia, and another, Mrs. Wilson of Allegheny City, widow of W. W. Wilson—Meadville, Pa., Nov. 13, aged about 70.

MURRAY, Col. Edward—Of the Fifth N. Y. Heavy Artillery, better known as Duryea's Zouaves. He aided to organize the regiment, and went to the seat of war as its lieutenant-colonel. He was wounded at Snicker's Gap, Va., and taken prisoner and sent to Richmond. Being exchanged, he returned to his regiment, and remained with it until the close of the war—this city, Nov. 13.

MADDOX, Hon. Samuel T.—A leading Republican of Brooklyn, N. Y., for many years. In 1861 he was elected to the Assembly, and soon afterwards he was appointed Provost-marshal of the Eastern District. Being nominated for Congress in the Second District, he was beaten. In the Fall of 1870 he was elected to the Assembly, but in running for the office of Register of Brooklyn he was defeated. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Assistant-collector of the Port of New York, a position he held until his death—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 16, aged 47.

PUTNAM, William—Father of Rev. F. C. Putnam, and formerly of Glenn's Falls, N. Y.—Jersey City Heights, N. J., Nov. 16, aged 88.

RICHARDS, Major M. Edgar—A lawyer by profession, and for a long time connected with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. During the Rebellion he was adjutant of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, P. V., and was also, with the rank of major, on Gen. Bartlett's staff—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 14, aged 42.

ROBERTS, George H.—Commission merchant in Philadelphia—there, Nov. 12, aged 58.

WEBB, Francis Robert—Artist, Philadelphia—that city, Nov. 12.

WEED, Dewitt C.—A well-known resident of Buffalo, N. Y.—that city, Nov. 16.

WILLIAMS, John S.—A successful merchant, and senior member of the firm controlling the line of steamships known as the Williams & Guion. He was born in this city in October, 1814, his father being the Capt. John Williams who was lost off the Irish coast in the packet-ship Albion. As a boy, the lately deceased was employed in the shipping-office of Jeremiah Thompson, and subsequently engaged in the ship-chandlery business in copartnership with Mr. William R. Hinman. With Mr. Stephen B. Guion he organized the old Black Ball Line of Liverpool packets, and the increase of business and ships caused some twenty-five years ago the departure of Mr. Guion for Liverpool, where he remained, superintending the business of the line in England. His brother, William H. Guion, entered the firm, and remained in this city. The Black Ball Line was subsequently merged in the Liverpool and Great Western Steamship Company, forming the weekly line to Liverpool now known as the Williams & Guion Line. Mr. Williams was prominently identified from his boyhood with the commerce of New York, and contributed largely to its growth and prosperity. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Produce Exchange, Maritime Exchange, Shipmasters' Association, and other commercial bodies—this city Nov. 14, aged 62.

PRINCETON AND COLUMBIA.—These colleges contended in a match at football on the grounds of the Stevens Institute Club, Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 18. The play was exciting throughout, but Princeton proved themselves the superior players, winning the first goal in twenty-five minutes, the second in fifty-nine minutes, and the third in thirty-one minutes. The fourth inning occupied forty-four minutes, when darkness compelled a cessation of play, neither side having secured a goal. The match was awarded to the Princetons by a score of three to nothing. Nichol, McCalmot and Dodge of Princeton, and Lindley of Columbia were pretty badly hurt during the match. It is due to the Columbias to state that seven of their regular twenty were absent, the opposing teams being as follows:

Princeton.—Messrs. McCosh, captain; W. Scott and Reynolds, goal keepers; J. Scott, McCalmot, Kretsenger and J. Denny, sides; Dodge, Van Dyke, Irving, McGill, Laughlin, Cutts, Withington, F. Denny, Hitchcock, Stevenson, Pyne, Potter, and Nicoll, rushers.

Columbia.—Messrs. Price, captain; Brower and Cornell, goal-keepers; Embree, Francke, Morgan and Packer, sides; H. L. Bogert, J. L. Bogert, Bach and Pryor, in quarters; Lynch and Lindley, forwards; Hildreth, Drowne, Brinkerhoff, Ward, Lawrence and Rutherford, rushers.

Umpire for Princeton, G. Parmly; for Columbia, E. W. Clements. Referee, J. A. Denton of Stevens Institute.

WRESTLING IN ENGLAND.—We learn from our English exchanges of date Nov. 4 that a fortnight's play at Devon and Cornwall wrestling, for the championship of England, had just been concluded at St. James Hall, Plymouth. Samuel Rundle of that place (champion), and Bragg, who claims to be the champion of America, competed, but both were defeated at an early stage of the tournament. The award of prizes was as follows: First (£10 and the champion belt of England), Francis Hutchings; second (£6), Thomas Marks of St. Anstell; third (£3), Aaron Ellis, Plymouth; fourth (30s.), Samuel Oliver, Plymouth.

YALE AND HARVARD ELEVENS engaged in a football match at New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, Nov. 18, the result being a victory for the former, who won the only goal scored during the contest. Harvard scored a touchdown in the first forty-five minutes, Yale a goal in the next three-quarters of an hour, and Harvard another touchdown in the third forty-five minutes, when game was called.

A FENCING, wrestling, boxing and gymnastic exhibition, for the benefit of Prof. Louis Friedrich, will take place at Turn Hall, 66 and 68 East Fourth street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28. The Professor will cross swords with Regis Senac, teacher of fencing at the New York Racket Club, and a silver trophy will be contended for by Græco-Roman wrestlers.

A BICYCLE RACE, open to all, for a £50 cup, distance twenty-five miles, took place between John Keen, David Stanton and M. Thuillet at Brighton, Eng., Nov. 6. The track was in fair condition only. Keen, who was the favorite, won by 40½ seconds, in 1h. 30m. 8½s., Stanton securing second honors by a couple of yards. G. W. Atkinson was referee.

CHARLEY VOLLMER, who as a refreshment caterer is well known to the amusement profession in this city, has removed from Houston street to more commodious quarters, at No. 78 East Ninth street, between Broadway and Fourth avenue, where he will be "at home" to old and new friends at all times. Go and see him.

DELEGATES from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton Colleges are to meet at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass., Nov. 23, to consider and agree upon uniform rules of football.

BILLY EDWARDS called at THE CLIPPER office Nov. 20, and stated that he had replied to the letter from Ham Brock of Boston, saying that he did not deem it advisable to proceed to that city for the purpose of setting-to at the proposed benefit for Tim Collins' wife, as he thought that, in that locality, the affair would be as successful without his services, and unnecessary expense would be avoided. Billy says that if responsible parties get up a benefit for Mrs. Collins in this city or Brooklyn the services of both himself and Warry Edwards will be cheerfully given to aid the cause of charity. We doubt not that, if Harry Hill should set apart a Thursday afternoon at his theatre for this purpose, many others would come forward and combine to make up a show well worthy of the patronage of the lovers of boxing, wrestling, etc.

WE HAVE letters for Mrs. Goss, Mrs. Jas. Mace, Joe Goss, Jack Goulding, John Hickey, and Chas. Collins, the Cast Iron Man.

BASEBALL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO SCORERS.

For the benefit of the League Association's players this next season, it would be advisable for the Cleveland Convention to add to their rules a brief code of instructions to their club-scorers, containing explicit rules for recording base-hits, earned runs, and errors of play; for, as the rule in respect to scoring is now, one scorer will record a hit as a base-hit and another as not, and the same in regard to earned runs and misplays; and as each scorer sends in his records to Mr. Young at the close of the season, it follows, as a matter of course, that scarcely two records out of the eight are fair or correct. The whole system of getting out club statistics at the close of the season now involves a great deal of unnecessary figuring, and the present system of scoring, too, leads to anything but a correct analysis of play. With a view of assisting in getting up a proper and much needed code of instructions to scorers, we give below a series of hints on the correct recording of earned runs, put-outs, assistances, fielding-errors, and base-hits.

EARNED RUNS.

The theory of earned runs is simply to test the skill of the pitcher, and therefore it is not fair to score runs as earned unless they are obtained entirely through the inefficiency of the pitcher to prevent base-hits and their sequence of earned runs. Of course a run is certainly earned when a four-base hit is made. This would be certainly earned, too, off the pitching. A run may be said to be earned in one sense when a batsman makes his first base on his hit, successfully steals to second, goes to his third on a hit to right field on which the striker is thrown out, and similarly scores his run. Such a run is certainly obtained by no fielding error, and therefore can be set down as an earned run; but still it is not a run earned off the pitching, such as comprises the class of earned runs which test the skill of the pitcher. For instance, the first striker makes a first-base hit, the next striker makes another, and the third a third hit of the kind, and the fourth hits a high fly to the outer field, on which the base-runner scores his run from third base. This is plainly a run earned off the pitching. Then, too, the first striker may make a three-base hit, and the second a single-base hit, on which a run is also plainly earned off the pitching. Successful base-running, however, earns runs, just as base-hit batting does; but then the pitching in such case is not at fault, the inability of the catcher to throw the ball swift enough being one cause, and rapid running, in which well-thrown balls are beaten, another, no fielding errors being at all involved in the play. In all such cases as this no earned run should be charged against the pitcher, for it is not his fault; and neither is it the fault of the fielders, so far as actual errors are concerned. Were it so, it would not be an earned run at all. We desire simply to show the difference between two distinct classes of earned runs, viz., a run earned from the pitching, and one earned by base-running. The best way would be to include under the head of earned runs only those actually earned off the pitching, which earned runs exclude any runs scored through the assistance of successful base-running.

BASE-HITS.

What is a base hit? is a question asked by many, and that, too, by scorers who have kept the record of dozens of games. Our definition of a base-hit is simply this: Hitting the ball to the field in such a way that no fielder can possibly catch it on the fly or field it to any base-player in time to put either the striker out or a baseman whom the latter has obliged to vacate his base. Now, such hits can be made in a variety of ways, as we will proceed to show:

First, a base-hit is the result of hitting a high fly-ball so that it shall not fall within such reach of a fielder as to admit of its being held on the fly, or so prevented from reaching the ground as to allow another fielder to catch it before it falls. Such a hit would result as much from a ball just popped up over the heads of the infielders so as to drop safe and short of the outfielder's position, as if sent a long way beyond the reach of the outfielders themselves; but if the ball is hit high in the air, and it be allowed to fall to the ground without being held on the fly (we refer to fair balls entirely in this connection), through the failure of a fielder to try and catch it (the chance given for the catch being a plain one), then no base-hit is to be credited, even if the ball should not have touched the hands of a fielder. Also, if a high fly ball is hit to any fielder, and a chance be afforded him to touch the ball in his attempt to catch it, and he fail to hold it, unless it be plain that he could have held it but for his lack of judgment or skill, it is still to be credited as a base-hit.

Secondly, it does not follow that a swiftly batted ball, sent to any infielder, though it be partially stopped, and not held quickly enough to throw the fielder out, is therefore not a base-hit. Nor does it similarly follow, in the case of a ball hit so as to slowly roll towards the centre of a triangle formed by the lines of home base, pitcher's position and first base. Such ball frequently draws the first-base player so far from his position as to prevent him getting back in time, while it also prevents the pitcher from getting it in time to throw it to the first-baseman. Again, when a ball is "blocked" so as to plainly fall within the fair-ground lines, while the catcher is standing back from his position, such ball invariably yields an earned base.

Thirdly, there is a class of hits which certainly come under the category of base-hits—that is, hits earning bases—which have not hitherto been included in the list. We refer to hits made to right field, which, while they afford chances to throw out the striker at first base, enable base-runners to run bases safely or score runs. For instance, suppose there is a player on an earned first-base, and he is sent to second by another base-hit, and to third by a third such hit, and then the batsman, in order to insure the scoring of the run by the player on third base, hits a ball to right field in such a way that, while it insures his being put out himself, sends the base-runner on third home, and scores a run—this is a piece of play which illustrates "playing for the side" pretty strikingly, and it seems to us that such a hit should properly come under the category of base-hits.

PLAYERS PUT OUT.

Credit should be given a fielder for putting out an opponent whenever the fielder catches a fair or foul fly-ball; or a foul-bound ball; or a ball on three strikes; or touches a base-runner while off the base; or if he reaches to touch him, and the base-runner runs beyond the line of the bases; or when such fielder holds a ball while on a base before the base-runner—obliged to run or return to such base—reaches it. Also when a fielder is prevented from fielding the ball by any obstruction from an adversary, and the umpire decides the latter thereby out; and when the ball, while the fielder is in the act of touching a base-runner, is knocked out of his—the fielder's—hands. This includes all the chances to put out players.

ASSISTANCE.

The record of assistance includes only such instances of play as occur when a fielder acts as an assistant in fielding the ball to another fielder to put an opponent out. The fielder should be credited with such assistance whenever he throws a ball to a base-player with such accuracy and speed as to insure the opponent's being put out, provided the base-runner does his duty. If the throw is a good one, and it only fails of its object through the error of the fielder it is thrown to, the assisting fielder should still be credited with an assistance. In a case where a ball is hit to the pitcher, and the latter, instead of throwing it to the first-baseman, throws it to the third-base player to cut off the base runner running home, and the latter passes it to the catcher, and between the two the runner is run out, credit is to be given to the fielder who touched the runner for a "put out," and to the third-baseman as well as the pitcher for an "assistance;" and, in case the catcher should fail to hold the ball, the third-baseman and pitcher would still be entitled to the credit of assistance, provided the former had thrown the ball to the catcher accurately and in time. It is not proper, however, nor is it within the range of fielding assistance, to credit the pitcher with an assistance in the case of a batsman striking out. And the reason is this: in fielding assistance it must always be skillful play on the part of the fielder which entitles him to the credit of the assistance; but in striking out it may be the result of weak play at the bat or of superior skill on the part of the catcher, and, unless the assistance is invariably the result of skillful fielding, it will not do to apply it as a rule of play. For these reasons we have never credited the pitcher with an assistance in striking out.

ERRORS.

The tendency of scorers and reporters to charge errors to fielders which cannot be fairly called errors has never been as great as it has been this season. So much has this been the case, that there is nothing connected with scoring which so much requires a special code of rules, giving express definitions, as this self-same department of the record of fielding errors. We have seen, time and again, both club-scorers and press-reporters who have had some feeling against this or that particular player record every misplay and even error of judgment as a fielding error which marked his play in the field. While, on the other hand, we have seen favorites excused from palpable errors by the scorers crediting their batting opponents with base-hits. Such a result as this could not occur under a proper code of scoring rules officially set down for the guidance of Association-club scorers.

THE RULES FOR 1877.

The rules of baseball are now very near the point of excellence, and it is to be hoped that as few changes as possible will be made in the playing code at the coming Cleveland Convention, although there are some minor points worthy of consideration in introducing amendments. The experiment which was tried in Boston in October, in regard to the "fair-foul" hitting involved a change, which has one point in its favor, and that is that it removes from the umpire an opportunity to render unjust decisions. The best remedy for the "fair-foul" trouble is the introduction of a tenth man, but the additional expense necessarily incurred by this change would seem to preclude its adoption. And herein lies an important objection to giving the professional clubs the rule-making power; for wherever any improvement in the playing rules is advocated, the very first consideration given it by this class is: "How will it affect our pecuniary interests?" Whether it be beneficial to the interests of the majority class of the fraternity, and whether it be plainly an improvement in playing the game, are secondary considerations. We do not, of course, refer to rules governing the intercourse of the clubs, or to their special championship code, or to the rules applicable to their class, such as relate to the eligibility of players, the making of contracts, the penalties for dishonesty, etc., but simply to the playing code. The ten-men-and-ten-innings-rule question is one which affords a striking illustration of this fact. The ten-men rule is plainly an improvement on the game, and we have heard no valid objection to it from any class of the fraternity except the argument of the professional clubs that it involves an extra expense. However, as things are, it is perhaps best at present that the playing code of rules should be amended by the gentlemen who have so many interests at stake in the matter, rather than that the changes or amendments should emanate from an irresponsible or mixed class of the fraternity. We should prefer to see the rules amended by a convention of the college clubs; but that does not seem to be feasible. In regard to the repeal of the law which puts a a player out on a foul-bound catch, that is a change scarcely advisable at present. At some future time, when the general play has approached nearer to the professional standard, it may be well to still further improve the game in that way; but the points aimed at in the adoption of this change are attained in a more desirable form by the ten men-rule. The proposed change in the foul-ball lines, as we said before, has one thing to recommend it, and that is that it removes a fruitful cause of dispute, by throwing out those doubtful decisions made by umpires in cases of fair-foul hits. The clamor of the advocates of the muffin style of heavy hitting, who see no skill in fair-foul hits, and nothing meritorious in any hits save those which go to the outfield for home-runs, is not worthy of consideration. It was this class whose opposition we met with years ago in our advocacy of the fly-rule. They then just as reasonably advocated the old rule of the bound catch of all fair balls, as they now urge the adoption of a lively ball, with its sequence of fielding errors, large scores and tediously long games.

As regards the delivery of the ball, it is perhaps unnecessary to state that any change in the rules which would limit the delivery to the old-time "square pitch"—in vogue before the days of Creighton—would be to throw back the game twenty years. It is well known now that there are three great essentials in the art of pitching, without which no equalizing of the powers of attack and defense (involved in pitching and batting) can be arrived at; and these essentials are, first, *thorough command of the ball;* secondly, *speed;* and thirdly, *judgment* in delivery, or, in other words, strategic skill. Command of the ball under the rule of a strictly legitimate pitch or swift toss of the ball is impossible, and, therefore, any change in the rule in that respect would but involve a return of the wild delivery of Hannegan of the Unions of Morrisania, or of Ward of the Umpires, and others of that day who strove to emulate Creighton's speed, without adopting the latter's underhand throw, which alone gave him command of the ball. Then, too, the *side-curve*, which is only capable of being imparted to the ball by the action of the wrist in underhand throwing, would be thrown out, and, though this would not be so great a loss as the power to command the ball, still it would materially detract from the existing attractions of the game. But the worst effect of any change in the pitching rule—as regards the methods of delivery—would be to take us back to the days of heavy batting and large scores; and instead of, as now, seeing a nine-innings game played in less than two hours and marked by a score of 1 to 0, we should have to wait wearily the close of a three or four hours' contest in which the ninth inning would end with the score of high double figures for the losing, and perhaps with a score of triple figures for the winning nine, as in the case of the National vs. St. Louis Union in 1867—score, 113 to 26; or the Athletic vs. a country nine—163 to 21.

There is one thing in connection with the rules of play for 1877 which we hope to see exist, and that is that *one code of playing rules*, and one only, shall govern every class. Whatever code the convention at Cleveland may adopt, let it be endorsed and adopted by every other Association—Amateur, Semi-Professional, or otherwise. Had the League officials given the Amateur committee access to their rules last March, there would have been but one set of rules for 1876. As it was, the code was made as near like that of the League as was possible at the time.

THE ACTIVES OF READING, PA.

It is to be regretted that the past season has been severe on the reputation of this fine organization, but, in their zeal to curtail expenses, they adopted a disastrous course, and were without the services of an efficient manager the greater part of the season. A lack of proper management presented itself in the early part of the season, when, without sufficient practice and several very weak positions in the nine, they made a Western tour, which was necessarily a failure in all respects. They have seen their error by barely escaping a downfall. There is a project on foot for the establishment of a stock association there, and, from the general support it is said to be receiving, it is very probable it will be successful. Grounds have been secured on North Sixth street, in a good locality, and the work of fencing and improving will be commenced at an early date. The following players are likely to remain in the nine for next season: Samuel Fields, c.; W. Warren, s. s.; J. Goodman, 1st b.; Frank Heifer, 2d b.; "Mose" Dillon, l. f.; L. Ressler, c. f.; Daniel James, r. f. It is probable that Floyd Lauman, who as tenth man made such rapid strides of advancement the past season, may play at third base next year, leaving the position of pitcher vacant as yet. Their record for the season is as follows:

VICTORIES.		
Active vs. Goodwill of Reading	21 to	3
Active vs. Kleinz of Philadelphia	6	0
Active vs. Quickstep of Wilmington, Del	11	5
Active vs. Juniata of Wilmington	20	6
Active vs. Mountain City of Altoona	10	3
Active vs. Xantha of Pittsburg	5	3
Active vs. Athletic of Mansfield, O.	6	5
Active vs. Goodwill of Reading	10	6
Active vs. University of Delaware, O.	24	16
Active vs. Standard of Wheeling, W. Va.	16	6
Active vs. Campbell of Philadelphia	8	3
Active vs. Quickstep of Wilmington	12	8
Active vs. Allentown of Allentown, Pa	68	2
Active vs. Ithaca of Ithaca, N. Y.	9	1
Active vs. Baltimore of Baltimore, Md	13	2
Active vs. Baltimore of Baltimore	21	1
Active vs. New Haven of New Haven, Ct	7	6
Active vs. Picked Nine	12	0
Active vs. Star of Covington, Ky	10	5
Active vs. Red Sox of St. Louis, Mo	5	0
Active vs. Kleinz of Philadelphia	8	2
Active vs. Young America of Harrisburg, Pa	15	5
Active vs. Quickstep of Wilmington	11	5
Active vs. Goodwill of Reading	11	0
Active vs. Frank Bower of Philadelphia	50	3
Active vs. Chester of Chester, Pa	10	2
Active vs. San Francisco of California	17	0
Active vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg	5	3
Active vs. Mountain City of Altoona	23	4
Active vs. Goodwill of Reading	10	2
Active vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg	6	1
Active vs. Reds of Cincinnati, O	8	4
Active vs. Panic of Reading	22	10
Active vs. Schuylkill of Reading	18	0
Active vs. Picked Nine of Reading	12	3
DEFEATS.		
Active vs. Athletic of Philadelphia	2	9
Active vs. Philadelphia of Philadelphia	0	9
Active vs. Quickstep of Wilmington	7	18
Active vs. Neshannock of Newcastle, Pa	4	5
Active vs. Star of Covington, Ky	5	7
Active vs. Star of Covington, Ky	10	12
Active vs. Buckeye of Columbus, O	2	7
Active vs. Buckeye of Columbus, O	5	7
Active vs. Allegheny of Allegheny	3	8
Active vs. Neshannock of Newcastle	4	20
Active vs. Allegheny of Allegheny	5	7
Active vs. Chicago of Chicago, Ill	2	9
Active vs. Kleinz of Philadelphia	3	5
Active vs. Ithaca of Ithaca	5	11
Active vs. Peabody of Baltimore	2	9
Active vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg	10	11
Active vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg	1	15
Active vs. Chelsea of New York (forfeit)	0	9
Active vs. Mutual of New York	1	16
Active vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg	9	16
Active vs. Athletic of Philadelphia	4	8

MEMPHIS (TENN.) RED STOCKINGS.

The Memphis Reds disbanded Nov. 1, after playing fifty games. They were disappointed in many contracts with other clubs, and thereby were not successful, financially; but, it being the first season of a paid-nine club, it was, of course, quite a heavy expense, which is expected to be made up for next season. Many of the old players have been engaged for next year, commencing March 1.

June 25, Reds vs. Eckford	14 to	1
June 27, Reds vs. Memphis	31	1
July 2, Reds vs. Riverside	12	4
July 4, Reds vs. Blues	4	8
July 6, Reds vs. Mutual	21	1
July 8, Reds vs. Memphis	16	1
July 12, Reds vs. Blues (5 innings)	2	0
July 16, Reds vs. Eckford	18	0
July 23, Reds vs. St. Louis Reds	3	10
July 24, Reds vs. St. Louis Reds	4	11
July 25, Reds vs. St. Louis Reds	1	11
July 29, Reds vs. St. Louis Reds	12	2
July 30, Reds vs. Blues	3	2
Aug. 6, Reds vs. Riverside	11	9
Aug. 8, Reds vs. Blues	7	5
Aug. 11, Reds vs. Riverside	18	0
Aug. 14, Reds vs. Germantown	38	0
Aug. 16, Reds vs. Moscow	39	0
Aug. 18, Reds vs. Oneida	19	1
Aug. 20, Reds vs. Helena, Ark	35	0
Aug. 23, Reds vs. Collierville	19	0
Aug. 27, Reds vs. Reds Jr., Cincinnati, O.	9	5
Aug. 29, Reds vs. Reds Jr., Cincinnati	13	1
Aug. 30, Reds vs. Humboldt	40	0
Sept. 3, Reds vs. Paris, Ky	12	15
Sept. 4, Reds vs. Paris, Ky	9	4
Sept. 6, Reds vs. Riverside	10	2
Sept. 8, Reds vs. Eckford	5	2
Sept. 10, Reds vs. Blues	4	2
Sept. 13, Reds vs. Blues	8	1
Sept. 14, Reds vs. Riverside	12	0
Sept. 17, Reds vs. Linck, Nashville	13	1
Sept. 19, Reds vs. Blues	6	5
Sept. 24, Reds vs. Blues	4	2
Sept. 28, Reds vs. Eckford	27	0
Oct. 1, Reds vs. Blues	3	0
Oct. 2, Reds vs. Reds Jr., Cincinnati	19	2
Oct. 3, Reds vs. Reds Jr., Cincinnati	7	0
Oct. 6, Reds vs. Blues	8	7
Oct. 8, Reds vs. Buckeye, Columbus, O	8	3
Oct. 9, Reds vs. Buckeye, Columbus	2	0
Oct. 10, Reds vs. Buckeye, Columbus	2	9
Oct. 13, Reds vs. Louisville	1	3
Oct. 14, Reds vs. Louisville (8 innings)	3	4
Oct. 15, Reds vs. Louisville	3	9
Oct. 16, Reds vs. Louisville	8	3
Oct. 22, Reds vs. Louisville	2	6
Oct. 23, Reds vs. Louisville	6	7
Oct. 29, Reds vs. Picked Nine	26	3
	614	179

BATTING RECORD.

	Games	R. H.	T. at B.	Perc. of R. H. to T. at B.	Av. R. H. to Games Pl'd.
A. Raja	50	43	232	.185	.860
Ben Brookshaw	49	63	256	.246	1.285
Wm. Moore	49	61	229	.267	1.249
Oscar Walker	48	73	241	.300	1.520
Jno. Maher	48	59	234	.252	1.229
Dock Kenneday	45	45	218	.206	1.000
Jno. Shoupe	32	30	171	.175	.937
Tom Loftus	27	33	125	.264	1.222
I. Burkalow	23	24	103	.233	1.043
H. Luff	19	36	101	.356	1.894
J. Clinton	17	26	89	.292	1.529
Tom Oram	10	13	49	.265	1.300
Dyler	10	14	49	.285	1.400

FIELDING RECORD.

	Games	Total PO.	Times Ass.	Total Errors	Av. to Game	Double Plays
A. Raja	50	44	116	55	1.100	6
B. Brookshaw	49	77	104	35	.714	6
Wm. Moore	49	149	30	33	.673	3
O. Walker	48	489	11	60	1.250	24
J. Maher	48	21	33	23	.479	1
D. Kenneday	45	309	54	58	1.288	6
J. Shoupe	32	94	84	29	.906	13
T. Loftus	27	28	9	12	.444	0
I. Burkalow	23	6	46	27	1.173	4
H. Luff	19	37	40	10	.526	2
J. Clinton	17	25	47	25	1.470	2
T. Oran	10	8	2	1	.100	0
Dyler	10	6	1	3	.300	0

PITCHING RECORD.

	Games Pitching	Innings	Base H.	Earned R.	Struck O.
Burkalow	22	197	107	7	137
Clinton	16	109	56	3	74
Maher	12	61	49	3	14
Luff	8	65	51	3	24

BASEBALL NOTES.—The gate-receipts of the Athletic Club for 1876 were $11,643. What the expenses were has not been published......The Hartfords' receipts for 1876 fall short of their expenses over $2,000, but all their men have been paid......A club engages three or four players in July, 1876, to serve them in 1877. The contracts include certain amounts to be paid in advance. The club fails before the close of the season, and the contract engagements are thereby not carried out. Does or does not such failure render the contracts void? This question is now exciting some attention......The boys of Providence, R. I., want a lively elastic ball adopted next season, so that inferior fielders may have a chance of playing in nines on account of their heavy-hitting propensities. The finest game of baseball played in Providence in 1876 was that seventeen-inning game, and that was the result of using a dead ball. Don't go backwards, boys......The secretary of the League Association has made out an elaborate statistical table for each club from the scores sent in to him; but we do not notice any pitching averages, by which an estimate of the comparative skill of the regular pitchers can be arrived at......If there is good ice on the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, skating lake this Winter there will be games of ball played on the large lake there nearly every good skating afternoon. Charley Hunt is organizing a park skating ten to play against a field ten on skates.

A BASEBALL PLAYER is open for an engagement, with either a professional or an amateur club. See Boston's card.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Geo. Adams, late of the Syracuse Stars.

AQUATIC.

THE THAMES "INTERNATIONAL" REGATTA.

Concerning the racing on the first and second days (Nov. 2, 3) of this interesting regatta, *The London Sportsman* has this to say:

On the opening day the sun was bright, though the air was naturally chilly in a north wind. The latter raised some slight ripple on the flood-tide—not enough to cause a surf, but sufficient to prevent any very fast times being done. Four steamers attended the races in alternate pairs. There was also a row of large steamers anchored just below Hammersmith Bridge. The trial heats of the Professional Fours and Pairs took place on the first day, and, as the crack crews were in no case drawn against each other in them, the results were in all foreshadowed. As might have been expected from a study of the work, Boyd's (R. Bagnall, R. Hepplewhite, W. Lumsden, R. W. Boyd) and Higgins' (T. Green, H. Thomas, J. H. Sadler, J. Higgins) crews won their heats for the Fours, and in the Pairs Boyd and Lumsden on the one hand and Green and Thomas on the other had no difficulty in securing their heats. The competition of the Folkestone crew was a new feature, and for salt-water oarsmen they did not perform badly on the Thames; but they used fixed seats, which of themselves were a drawback against slides, and also they wanted more practice. It was like old times to see Harry Kelley rowing again, and in style he set a model and example to all the younger generation, but he was too short of condition to do justice to himself. The best race of the day was that for the Amateur Pairs, in which Hastie and Robertson of the Thames Club upset hot favorites in Playford and Smith. The Eights, for amateurs, were won easily by Hastie's Thames crew, though advantage of station gave the other Thames crew the lead at first.

On the 3d the sky was dull and leaden—a thorough November day. In the opening heat of the Sculls, whatever chance Sadler might have had was put out at the commencement by Lumsden rowing across him before a quarter of a mile had been traversed. Boyd meantime obtained a commanding lead, and had the race in hand from that point without further exertion. Lumsden's conduct evoked strong expression of disapprobation from spectators, both on the banks and in the steamers. Sadler lodged a claim of foul, and it was decided that he should be allowed to row in the final heat, which was a proper decision. Of course Boyd could not be disqualified by laws of boat-racing for the foul of another man. The second heat fell to the veteran Anderson, who had all his opponents settled at Hammersmith, and won by himself. The third heat produced the hardest-fought race that we have seen among professionals in Thames regattas since the time when Hammerton's four rowed down Maffin's off the Lead Mills ten years ago. Higgins was 7lb above his usual rowing weight, and could not therefore be at his best, while Blackman was in hard training from his match of the 1st. However, under any conditions, it was a very fine performance for a youngster like Blackman to beat such a speedy and crack sculler as Higgins. From the time when Blackman first came out, fifteen months ago, we have pointed him out as the coming man of the Thames. When proposals were made for a match between Thames and Tyne fours we expressed our opinion that no Thames crew would be complete without Blackman; also, when the Thames four was made up for Philadelphia we repeated the same remark. The high opinion which we then held of him has now been borne out, and, as he has youth on his side (he is only nineteen) he will be the best man of the Thames hereafter, if he takes care of himself. His style is not perfect. We have often said this. He slides too soon. If he would keep his knees *stiff* when he first catches the water, and not let them go, nor let his slide commence till he has got his body nearly perpendicular, he would find himself much faster. He would then sit up better, and would have a more powerful finish. The beginning of the stroke is his forte, and he gets well hold of the first part; but if he rowed out the finish a little better he would improve himself some ten lengths in the course. He deserves all credit for great pluck, and to that and his stamina he owes his successes. The Pairs produced an exceptionally fine race, only second to Blackman's heat of the Sculls, and quite as good as the Amateur Pairs the day before. Boyd and Lumsden had the worst station of the four starters, but took the lead with great rapidity, and, though hard pressed, never forfeited it. They rowed much better together than Boyd and Bagnall did in August at the Thames Regatta, and so managed to turn the tables. Green and Thomas, on the other hand, did not seem to us to be quite so well together as they were in the Summer.

A description of the third heat, in which E. Eagers started with Blackman and Higgins, is herewith given: They got off level, Blackman, if anything, with the best of it; but before the pier had been reached Higgins drew out in front, rowing much the faster stroke. Eagers was outpaced all the way, and stopped before reaching the Point. Higgins came to the Willows with a clear lead of two lengths, and added to it as he passed the Grass Wharf. Odds of 10 to 1 were at this point laid upon him. Blackman, however, stuck gamely to his work, rowing much the slower stroke of the two. He seemed to hold Higgins as they came near the Crab Tree, and the odds came down to 2 to 1. Blackman came up to Higgins' sternpost as they passed the Soap Works, where the latter sculler had to go wide round a barge. Higgins again got away as they neared the bridge, which he shot in 9min. 40sec., Blackman being then a quarter of a length behind the leader. After passing the bridge Blackman steered over too sharp to the Surrey side before he had passed the edge of the pier; this put him in comparatively slack water for more than 100 yards, and his chance seemed over, as Higgins again shot away, and had more than a clear length's lead at the Doves. Blackman rowed most gamely, and held his own for the next 200 yards, but few thought that he could still make up his lost ground. But as he came opposite the top of Chiswick Mall he made a final effort at a quicker stroke, and came up in a surprising manner. By the bottom of Chiswick Eyot he had come level, and went in front. When he was about half a length in front a foul occurred, in which Higgins was wrong. Blackman got clear, and rowed in a winner by two lengths in 25m. 14s. The tide was falling off at the time, and the performance was undoubtedly a fast one. Higgins made no claim of foul.

On Saturday, says *The Sporting Life*, there was a very large attendance, and it cannot now be gainsaid that, on the whole, the regatta has been a success. The umpire's boat was overcrowded, the other steamers had fair cargoes, and on the shore between Putney and Chiswick there was a much larger assemblage than has been witnessed for many years on occasions of the kind. The first event of the day was the final heat for the Champion Sculls, in which Boyd, the Tyne champion; Joe Sadler, the ex-champion of England; Blackman, whose recent performances have put him almost in the first-class, and Jack Anderson, one of the best stayers ever known, came together. The race was a good one, and proved that Boyd, who won easily by a length and a half, is a vastly improved man, whom his friends would be quite justified in matching against any other sculler, and that Sadler, who gave up when Anderson was almost depriving him of third place, has gone clean off. Blackman, who finished four lengths before Anderson, though not good enough to catch the Newcastle man, rowed very pluckily, as is his wont. Still, we expected him to get a little nearer, bearing in mind his defeat of Higgins; and we must confess that this regatta has made it more difficult than it has been for a long time past to point out any sculler as the best of the present day. The prizes were £50, £10 and £5.

The four-oared race, in which Higgins' and Boyd's crews came together was the great feature of the afternoon. Newcastle went off at a great pace, and led all the way to Hammersmith; but there fouling set in, and nobody could see who was to blame, Mr. Ireland the umpire having been left far behind, with a thickening mist between himself and the racing boats. The consequence was an order to row over again on Monday, when the crews met a little before four o'clock. The contest was one of the finest ever seen, and two or three times Tyne would have lost the race, owing to their bad steering, had the Thames crew been a foot or so better than they actually were. We do not share in all the obloquy which has been heaped upon the Northerners for persistently washing their opponents. There is no law against it, and we do not find that amateurs are less prone than professionals to avail themselves of the strict letter of the law. The Tyne men risked disqualification for the sake of pursuing tactics which the law makers of the rowing world have never forbidden. As it was, on this occasion, there can be no doubt that the winners were the best crew on the day. The race was won by a little more than a length. Prizes—£100, £20 and £10. The London R. C. four won the amateur race for the Thames National Cup and gold medals for the crew, value £75: A. H. Graves (bow), F. S. Gulston, A. Trower and F. Playford (stroke) composed the crew. The Thames R. C. four took the Thames Silver Cup and silver medals, value £25.

COURTNEY'S PRIZES.—The prizes won by Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, N. Y., were received by him a few days ago, and are thus described: The grand international badge is in the form of a shield, two and a half inches in size, surmounted by a delicately-carved bronze eagle. In its beak is a gold streamer with the motto "Virtue, liberty, independence," and its talons grasp the colors of the eight nations entered in the races. On the face of the badge is a smaller shield on onyx, with the monogram "S. N.," set with thirty-eight diamonds, representing each State in the Union. On either side are scrolls inscribed "1776" and "1876." Underneath is an oarsman seated in his shell, with sculls dipped, waiting for the word "Go." This is very ingeniously and perfectly wrought in gold. A wreath of laurel and immortelles and two small flags adorn the edges of the shield, and at the bottom are crossed oars, boat-hooks, and bull's-eye lantern. On the back is engraved "International Regatta, Philadelphia, 1876. Single-scull Amateur. Won by C. E. Courtney. Presented by J. R. Jones, Esq., Philadelphia." The cup, with figured border, is elaborately ornamented, and bears the following upon its sides: "Centennial Regatta, 1876. Double scull Race. Won by Union Spring Rowing Club, New York." Opposite: "Presented by William Milligan, Esq., Philadelphia." The medals have the monogram, "S. N.," "1776," "1876," oarsmen, foot-board and sprigs of laurel, with border containing therein stars to represent the original States upon their face. The opposite: "International Regatta. Double-sculls. F. E. Yates, Philadelphia, 1876," and border with stars.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £200.—Thomas Blackman of London, a member of the Plough Rowing Club, 20 years of age, and the winner of the scullers' prize at the Thames National Regatta the past two years, rowed a race with Anthony Strong of Barrow-in-Furness, on the Thames, from Putney to Norfolk, Eng., Nov. 1, the stakes being £100 a side. Blackman, who is 6ft. 1¼in. in height and scaled 160lb, had previously beaten, in matches, J. Anderson and John Higgins (the present Thames champion) at a time when neither was particularly fit. Strong is 25 years old, 5ft. 5in. high, and weighed 140lb, and had twice previously figured in match-races on the Thames, being beaten by Higgins, but defeating Conn Brian. Blackman won the toss, and took the Middlesex side, the pair starting at the second attempt by mutual consent, the betting being 6 to 4 on Blackman, £300 to £200 being laid in a trice. Strong, who was the quicker at his work, was the first to show in front, but, opposite the Star and Garter, Blackman had drawn level, and soon after went steadily away, being about two lengths in advance at Craven Point; the leader then kept well to the Grass Wharf, when he was nearly four lengths to the good, and from this point to Hammersmith Bridge about that interval separated them, the time at the bridge being 11min. 45sec. Keeping his advantage past the Eyot and Barnes, Blackman finally won by six lengths in 27m. 17sec. Strong rowed in the best style, but Blackman has plenty of power, and may be improved. W. H. Leverell was umpire.

NASSAU BOAT CLUB.—The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of this New York club, held Nov. 13: President, General Charles Roome; vice-president, Robert L. Reade; secretary, Walter S. Wilson; treasurer, James Willis; captain, Christian G. Petersen; coxswain, Charles Badgley; trustees—Daniel Appleton, John H. Abeel Jr., William Brookfield and Charles D. Belden.

THE RECENTLY ELECTED OFFICERS of the Lincoln Boat Club of Boston, Mass., are: Thomas Cox, president; Edward Finnerty, vice-president; James Coleman, secretary; Richard J. Cleary, treasurer; John Rice, corresponding secretary; Thomas Duffy, financial secretary; John Clark, captain; Terence Maguire, Philip Maguire and Sam Hagar, board of directors.

BOWLING.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

According to a rule of the National Association, each match in the present tournament must be played on neutral alleys, and in accordance therewith the Athletics and Mutuals of Brooklyn faced an audience of three hundred at the headquarters of the Empire Club, Tenth street and Broadway, New York, on the night of Nov. 16, to contest the second game of the tournament. Game was called at 8 P. M., and after a short delay Mr. Chas. Izeman of the Terpsichores was chosen referee, and Mr. Anderson of the Pin Knights scorer. The game commenced at 8.20 by Mr. Bartlett of the Athletics taking the ball in hand and making a "ten-strike," followed by Mr. Bartge of the Mutuals with a "spare." The playing was close, interesting and exciting throughout, with more general good-feeling and good-humor, and with more

genuine betting than there was at a hall not far distant in a match of another kind. The bowling of Mr. Mageries on the losing side was worthy of note, for it looked at one time as if he would make a clean score of 300; but, through ill luck near the end of the frame, he only managed to make a total of 222, being the highest score in both teams. There was no particularly brilliant play among the Athletics, but they played a steady game, and were well captained. The match was ended at 10.55 P. M., and a vote of thanks to Messrs. Carty and Moran for the splendid condition of the alleys was proposed and passed, after which several private games were bowled. The following is the total score:

ATHLETIC.		MUTUAL.	
Bartlett	160	Bertge	160
Richardson	180	Beyer	193
Schlick	148	Mathies	138
Leonard	158	Obenor	16[illegible]
Moller	172	Baumgartner	130
Gerow	173	Breber	161
Stewart	139	Grehl	121
Roffger	169	Goeringer	148
Fries	162	Mageries	222
Hopps	145	Schutler	163
Total	1,6 6	Total	1,600

THE TURF.

WASHINGTON FALL RACES.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, NOV. 14.

The Fall race meeting at Brightwood Park Course, Washington, D. C., extending over four days, commenced on Tuesday, Nov. 14, under unfavorable circumstances. The weather was disagreeable, and the remoteness of the course from the city—some five miles distant—and want of means of access had the effect of keeping many away. The track itself was in good running order, but, being only half a mile in length, with sharp turns, it is unsuitable for racing purposes. The purses offered by the management were small in amount, but the racing was good.

The first race was a dash of half a mile, for two-year-old colts and fillies, catch-weights, for a purse of $100, of which $30 went to the second horse and $20 to the third. The contestants were C. P. Burch's Mainbrace, W. Wyche's Mayflower, and A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Bosworth. Mainbrace was made a favorite, selling for $100, Mayflower for $60, and Bosworth (who is a cast-off from the Rancocus stable of P. Lorillard) for $20. The trio of youngsters got off well together, Mayflower quickly showing in front, with Bosworth second and Mainbrace last. These positions were retained to the finish, Mayflower winning the race easily by two lengths in 51½ seconds, Bosworth finishing three lengths before the favorite.

The second race was a dash of five furlongs, for three-year-olds, for a purse of $100, divided, as the previous one, into first, second, and third money. Four came to the post, viz., Wyche's Hobkirk, Medinger's Libbie L., Gaffney's Hattie F., and Lewis & Co.'s Pluto. Hobkirk was the favorite, selling for $100 and the field for $25. At the start, Hobkirk took the lead. Passing the judges' stand Libby deprived Hattie of second place, and Pluto also showed in front of the latter for a short distance, but, falling back again, took no further part in the race. On the backstretch Hattie F. lapped Libbie L., raced with her on the lower turn, and, passing her, made play for Hobkirk, who easily stalled off her challenge, and won the race under a pull by two lengths in 1:06¼. Hattie F. beat Libbie L. two lengths for second money, and Pluto was beaten off.

The third race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $100, which brought out Wyche's Hatteras, 95lb; Bethune's Burgoo, 111lb; Burche's Wateree, 95lb; Lewis & Co.'s Pluto, 95lb; and Wilson & Co.'s Jack Trigg, 111lb. Burgoo sold for $100; Hatteras, $25; and the field, $10. A good start was effected, Burgoo leading. Passing the judges' stand, Wateree took third place and Pluto fell back beaten. Burgoo continued to lead until they reached the lower turn, when Hatteras challenged him for the lead. The whip was freely applied to Burgoo, but Hatteras lasted the longest, and won the race by a length in 1:19½. Wateree was third, Pluto fourth, and Jack Trigg last.

The steeplechase for all ages, for a purse of $100, over a course of two miles, and twenty jumps, had five contestants, viz., McCallahan's Bay Rum, 138lb; Gaffney's Derby, 132lb; and Culpepper, 138lb; Murray's Captain Hanmer, 142lb; and Wilson's Jack Trigg, 139lb. Derby took the lead, and Jack Trigg was left at the post, although he got off afterwards when the other horses had run some distance. At the third jump Captain Hanmer deprived Derby of the lead, and held it to the eighth leap, where both Bay Rum and Jack Trigg bolted the course and took no further part in the race. This left the issue to Captain Hanmer and Derby, the former showing the way over all the remaining jumps, closely pressed by the gray. A fine struggle ensued after jumping the last hurdle, which resulted in favor of Derby by a length, Captain Hanmer beating Culpepper by six lengths for second money. Time, 4:11½.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, NOV. 16.

The opening race was a dash of half a mile, for two-year-olds, catch-weights, for a purse of $100, for which four youngsters came to the post. These were D. Weldon's Flora, A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Docility, W. Wyche's Mayflower, and W. P. Burch's Mainbrace. Mayflower was made the favorite, but before the start Docility in some pools supplanted Mayflower as first choice. The start was a miserable one. The horses were not together when the drum was tapped, Docility being in the lead at the time. Docility easily retained the advantage he had got at the start, and won the race by four lengths in 51¼ seconds. Mainbrace beat Flora the same distance for second money, and Mayflower pulled up dead lame, having injured herself in the stable before the race commenced.

In the race for three-year-olds—for a purse of $100, three-quarters of a mile—the following started: Wyche's Hobkirk, Lewis & Co.'s Pluto, Weldon's Coupon, Medinger's Libbie L., and Gaffney's Hattie F. Hobkirk sold for $45; Hattie F., $15; and the field, $12. A fair send-off was effected, Coupon getting the lead, with Hattie F. second. After running a quarter of a mile Hattie F. assumed the lead, followed by Hobkirk, who in the next quarter went to the front and appeared to be winning in a canter; but Hattie got to his quarters, and, after a sharp struggle, was only beaten a length in 1:19¾. Libbie L. was third, Coupon fourth, and Pluto last.

The third race was a mile dash for a purse of $125, of which the second horse took $30 and the third $20. Five horses started: Burgoo, Hatteras, Lady Clipper, Tom O'Neil and Wateree. Burgoo was a favorite, although Hatteras was also strongly supported. The race, however, was virtually decided the moment the flag fell, for at the start Burgoo was fully forty yards in front of the others, while Hatteras was far behind all the rest of the horses; so Burgoo had matters his own way, and, without ever being approached, he won in a canter by fifteen lengths, Lady Clipper taking second money and Hatteras third. Time, 1:48.

The fourth race was to have been a steeplechase, but, owing to the inner field being soft and miry, the course was changed, and the contending horses, comprising Derby, Bay Rum, Culpepper, and Captain Hanmer, only ran over a portion of the inclosure, then took the track, and ran twice around it. The distance was two miles, with fifteen leaps, and the purse run for was $100. Bay Rum took the lead, and showed the way over the various fences and hurdles until nearing the finish, when Derby, who had been running easily, put on the steam, collared and passed him, and won first money by a length, Bay Rum being second, Captain Hanmer third, and Culpepper fourth. No time was taken in this race.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, NOV. 17.

There was an increased attendance present on the third day, although the weather continued disagreeable. The opening race was a dash of five furlongs, for two-year olds, for a purse of $100, the winner receiving $50, second horse $30, and third $20. Only three started—A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Bosworth, D. Weldon's Flora, and C. P. Burche's Mainbrace. Bosworth sold for $50 against $20 for the field. The horses got off together, Bosworth soon showing in front, but on the backstretch Flora got on even terms with the favorite. Shaking her off, Bosworth quickly opened a gap of three lengths, which he maintained around the lower turn and to the finish, winning easily in 1:09. Flora beat Mainbrace two lengths for second money.

In the dash of one mile, for three-year-olds, for a purse of $100, divided into three portions, for first, second and third horses, five horses started: Wateree, Coupon, Hattie F., Hatteras and Pluto. Hatteras sold for $100, and the field for $40. After two false starts the horses got away, the favorite in front. Hatteras stalled off a vigorous challenge made by Hattie F. on the lower turn, and galloped home an easy winner by two lengths in 1:49½. Wateree was third.

A dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, for a purse of $125, of which $30 to the second horse and $20 to the third, brought out four runners: Lady Clipper, Libbie L., Tom O'Neil, and Hobkirk. Burgoo had been entered, but fell lame at exercise. In his absence Hobkirk was made the favorite, with Lady Clipper second choice. Just before the start, however, Lady Clipper supplanted Hobkirk in the pools. She got off in front, with Hobkirk second. On the backstretch Hobkirk made his effort, collared and passed the leader, and at the end of the mile was a length in front. He retained this to the finish, coming in ahead; but, a complaint having been made that the jockey of Hobkirk had fouled Lady Clipper, knocking her on her knees at the lower end of the backstretch, the judges gave the filly the race, placed Hobkirk last, and suspended his rider for the rest of the meeting. This decision gave dissatisfaction, as there did not appear to have been any collision between the two horses. By the decision Libbie L. was awarded second place and money, and Tom O'Neil third. No time taken.

The steeplechase—two miles, for a purse of $125, of which the winner received $75, second horse $30, and third $20—had three runners: Capt. Hanmer, Culpepper and Bay Rum. Captain Hanmer led throughout, and won easily; Culpepper second, and Bay Rum beaten off. No time was taken.

FOURTH DAY—SATURDAY, NOV. 18.

Continued disagreeable weather and a poor attendance were the features of the closing day of this unsuccessful meeting. It is claimed that many of the races were purposely "cooked," and that horses won that could not have beaten their opponents in a square, honest race. The changing of the betting on the favorites at the last moment at the pool-box indicates that there was a "nigger in the fence." The first race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for two-year-olds, catch-weights, for a purse of $100, of which $30 went to the second horse and $20 to the third. Mainbrace, Flora and Tampico were entered, but the latter was withdrawn, leaving Flora and Mainbrace to start. Flora made the running for a quarter of a mile, when Mainbrace passed her and won with ease in 1:30. Flora was unplated, and slipped badly in going around the turns. The second race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for three-year-olds, for a purse of $125, of which $30 to second horse and $20 to third. The starters were Dr. Weldon's Coupon, 90lb; Bevins' Hattie F., 82lb; Lewis' Lady Clipper, 82lb; and Medinger's Libbie L., 100lb. Hattie F. made the running, followed by Libbie L., Lady Clipper, and Coupon in the order named for a mile, when the two latter quit, and Hattie F. won the race by four lengths in 2:25¾, Libbie L. second, and Lady Clipper third. The last race was a dash of a mile and a half, for all ages, for a purse of $150, for which Burgoo, Wateree and Pluto started. Burgoo won easily in 3:01¼, Wateree second. The steeplechase was not run, the fearfully heavy ground making jumping dangerous.

AT MYSTIC PARK, Boston, Mass., the last Fall trotting meeting commenced Nov. 14 under favorable auspices. The first trot was to wagons, for a purse of $150. The contestants were C. E. Mosher's b. g. Joe Ripley, W. H. Crawford's br. m. Annie Collins, and J. Trout's b. g. Frank Reeves. Annie Collins won the second and fifth heats in 2:34¼, 2:34, Frank Reeves the fourth in 2:34¼, and Joe Ripley the first, third and sixth heats and the race in 2:32¼, 2:31¼, 2:30. The second race was for a purse of $150, for horses that had never beaten 2:45; mile heats, three in five, in harness; $75 to the first horse, $35 to the second, $25 to the third, and $15 to the fourth. Of the six entries five were posted to start, but, after waiting half an hour for two of them—Carl Booth's b. g. Rhomberg, and T. Mansfield's b. m. Helen—a fine of $25 was imposed on each, with the announcement that both owners and horses would be suspended until the fine was paid. The other three which started were L. Eames' br. m. Graceful, T. McLaughlin's g. g. Granger, and W. Busk's br. h. Joe Carnes. The latter was a duffer, and was distanced in the first heat, which was won by Graceful in 2:41, the same mare taking the second and third heats in 2:41, 2:40¼, and winning the race. The next race was for a purse of $200, for horses that had not beaten 2:29. Six horses came to the post, viz., J. J. Bowen's b. m. Nira Belle, F. Berry's b. g. Everett, D. Bigley's b. m. Lady Daggett, C. E. Mosher's bk. m. Belle Dean, Stowell & Wiggins' bk. g. Joe S., and J. Trout's br. g. Haviland. Everett won the second and third heats in 2:29, 2:30¼, Lady Daggett the fifth in 2:32, and Nira Belle the first, fourth, and sixth heats in 2:29, 2:30, 2:30, thus winning first money. Everett took second money, and Lady Daggett third money.

On the second day the attendance and sport were good, but the weather was disagreeable. The purse of $200, for horses of the 2:23 class, was won in three straight heats by W. A. Crawford's br. m. Annie Collins, beating T. Nugent's b. m. Little Gipsy, C. E. Mosher's b. g. Joe Ripley and J. Trout's b. g. Frank Reeves. Little Gipsy took second money, Joe Ripley third, and Frank Reeves fourth premium. Time, 2:29½, 2:28¼, 2:29. In the race for horses of the 2:36 class, for a purse of $150—$75 to the first, $35 to second, $25 to third and $15 to the fourth horse—T. McLaughlin's b. m. Eva won in four heats, beating J. J. Bowen's g. g. Warwick, F. M. Berry's br. g. Arthur T., D. Bigley's bk. s. Knox Jr., A. D. Carson's br. g. George Mann and J. F. Haine's br. m. Nettie. The latter was distanced in the first heat, won by Warwick in 2:37½, Eva winning the next three heats and race in 2:36½, 2:37½, 2:34. After three heats of this race had been trotted darkness came on, and the race was postponed and finished next day with the result above stated.

On the third and closing day the attendance was largely increased. The first trot was for horses of the 2:40 class, for a purse of $150, for which only two of the three horses entered came to the post. These were J. F. Haines' br. m. Nettie and J. C. Dyer's r. g. Reformer; the former winning easily in three straight heats in 3:20, 2:59, 3:02. A purse of $200, for 2:32 horses, brought out five competitors, viz., D. Bigley's g. m. Lady Daggett, T. McLaughlin's c. m. Clara J., Lon Morris' c. g. Pilot, T. Trant's bk. g. General, and C. Booth's b. g. Rhomberg. The last-named horse was distanced in the first heat, won by Clara J. in 2:32, she also taking the third heat in 2:33½. Lady Daggett won the second and fourth heats in 2:32, 2:35, when, darkness coming on, the race was postponed until next day.

On resuming the race next day, Lady Daggett won the fifth and deciding heat by half a length in 2:33¾, Clara J. taking second and Pilot third money.

FIFTY-MILE MATCH.

The first of the series of three long-distance riding matches between Capt. Neil Mowry of California and John Murphy of New York came off at Fleetwood Park Nov. 18. Each match is said to be for $1,000 a side, the first being at 50 miles, the second at 100 miles, and the third at 150 miles. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, the attendance was large. Murphy (who, it will be remembered, first came into prominent notice as a horseman about ten years ago by riding Dexter in his match to beat Flora Temple's time of 2:19¾, then the fastest on the trotting record, and which he won in 2:18 1-5) was the first to appear on the track, accompanied by his assistants, Bobby Swim and Meany. His horses were American-bred, and as near thoroughbred as he could get them without being full-blooded. Capt. Mowry was attended by two men belonging to the polo party he brought with him from California. His horses were mustangs, except two. Murphy is in his 32d year, stands 5ft. 7in. high, and weighs 131lb. Mowry is in his 38th year, stands 5ft. 9½in. in height, and weighs 162lb. They started precisely at 2:20 P. M. The bettting was $30 to $20 on Murphy, who led throughout the first mile; but, his assistants failing to understand his signals for a change of horses, he had to keep on for two miles. Mowry changed horses at the end of the first mile, so that at the end of the second mile he was leading. In changing horses Murphy got in and out of the saddle in the usual way, while Mowry would throw himself off the horse he was riding to the ground and, with a run spring into the saddle of the fresh horse, in the Mexican style. Each alternately held the lead, but when thirty-five miles had been covered Murphy was 200 yards ahead, which he made into a quarter of a mile on the fortieth, when the betting was $100 to $10 in his favor. From this time Murphy was never headed again, and, steadily increasing his lead, he finally won the match by nearly five furlongs, completing the distance in 2h. 25m., Mowry's time being 2h. 26m. 20 sec. The superiority of the American horses used by Murphy over Mowry's mustangs was plainly evident. The second match, at 100 miles, is to come off on the same track next Saturday.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—The Fleetwood Park Association is first in the field in claiming dates for their trotting meetings of 1877. For their Spring Meeting they have fixed upon June 5 to 9, inclusive; Fall Meeting, Sept. 4 to 8, inclusive; First Annual Breeders' Meeting, the third week in October, when the different colt stakes will be trotted. ......The Ocean Parkway Extension from Prospect Park to Coney Island beach, a fine drive of six miles to the ocean, was thrown open to the public on Sunday, Nov. 19. It passes through a portion of the Prospect Park Course at Gravesend, now numbered among the things of the past........M. H. Sanford arrived in this city last week from England. His horses remain at Newmarket, under Charles Littlefield's care. His horses were in excellent health, except Brown Prince and Egotist, who had met with slight accidents, but were getting all right again.......It now appears that Frank Harper, the owner of Ten Broeck, was quite willing to match his horse against Tom Ochiltree for $10,000 of his friend's money, but not for any of his own, provided the match could have been run at Lexington or Louisville......The recent mortality among trotting horses has been remarkable. We have now to record the death of Prince Eric, by Ericson, dam by Brignoli, who died of inflammation of the bowels while en route to Virginia City, Montana, and to his traveling companion, the Chiles mare by Joe Hooker, both owned by Mr. W. H. Raymond of Montana......The bay stallion John T. Russell was sold at auction at Mystic Park last week for $1,805 to Mr. Harrington of Boston......The rumor current in the city last week that the well-known pool-sellers Johnson Brothers had decamped with the proceeds of the election pools, about half a million dollars, proved devoid of truth......The pacer Dan Rice, a few days ago, in California, made a heat under saddle in 2:18¼.

TWO RACES came off over the West-side Park Course, N. J., on Nov. 14. The first was a trotting match between Peter Manee's s. g. Moscow, to wagon, and Harvey Eck's c. g. Silvertail, in harness, mile heats, three in five, for $100 a side. It was won very easily by Moscow in three straight heats; time, 2:43, 2:40, 2:38¾. The second was for a purse of $100, for pacers and trotters, best two in three, in harness; the winner taking $50, second horse $25, third $15, and fourth $10. For this there were four entries: Eva May (pacer), St. George (trotter), Julius H. (pacer), and Tommy Moore (trotter). The latter, however, was withdrawn, as he did not arrive at the course in time to score with the others. Eva May won the race very easily in two straight heats, with St. George second, Julius H. being drawn on account of lameness after the first heat; time, 2:42, 2:44.

HORSES EN ROUTE FOR NEW ORLEANS.—Messrs Williams and Owings have shipped Fair Play, by Virgil, and Madge Duke, by Bayonet, to New Orleans, to participate in the coming meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club. Creedmoor has been sent to Woodford County, Ky., and turned out. His injury is more serious than was at first supposed, as he broke down in the pastern, and his trainer considers his case hopeless. A. Keene Richards has sent his stable to New Orleans to assist at the coming meeting. It comprises Redman, Redding, Henry Owings and Clemmie G. They are in charge of John McClellan. The filly Largenteen, by War Dance, has been turned out.

RUSSO-AMERICAN TROTTING MATCHES.—It is now proposed that, in order to induce Russian owners of fast Orloffs to visit this country and bring with them their best trotters, the associations constituting the Septilateral Circuit of 1877 should each give, in their regular programme for next year, a race for a purse of not less than $10,000, conditional upon the entrance of two and the starting of one trotter from Russia; no entrance fee being required from the latter, and the race to be at the Russian favorite distance of two-mile heats. Such races would excite much enthusiasm among owners of fast trotters in the United States.

TOM OCHILTREE.—The rumor now going the rounds of the press that George Lorillard's race-horse Tom Ochiltree has broken down is entirely without foundation. After his victory in the Centennial Cup at Jerome Park, the horse contracted a cold, which was increased by his journey to Baltimore. He was entered and started in the two-mile heat race, but, although he won the first heat, his lungs became congested by the unnatural exertion, and he could not run in the second heat, in which he was distanced by Add.

AT THE BROOKLYN DRIVING PARK, on Monday, Nov. 17, a trot for a sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, three in five, to wagons, came off. The track was heavy, but the attendance was good. The entered horses were J. E. Jarvis' b. m. Grace, Mr. Rogers's bk. g. Major Pultz, and J. W. Page's br. g. Eddie, but the latter paid forfeit. Major Pultz was the favorite before the start, but, after he had won the first heat in 3:02, the betting changed in favor of Grace, who won the next three heats and the race easily in 2:57, 3:01, 3:00.

PREAKNESS has, after a successful career, taken leave of the turf, Mr. Sanford having placed him in the Duke of Hamilton's stud on private contract, and he will stand at Easton Park paddocks, in Suffolk, the coming season. During his five years' career on the American turf he ran thirty-six races. His pedigree, being by Lexington out of Bayflower by imp. Yorkshire, a son of Emilius, combines the best strains of English and American blood.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB.—Notwithstanding the misfortune which befell the Louisiana Jockey Club in the destruction by fire recently of their grand stand and the offices connected with it, they have determined to hold their Fall meeting at the time announced (the first week in December), and carry out the programme as originally intended. The Slocomb, Howard and Orleans Stakes closed on Nov. 10, and filled well.

THE GREAT SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP of 500 sovs. each, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs., 15 ft., was decided at Shrewsbury, Eng., Nov. 15, and brought out a field of fourteen horses. The race was won by T. Brown's b. c. Tetrarch, by Magador out of Parma, 3yrs.; Mr. Lefevre's c. f. Lina second, H. Bird's b. c. The Ghost third. Ceruleus started the favorite at 4 to 1, but failed to secure a place.

SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB.—The usual annual race meetings of this club over the Ten Broeck Course during the season of 1877 will not be held, in consequence of the yellow-fever epidemic which has ravaged Savannah during the past Summer. This will be a disappointment to the lovers of racing in the South, and especially to the owners of stables, with whom the Savannah meeting was very popular.

A TROTTING-MATCH for $100 a side—mile-heats, three in five, owners to drive—came off at Fleetwood Park Course Nov. 13 between W. Lovell's b. g. Barney Kelly, to wagon, and T. B. Johnson's r. g. Fred Tyler, in harness. The former had the call in the betting, and he won the race in three straight heats. Time, 2:47¼, 2:41¼, 2:38¾.

RACING IN VIRGINIA.—Virginia turfmen are not willing to bring the racing season to a close yet a while, for two meetings are announced for this month. The first is a four days' running meeting at Richmond, which commenced Nov. 21, and there will be a three days' running meeting at Petersburg, commencing 28.

COL. TOWNELEY of Towneley Hall, Burnley, Lancashire, Eng., famous on the turf for winning the Oaks with Butterfly and the Derby with Kettledrum, was found dead in his dressing-room Nov. 4. He is supposed to have died during an epileptic fit.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Jas. A. Green of Muscatine, Ia., the owner of the trotting stallion Green's Bashaw, the sire of Kirkwood, Green's Bashaw, etc., fell dead from heart disease while driving his buggy on Nov. 10.

THE TRIGGER.

THE RIFLE AT CREEDMOOR.

Bad weather did not deter a goodly number of marksmen from visiting Creedmoor, L. I., on Saturday, Nov. 18, when the special attraction was the first competition on the running-deer target—a sheet-iron figure of a deer painted white, running on wheels down an inclined plane of fifty feet, and up a similar incline behind a cover; lines drawn vertically across the figure separating the head and haunches from the rest of the body, and any marksman hitting either of those portions being fined ten cents. Twenty-six entered, and each competitor was allowed to fire as often as he could while the figure was in motion; four chances each. The scores made by those who hit the target were as follows:

	Hits.	Score.		Hits.	Score.
J. E. Stetson	6	16	W. Hayes	1	3
T. G. Bennett	5	14	J. B. Holland	1	3
W. Robertson	3	9			

This was followed by the fifth contest for the Rapidity and Accuracy Badge, for which there were six entries, the prize going to Mr. Stetson for the second time. The scores were as under:

	First Chance.			Second Chance.			
	Shots.	Hits.	Total.	Shots.	Hits.	Total.	G. Tot'l
J. E. Stetson	14	9	24	14	11	39	63
T. G. Bennett	11	8	27	9	8	27	54
J. Wentworth	10	5	17	10	6	19	36
G. Waterman	6	1	2	7	5	12	14
G. W. Davison	9	0	0	9	3	5	5

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

An adjourned meeting of the National Rifle Association Board was held at their rooms in this city Nov. 14, General Shaler presiding. The principal business brought before the meeting was the appeal of the Forty-eighth Regiment in the matter of the prize contested for by it and the Seventh Regiment at the Fall meeting, and after consideration thereof the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the matter of the protest against the scores of the Forty-eighth Regiment in the recent Fall meeting be set down for hearing at the State Arsenal, corner Seventh avenue and Thirty-fifth street, on Thursday, the 23d inst., at 8 P. M., to which time and place this meeting, when it adjourns, shall stand adjourned. That notice thereof be given to the Forty-eighth Regiment team, the parties making the protest, and also to all prize winners in these matches, requesting them to be present with their proofs, and that upon that occasion the Board proceed to hear the whole case upon sworn testimony.

Subsequently the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be requested to consider and determine, after obtaining the views of the American team and the foreign representative riflemen, upon the propriety of making any changes in the terms of the international competition for the Centennial trophy to take place hereafter.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE WALNUT HILL RANGE, located about ten miles from Boston, was informally opened by about thirty members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association on Thursday, Nov. 16. The first prize—the bronze medal of the N. R. Association—was won by J. B. Osborn, with a score of 45 out of a possible 50, at 200 yards. The four other prizes were won by Messrs. Sanborn, Poland, Rockland and Osgood.

BILLIARDS.

A CHANGE OF CHAMPIONS.

At Tammany Hall, on the night of Nov. 16, the metropolis witnessed its second public match this year, the other having been in the same house on Jan. 27 last, when William Sexton, with an average of 15.15-39, defeated George Slosson by 600 to 482. There had, in the interval, been no match nearer this city than that of April 21, 1876, at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., when Louis Shaw, averaging 10.40-56, beat Jacob Schafer by 600 to 457. Certainly the Eastern country has not been surfeited with billiard-matches within the past two years, and with especial force does this remark apply to this city, no matter how it may have suffered in that period from billiard tournaments. Up to last Thursday night a billiard-match in the metropolis was of itself a novelty. Unfortunately, the game, like the two players of it, long ago ceased to be a novelty. The result was that, spite of a fine night to invite people from their own firesides, there was but a meagre gathering in Tammany Hall. There were a number of ladies on the platform, but in the body of the hall the spectators in the aggregate did not represent more than $275, if quite that.

These modern "champion" matches are nearly all broad, gaping farces. Here, for example, is the case of Garnier. It is a year and a half since he was first paraded as "champion of America," and yet never before last Thursday night, save in that 1874 tournament wherein he was defeated for it, did he play for the medal that professes to confer that rank. The first time he struck a ball for this medal, he was beaten; and now, when next again he strikes a ball for it, he is also beaten.

Few persons will credit that his last defeat was a meritorious one. Yet, while he is not to be charged with having willfully sought his own defeat, he has been in one sense blamable. Our opinion is that he was as indifferent on this occasion as when, on May 27, 1874, in the same hall, he was beaten by Francois Ubassy by a score of 600 to 446. That match was "for $500 a side," as the present one was announced to be. The averages then were substantially what they are now, viz., 8.24-72 for the winner and 6.20-71 for Garnier, the loser. As it would be a waste of space to describe the game of Nov. 16 in detail, so it is useless to give the score in full. Suffice that Garnier led up to the 24th inning, regained the lead in the 32d, lost it in the 33d (when Dion, by "nursing," ran his 179), and never re covered it. The runs of 20 or over were—Joseph Dion, 179, 83, 65, 34 and 20; Albert Garnier, 77, 64, 44, 29, 26, 25 and 23. Averages—Dion, 8.48-69 in 600; Garnier, 7.19-68 in a total of 495 points. The referee was John F. Gleason, and the marker Robert E. Wilmarth.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP and £50 was run for by J. McLeavy (champion) and S. Clark at the Springfield Recreation Grounds, near Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 4. They went away at a terrific pace, McLeavy cutting out the work, and in this way they passed the referee for the first lap in 59sec., Clark half a yard behind. Going down the backstretch, Clark went up to McLeavy's shoulder, and rattled the champion along at his best pace, offers of 6 to 4 now being made on Clark, who seemed able to leave the champion at any time, and, coming into the straight for the half-mile, the men passed the post for the second time abreast (time 2min. 7sec.) Going for the third lap, Clark went to the front, but McLeavy, with one of his grand rushes, repassed him, and held the lead once more until coming into the straight for home, when Clark, with a splendid sprint, raced alongside to within fifteen yards from the tape, where Clark was run to a standstill, being then two yards behind, McLeavy completing the distance in 4min. 25½sec. The ground was in splendid order, and there were between 3,000 and 4,000 persons present.

O'LEARY VS. WESTON.—In the latest issue of *The* (London) *Sporting Life* to hand we find the following: "Some influential members of the Turf Club have expressed a willingness to back Weston against O'Leary for a genuine six days' walking-match, to take place at Lillie Bridge, under the management of the A. A. C., and the Smithfield Club show week has been proposed as a most suitable time. If O'Leary and Weston desire to oppose each other in a fair and honorable contest, the stake on either side could be made sufficiently large to overcome even the attraction of gate-money exhibitions. Particulars can be had by applying to the secretary, A. A. C., Lillie Bridge Grounds."

MISS MARY MARSHALL and Peter L. Van Ness gave an exhibition of their walking powers at Central Park Garden, this city, last week. It was announced that they would walk a distance of twenty miles on the evenings of the 16th, 17th and 18th, respectively, for $500, the winner of two out of the three contests to take the money. Miss Marshall won on the first and third evenings. The exhibitions were not well patronized.

AN ALL-AMERICAN HANDICAP at 110yds. is announced to take place on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, and Friday, Dec. 1, at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Philadelphia. The following prizes will be given: First, $70; second, $20; third, $10. Noah Makinson, one of the projectors of the above handicap, announces that he has a man who has never run in public that he will match against John Thomas Crossley for $500 a side.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Continued from page 279.

however, is won by the lively widow. Her heart is set upon Blythe the artist, and she manages to grow jealous of her friend. One lady puts on the dress of the other, an explanation is arrived at, and the little story is blown to pieces before it can fairly be said to have been put together.

THE EXACT DATES of the birth and death of Auber have been at length ascertained. The baptismal record on the register at Caen gives the date of birth 29th of January, 1782, and the name which is inscribed on the monument for Pere-la-Chaise, Daniel-Francois-Esprit Auber. He died on the 12th of May, 1871 (not the 4th of June, 1870, as it has been given), and his remains were concealed, in the days of the Commune, in the crypt of the Trinity Church until the 15th of July, 1871, when they were interred temporarily in the Cemetery Montmartre. The ceremonial of reinterment and the inauguration of the monument in Pere-la-Chaise will take place towards the end of this month.

J. K. EMMET, upon his second visit to Sydney, N. S. W., performed in the Theatre Royal, instead of the Victoria, and we learn by private advices that his new play, entitled "Jan the New German," made a success there. He is to commence an engagement in Auckland, New Zealand, Dec. 24, and will play on that island until March, when he will leave for England, via America, and act there during the Summer, returning to the United States in September, to act during the season of 1877-8.

MUSICAL.

"LA BOITE AU LAITE," Offenbach's latest work, was recently produced at the Varieties, Paris, with Mmes. Daubray and Theo and Paola Marie in the principal parts.

"DOLORES," a new opera, was produced at Bologna, France, Oct. 12, but proved a failure.

MLLE. DERVAL, a very young lady, made her debut before a Parisian audience recently as Isabel in "Pres aux Clercs." She made a decided success.

A THREE-ACT OPERETTA, by MM. Clairville and Delacour, music by M. Lacome, has been successfully produced at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris.

A SAD EVENT is reported from Marseilles, France. A lady of no mean talent, Mlle. Priola, formerly attached to the Opera Comique, Paris, where she enjoyed a certain share of public favor, and who has often sung in Belgium and the provinces with success, unfortunately appeared in the southern city. She was unwell, and sang very indifferently. But the audience were cruel in their expressions of disapprobation. They hissed and hooted her in such savage style that the poor delicate actress went home, took to her bed, and expired from the effects of the brutal treatment she had experienced—died literally broken-hearted.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE GARRETTAS are in high favor with the amusement-seekers in the French capital, where they are performing at the Fantasies-Oller, on the Boulevard des Italiens.

REYNOLDS AND ADAMS are doing song-and-dance at Sam Hague's home of minstrelsy, St. James' Hall, Liverpool, Eng.

MISS ADELAIDE MILLER, serio-comic, is the newest American face on the variety stage in London. She is singing at the Foresters' and Bedford Music Halls.

LU-LU is the reigning star at the Royal Cambridge Music Hall, London.

THE ZIG-ZAGS are engaged at the Metropolitan and South London Palace, London, at which latter place are also the Jackley Family and the Lauris, the latter appearing in an Indian ballet called "Medocs."

FRED WILSON is doing turns at the Foresters' Pavilion and South London Palace.

CANFIELD AND BOOKER closed a successful engagement at the Fantasies-Oller, Paris, at the beginning of the present month, and are now performing at the Royal Cambridge and Sun Music Halls, London.

THE GIRARDS continue to do lofty kicking at the Alhambra, London.

WAYNE, LOVELY, COTTON AND BIRDUE, the Joe Brothers, Major Burke, Professor Nelson and Sons, and Austin and Hess are at the Oxford, London.

G. B. HARCOURT and Miss Kate O'Connor and the Garnellas perform nightly at the Canterbury, London.

A TOWN LOT FOR NOTHING.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Ohio, Kentucky and Texas Land Company, and to their very liberal offer. The company is only carrying on, on a large scale, what is done every day in our large cities—selling alternate lots to induce settlers and increase the value of the remaining lots—with this difference: that this company GIVES AWAY their alternate lots. Mineral City is a growing town, and will undoubtedly become a large city, when the lots that are now given away will be very valuable. The offer is *bona fide*, and only open for thirty days, as the demand will exceed the supply, and the company will not dispose of all their lots free. The company is composed of reliable gentlemen, and our readers can be assured that they will, by complying with their instructions, receive by return mail a warranty deed to a town lot, which can be held for further use, or sold, or settled upon, as the owner may please. —*Exchange.*

AMUSEMENTS.

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Messrs. SHOOK & PALMER..........Managers
NINTH ANNUAL BENEFIT
of the
ORDER OF ELKS,
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 23, 1876,
commencing at 1.30,
on which occasion the following ladies and gentlemen have most cheerfully volunteered their valuable services, and will positively appear:
DRAMATIC ARRAY.
Mr. Ramsay, Katharine Rogers,
Agnes Booth, Louise Sylvester,
Mrs. J. Seymour, Miss Cleves,
Geraldine Maye, Miss Vincent,
Miss Allen, Mr. F. C. Bangs,
Mr. Charles R. Thorne Jr. Mr. Jas. O'Neill,
Mr. Louis Aldrich, Mr. J. W. Carroll,
Mr. Jas. Peakes, Mr. Willie Seymour,
Mr. Claude Burroughs, Mr. John Matthews,
Mr. H. B. Phillips, Mr. C. Collins,
Mr. J. Coulter, Mr. T. Ayling,
Mr. E. Lamb,
by the kind consent of the following dramatic managers: Messrs. Shook & Palmer and Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer.
VARIETY ARRAY.
Messrs. Harrigan and Hart,
Mr. Gus Williams, Mr. Jas. McKee,
Mr. Luke Schoolcraft and Mr. Geo. H. Coes,
Mr. Larry Tooley, Mr. John A. Graver,
Mr. Frank Girard, Mr. M. Bradley,
The Austin Brothers, Miss Louise Franklin,
by the kind consent of the following variety managers: Mr. Tony Pastor, Col. Wm. E. Sinn, Messrs. Harrigan & Hart.
Mr. H. Tissington..........Musical-director
who has kindly volunteered.
General Admission..........One Dollar
Reserved Seats..........$1.50
Family-circle..........50 cents
Reserved Seats can be secured at once at the Box-office of the theatre.
Doors open at one o'clock. Performance will begin at half-past one promptly.
For full particulars see programme. 35-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager..........MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK. Brilliant revival of Shakespeare's best comedy, AS YOU LIKE IT.
AS YOU LIKE IT. Miss Davenport....as....Rosalind
Mr. Coghlan....as....Orlando
Mr. Castle....as....Amiens
ONLY MATINEE, Saturday, 1:30.
Shortly, sumptuous revival of the School for Scandal. 1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
JARRETT & PALMER..........Lessees and Managers.
LAST WEEK
but one of
SARDANAPALUS.
On TUESDAY EVENING, NOV 21, it will have been given ONE HUNDRED CONSECUTIVE TIMES, and its glories witnessed by over three hundred thousand people.
DEC. 4, return of LAWRENCE BARRETT, and production of KING LEAR. E. L. DAVENPORT as EDGAR. [1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART..........Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY..........Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART.
MONDAY, NOV. 20,
will be presented, with a powerful cast, Edward Harrigan's Romantic Irish Drama
IASCAIRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN....as....MICHAEL DELANEY
TONY HART....as....SHAUN O'KELLY (the IASCAIRE).
Messrs. Leslie Gossin, Welsh Edwards, Charles Fyffe, W. M. Ward, Larry Tooley, the Misses Lizzie Edwards, Fanny L. Burt, Adah Richmond, and other ladies and gentlemen are in the cast.
First appearance of the Victorelli Brothers, the beautiful French Twin Sisters, Billy Barry, Billy Gray, Larry Tooley, Harrigan and Hart in Edward Harrigan's Levy of Chatham street, Dancing in the Ballet, and the Actors. [1t

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE,
Nos. 585 and 587 BROADWAY.
THE BEST VARIETY SHOW IN NEW YORK.
Great success of the famous European artists the
WILKINSON BROTHERS.
THE BOYS OF MULLINGAR.
DEN THOMPSON as JOSHUA WHITCOMBE.
WILLIAM COURTRIGHT as FLEWY-FLEWY.
AUSTIN BROTHERS,
Champion Marksmen of the world.
CURRY AND FOX, the great acrobats.
HARRY BLANCHARD,
Double-voiced vocalist.
HARRY WOODSON,
Eccentric delineator of old-men characters.
TONY PASTOR, GUS WILLIAMS,
THE BENNETTS, JENNIE MORGAN,
and a Mammoth Specialty and Dramatic Company.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 35-1t

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14TH ST. AND 6TH AV. EDWIN BOOTH as HAMLET. Monday, Nov. 20, and every night this week. Saturday matinee at 1.30, LADY OF LYONS. Edwin Booth as Claude Melnotte.
The public will please take no notice of "Ticket Speculators" and their false reports. Seats can be secured at the box-office, 111 Broadway, and Martens' music-store, 1,164 Broadway, for every performance this week. FOOL'S REVENGE, KING LEAR and RICHARD III in preparation. 35-1t

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
CORNER OF
WEST 12TH ST. AND GREENWICH AV.
Admission: 50c., 75c., $1, and $1.50; boxes, $5 and $10. The finest place of amusement in the city. Patronized by the elite. Houses crowded to the doors to see the largest and best company ever employed in one show. Wanted at all times first-class white-faced specialties; also dramatic, burlesque and variety sensations.
34-4t Address JAKE BERRY.

THE GREAT NEW YORK AQUARIUM,
BROADWAY AND 35TH STREET.
OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. TILL 10 P. M.
ONLY AQUARIUM ON THE CONTINENT.
A BEAUTIFUL EXPOSITION OF
THE OCEAN'S WONDERS.
THE MIGHTY DEEP UNVEILED.
GREAT JAPANESE CURIOSITY,
"KINGIYO," OR TRIPLE-TAILED FISH.
THE RARE SPOTTED CODLING.
SERPULA, SHEEPSHEAD, ALLIGATORS,
UNICORN FISH, and thousands of
NEW CURIOSITIES.
AN INSTITUTION OF ELEGANCE,
REFINEMENT AND PERFECTION.
FLASHING CASCADES, BEAUTIFUL ROCKERY,
TROPICAL PLANTS, CLASSIC STATUARY,
DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON AND EVENING
CONCERTS,
DIRECTED BY HARVEY B. DODWORTH. 1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
8th avenue cor. of 23d street.
POOLE & DONNELLY..........Lessees and Managers
HOUSES CROWDED TO THE DOORS.
HOUSES CROWDED TO THE DOORS.
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY NIGHTLY.
THE EXCITEMENT UNABATED.
The public flocking to see
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
MRS. G. C. HOWARD..........as..........TOPSY
SLAVIN'S GEORGIA JUBILEE SINGERS.
200 GENUINE SOUTHERN COLORED FOLKS
in the
GREAT REALISTIC PLANTATION SCENE.
New scenery and elegant stage appointments.
TWO HUNDRED——200——TWO HUNDRED
GENUINE SOUTHERN COLORED FOLKS
in the sports and pastimes of their race.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. [35-1t

THE PARK THEATRE
WILL REOPEN
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27,
AS A COMEDY STAR THEATRE,
under the sole management of
Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY, Lessee.
The inaugural attraction will be the charming comedienne
LOTTA
(her first appearance in three years)
in Fred. Marston's new comedy
MUSETTE.
OR THE MYSTERY OF GUILD COURT.
Full particulars in future advertisements.
The box sheet will be opened for sale of seats on Thursday, November 23, 8 A. M. 35-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
Mr. J. W. MEATH..........Manager
MLLE. MARIE ZOE
in the great legendary drama
THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT.
preceded by the farce of
THE IRISH TUTOR.
Monday, Nov. 27, will be produced a grand Southern romantic drama entitled TIDE OF LIFE, in which the Old Dominion Jubilee Singers will appear. 35-1t

PARISIAN VARIETIES,
SIXTEENTH STREET AND BROADWAY.
W. H. WOODLEY..........Manager
This elegant Temple of Amusement presents a constantly changing succession of Sparkling Vaudevilles, Brilliant Comedies, Sensational Farces, Tantalizing Burlesques, Emotional Sketches, Bewitching Dances, Exhilarating Songs, Humorous Bagatelles, Choice Specialties, Elegant Varieties, Musical Morceaux, Poses Plastique, Comic and Emotional, by the Loveliest Models in America.
An entire new BALLET TROUPE Dec. 4.
HOLDBROOK AND RYAN.
JOHN PENDY, PROF. DONALDSON.
LEWIS SPENCER, HORACE WESTON,
GEORGE ATKINS, CHAS. SEABERT.
MINNIE HALL and BLANCHE ELBERTS, ALICE GIRARD, MAUD LEIGH, EMMA WESTON, LIZZIE LOWREE, SARAH ROLAND, LIZZIE FINN.
Artists of acknowledged ability desiring engagements will address as above. 35-1t*

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
CHARLES E. ARNOLD..........Lessee and Manager
BENSEN SHERWOOD..........Director
3D MONTH OF
BABA,
Written expressly for this theatre by Mr. John A. Mack.
UNABATED SUCCESS OF
MISS ELIZA WEATHERSBY....as..........AMORET
MR. W. H. CRANE..........as..........BABA
Continued triumph of
MLLES. ELIZABETHA AND HELENE MENZELI.
The most artistic premieres assolutas ever seen in this country.
MR. BENSEN SHERWOOD'S MARVELOUS TRANSFORMATIONS.
THE SHIP CHANGE. THE THREE GROTTOS.
THE CRUMBLING PALACE.
THE GRANDEST BALLETS IN THE WORLD.
MAX MARETZEK'S SWEET MUSIC.
DEVERNA'S ARTISTIC PROPERTIES.
RICHEST COSTUMES. EXQUISITE SCENERY.
JOLLIEST PLAY.
THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.
Box-office open daily from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., where seats may be secured one week in advance.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 1.30. 35-1t

OLYMPIC, NEW YORK. PARK, BROOKLYN.
AMERICA'S NOVELTY THEATRE.
WANTED,
GOOD VARIETY ATTRACTIONS.
CONNECTING DATES OPEN FOR NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, AND JANUARY.
Address for dates WM. E. SINN,
PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN.
Send acts to theatre where first appearing.
SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE.
Any and all specialty artists booked at the above theatres who shall previously appear at other places in New York, Brooklyn or Williamsburg, WILL FORFEIT THEIR ENGAGEMENTS and be prevented by injunction from appearing in either city. 35-1t

A STAGE-CARPENTER AND practical machinist, having had thirteen years' experience in building theatres and working stages, can be engaged upon liberal terms. Address for ten days,
35-2t* MACHINIST, care CLIPPER office.

STEREOPTICONS, VIEWS, second-hand photograph apparatus, etc., bought, sold and exchanged. C. OLMSTED, 763 6th ave., N. Y. 35-1t*

WANTED, VARIETY AND MUSICAL TALENT at all times, at the BOWER CITY MUSIC HALL. Address
BENDER & RIBLET,
35-4t* Janesville, Wis.

WANTED BY A YOUNG LADY of experience, an engagement as general utility lady in located theatre. Address
LILLIE CLEMENS,
35 1t* 47 Public square, Cleveland, O.

IMMENSE HIT. FOX'S AMERICAN VARIETY THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1876. Messrs. BUCKLEY AND TURNER: You conclude your engagement this evening with us, and I must honestly confess we have not had any BANJOISTS who have given the satisfaction that you have done. I can conscientiously recommend you to the notice of Variety Managers, and shall be happy to receive you again the first opportunity. Yours truly, WOOD BENSON, Business-manager. Buckley and Turner having dissolved, John M. Turner is at liberty for his Trick Banjo Manipulations, Juggling One and Two Banjos at once (never before attempted), Imitations, Banjo Selections, etc. New business. Address 79 Horatio street, N. Y., or care CLIPPER office. 35-1t*

WANTED, JUVENILE MAN, WALKING GENT AND UTILITY, FOR BOYD'S STAR COMPANY. Address JAMES HARRISON, Stage-manager, Columbia, S. C. 35-1t*

FRED H. BLECKER, THE WELL-KNOWN WORKING-AGENT AND CONTRACTOR, IS AT LIBERTY.
Address 732 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
NOTE.—Unsolicited, LEW SIMMONS engaged and signed (with Thatcher, Welch & Rice) a contract with me Sept. 18, as their agent, from Nov. 13 to June, '77, which they now dishonorably ignore. 35-1t*

TO AMATEURS.—WIGS, BEARDS, moustaches, plays, colored fire, tableau lights, magnesium lights, burnt cork, clown white, Indian red, rouge, blanc, lightning, flash-torches, and every requisite for exhibitions at lowest prices. Send stamp for price-list to JAS. F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 35-13t*

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318 South Clark street, Room No. 20, Chicago, Ill. [35-1t*

WANTED, a good, responsible man, with $500 or $1,000 capital, to take a first-class minstrel party that has a first-class reputation throughout the U. S. JOHNSON & ROSS, Western Dram. Agents, 318 S. Clark st., Chicago. [1*

PROFESSIONALS' NOTICE.
$3.50
WILL BUY
ONE OF OUR NARROW
SILVER-RIM TAMBOURINES,
warranted first-class in style and finish, strong head and silver jingles. No plated work. Mailed for $3 50.
Used by Sam Murdy, Thos. Sadler, H. Robinson's Minstrels, F. B. West, Haverly's N. O. Minstrels, N. B. Shimer, Harry Thompson and others. Address
HAYS & TALLMADGE,
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"The Suydam Brothers deserve especial mention for their finished performances. They do not seem to care how they get on the horizontal-bar, what they do when they get there, or how they get down. All their acts are accomplished with a precision and grace which robs the spectators of the apprehension of danger which usually accompanies such performances."—INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL, Nov. 14.
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TWO FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS,
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Dramatic Attractions
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PROF. NEIL SMITH AND DOGS,
I cheerfully recommend them as a very attractive act for your programme. They have given the best of satisfaction in their line. [35-1t*] Resp'y yours, DAN SHELBY.

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THE FAVORITE IRISH COMEDIAN, VOCALIST AND DANCER,
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What MATILDA HERON said of the performance last Thursday night: "MR. GALLAGHER I hail as the only successor of my beloved friend Barney Williams."
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WILL COMMENCE ITS ANNUAL TRAVELING SEASON ON OR ABOUT
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WILL PLEASE ADDRESS
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PROF. PARKER AND DOGS
at Howard Athenæum, Boston; Adelphi, Hartford; Academy of Music, Providence, R. I.; Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore; Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J. Theatre Comique, Broadway, New York, to follow. Elegant cuts. [35-1t*

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introduced the past week in Hartford for the FIRST TIME, and received
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CHANGING THEIR STEPS SIMULTANEOUSLY,
as if actuated by the same impulse, WITHOUT ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT. Nov. 20, Metropolitan Theatre, Newark; Dec. 4, Academy of Music, Providence; Dec. 11, Adelphi Theatre, Albany, etc. 35-1t*

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35-1t* ST. LOUIS TO FOLLOW.

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after a retirement of several years from the stage, desires to recommence in the profession. Those who knew her of old can rest assured she has not deteriorated. Managers, please address
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JOHN AND AMY,
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THE TUDORS are re-engaged everywhere.
THE TUDORS are European Specialty Artists.
THE TUDORS have only performed at four theatres in this country.
THE TUDORS in their unique contrasts of character.
JOHN TUDOR in his original comic songs.
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For open dates please address Metropolitan Theatre, Newark. TO MANAGERS.—P. S.—The Tudors are safe cards for any first-class manager to play. Their business is all new, good and original. Great success with me. Return to my theatre in January. (Signed) TONY PASTOR, Nov. 11, 1876. 35-1t*

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CHAMPION FANCY RIFLE-TEAM
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WONDERS OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
IMMENSE SUCCESS AND SECOND RE-ENGAGEMENT AT TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.
THE GREATEST HIT OF THE SEASON.
Route ahead: Tony Pastor's Nov. 6, 3 weeks; Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 27, one week; Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., Dec. 4, one week; Howard Athenæum, Boston, Dec. 11, one week; Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, Dec. 18, one week; Barton Opera-house, Syracuse, Dec. 25, one week; Tony Pastor's, New York, Jan. 1, 1877, two weeks; Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 22, one week. First open date Jan. 29, 1877. Address
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A Lady to Learn the Gymnastc Business
MATTHEWS AND LEOPOLD,
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MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE,
want a lady gymnast to work on the LADDER OF LIFE.
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AT THE
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NEW YORK CIRCUS
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Artists—both male and female—of acknowledged talent in equestrian art desiring engagements for two or four weeks, address at once, stating line of business and lowest salary.
SAM STICKNEY JR.,
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MONEY—$2,000—WANTED,
a gentleman, with the above amount, to control the financial department of show that can make ten thousand dollars in six months. Only men who have got money need apply. C. M., care of CLIPPER. 35-1t*

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written expressly for Miss Fairchild, the most brilliant of the rising stars in the dramatic hemisphere, by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus, authors of the highly successful play CONSCIENCE, produced at the Union-square Theatre, New York, supported by a carefully selected company of favorite New York actors, headed by
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CHARACTER VOCALIST AND CHANGE ARTIST.
THIRD WEEK AND BIG SUCCESS AT
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Readers or marked-back playing-cards, common style backs, 50c. per pack; fancy glazed backs 75c., prepaid, by mail, with full instructions. One pack of each style for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.
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ATLANTIC VARIETIES,
TOLEDO, O. WILL OPEN SATURDAY, Dec. 2. Repainted and New Scenery. First-class Male and Female Performers of all kinds wanted; also, Piano-player and Musicians. Salaries must be low. Address immediately LEW WOODWARD, Atlantic Varieties, Toledo, O.
P. S.—Consider silence a negative, but write again. 35-1t

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ENLARGE and develop any portion of the body by using "Perfezione." Price $1, postpaid. Reliable and safe. Address Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court st., Boston, Mass. [35-1t*

THE LITTLE DETECTIVE, Prof. Le Vere's optical instrument for observing objects or persons behind your back. Postpaid, 25c. E. HAYDEN, Mallet Creek, O. [34-2t

$1 For 25 Cents. THE EUREKA CABINET. Containing 1 Chinese "What Is It?" a capital trick—hand it to a person to open and a small needle stabs their finger every time. 1 elegant French bronze Pocket Pencil with adjustable leads. 1 Eureka Camera, shows persons or objects behind you or at your side. 1 Nest of Pharaoh's Serpents Eggs, each egg when ignited produces an immense serpent. 1 Centennial Badge, beautiful designs. The CABINET containing the five articles sent post-paid, for only 25 cents. Address, Eureka Trick & Novelty Co., Box 4614. 39 Ann Street, New York.
35-1t*

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CHAS. EVANS..........PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
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THE LEADING VARIETY THEATRE OF THE SOUTH.
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FIRST-CLASS SPECIALTY ARTISTS
AT ALL TIMES.
Performers should state lowest salary to AVOID DELAY AND SECURE ENGAGEMENTS.
We exchange people with managers in Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and all over the South. All letters answered. 35-1t*

COLORED ARTISTS WANTED.
First-class, in every branch. Sober, neat and reliable. Also, colored musicians to play brass and string, to travel. State full experience, and send photograph.
35-1t* MANAGER A., care of CLIPPER office.

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Worth $100.
WE OFFER FOR THIRTY DAYS, A TOWN LOT IN MINERAL CITY, GRAYSON COUNTY TEXAS, FREE
EVERY LOT GIVEN AWAY UNCONDITIONALLY.
NO SETTLEMENT OR IMPROVEMENT REQUIRED.
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Grayson county, Texas, is in the finest portion of the State, and is traversed by THREE railroads, and enjoys the advantages of the Red River navigation. Has been settled for THIRTY years. SUMMER THE YEAR ROUND. From the United States statistics of 1870, Grayson county, Texas, produces a variety of production unrivaled in the country. COTTON, TOBACCO, CORN, WHEAT, POTATOES, and all the FRUITS of the SUNNY SOUTH, as well as the growths of hardier climates, making this country truly a paradise.
MINERAL CITY is located on a beautiful plat of high, rolling prairie, interspersed with fine timber, in Grayson county, on Big Mineral creek, an unfailing stream of pure water, and on the Gainsville branch of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, twelve miles west of the intersection of the M. K. & T. and Texas Central Railroads. The location is beautiful and healthy, and in all respects desirable, having natural parks, good drainage, an abundance of pure water at all seasons of the year.
WHY WE GIVE LOTS AWAY.
The Ohio, Kentucky and Texas Land Company have LARGE TRACTS of the best agricultural and mineral land in Northern Texas. And the time seems to be favorable to throw some of our lands on the market, at prices ranging from $5 to $10 per acre for unimproved, and $30 to $50 for improved lands. We have platted in the midst of our lands the town of MINERAL CITY and to encourage emigration there, we give to any one sending their names to us, a WARRANTY DEED in fee simple for one or more lots in MINERAL CITY, the only charge being the sum of ONE DOLLAR to pay the Notary Public for acknowledging the deed, and actual expenses. WE DO NOT GIVE EVERY LOT AWAY, but every alternate one. We do not expect that every one who takes a lot in Mineral City will go there, but WE DO THINK A GREAT MANY WILL, and they will induce their friends to follow, and it will be but a short time until we have a FLOURISHING CITY. And as we own every other lot it is obvious to all how we are to make money. We make out the deeds UNCONDITIONALLY, not requiring you to settle or improve. Our limit to any one person taking advantage of our liberal offer is five lots.
INSTRUCTIONS.—We will send, by return mail, to any one who will send us, within thirty days from date of this paper, one dollar with their names written plainly in FULL, a clear WARRANTY DEED to a 25X100 FT. town lot in MINERAL CITY, Grayson county, Texas, CLEAR OF ALL TAXES TO JANUARY 1, 1878. Your application for a town lot must in all cases be accompanied by ONE DOLLAR, to pay cost of drawing, and acknowledging deed, and registry fee, and mailing, and postage. Your lot can then be sold or transferred at pleasure. LET ALL IMPROVE THE CHANCE TO SECURE A HOME. Deeds sent to any part of the UNITED STATES AND CANADAS. Address all communications to the
OHIO, KENTUCKY, AND TEXAS LAND COMPANY, 206 Race St., Cincinnati, O.
Remember this offer is good for THIRTY DAYS ONLY.
Parents, Secure a Few Lots for Your Children!
This advertisement will not appear again in the paper.

MARTIN GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO MISS SADIE PEIRCE, BOSTON,
BY CHARLES H. PHILLIPS.

They told me Martin Gray was dead—
They said it soft and low—
One Easter-eve, as service closed,
Years, long, long years ago;
And as the mournful tidings crept
Through aisle and chancel dim,
Our Easter-lilies seemed to breathe
A passing sigh for him.
And bright azaleas, freshly twined,
One moment lost their glow,
As if some hand had o'er them thrown
A sable cloud of woe.

They told me he was dead; that he,
That morn so full of life,
So full of noble longing for
The Christian soldier's strife,
Just stretching out his hand to grasp
The laurels o'er his head—
That he, so brave and beautiful,
That night was with the dead!
Gone from the hearth and from the home,
From farm and village gone,
And from the halls of learning
Where his early fame was won.

I heard the passing bell ring out
The number of his years,
I gazed upon his lifeless form
With eyes undimmed by tears.
I could not mourn—it only seemed
A fleeting midnight dream—
A phantom—over which ere long
The morning light must stream.
Yet as the days went on he paced
The village street no more.
Nor even did his shadow fall
Athwart my father's door.

O fair and blessed Easter morn
That rose for us in vain!
Telling of life that sprang from death—
Joy triumphing o'er pain.
Our earth-bound spirits could not pierce
Beyond the gloomy cloud;
We sought companionship with death,
And shelter near the shroud;
Till these forsook us—even these—
Earth closed her grassy bed
O'er all that yet remains to us,
For Martin Gray was dead!

Another Sabbath dawned, and then
My father spoke of him,
And many a head bent low the while,
And many an eye grew dim.
They said he spoke—he pastor was—
With words that thrilled the heart,
And swayed that sad and silent throng
With all a master's art.
For me it mattered little—oh,
So little—what he said;
I only heard one weary word,
A cadence—"He is dead."

Years, long, long years have passed since then;
My home lies far away
Beneath the palm tree's shadow
And the tropic's burning ray;
Yet, standing by the old church porch,
Just where I stood that night,
I still remember how the world,
So beautiful and bright,
And life all fair with love, and skies
Unclouded o'er my head,
Grew strangely dark and cold to me,
For Martin Gray was dead!

Hawley Villa, N. Y., Nov. 5, '76.

BARBARA,
Or the Mysterious Murder.
A FAMOUS SCENE-PAINTER'S REMINISCENCE

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago I spent my Summer vacation in sketching among the Hartz Mountains. We were going to bring out a grand Christmas pantomime at Drury-lane, and the management would be content with nothing less than studies of the Brocken, made on the spot. I climbed to the top several times, and was rewarded with a sight of the famous Achtermanshoe or Spectre—a human figure of monstrous size—an enormously exaggerated reflection of the spectator himself, in fact, formed by some atmospheric conditions of which I am not quite perfectly informed. I lodged in a pretty village, in the "Angel Gabriel"—a decent inn towards the outskirts of the place, chiefly frequented by market-folks. Sitting up reading one July evening, I was startled by a trampling of feet upon the stairs, followed by a single heavy knock at my bedroom door. Before I had time to say "Come in," it was opened from without, and Gretchen, the kitchen-drudge of the establishment, followed by a tall stranger, appeared upon the threshold.

I rose, and laid down my book. The stranger, whom I now saw was a surgeon, came forward and bowed.

"Do I address Herr Beverley?" he asked in German.

I replied in the affirmative.

"An Englishman, I believe?"

"Yes—an Englishman."

"Then I am sure you will forgive me intruding upon you at this hour, when I tell you the object of my visit. The fact is," he proceeded, "a poor fellow had been brought into the village hospital. His incoherent words were unknown to those around him, and he had no letters or papers about his person by which it was possible to identify him. He seemed to be suffering from some form of brain-fever, and he might lie there for weeks, or die to-night and be hurried into a nameless grave. I heard only half an hour ago that an Englishman was staying at the 'Angel Gabriel,' and I made haste to find you. It may be altogether useless, but ——"

I was up and in readiness before he had done speaking.

Arrived at the small hospital building, we were soon in the chamber where the sick man lay. A patient-looking female nurse, who was sitting by the patient's bedside, rose at our approach.

"How does he seem now, Sister Emma?" asked the doctor.

She shook her head.

"The pulse is very quick," she said, "and his mind seems now and then to be wandering."

I took down a small oil-lamp from the wall and looked at him—a tall, emaciated, pale-faced man, with an aquiline nose, a noble forehead and a small mouth, sleeping the prostrate, half-insensible sleep of extreme sickness. I felt confident at first glance that he was either an Englishman or an American—with the probabilities in favor of the latter nationality.

He seemed, according to the doctor's account, to have come into the village on foot, with a small valise strapped across his shoulders. It contained some underclothing, a sum of money, and a copy of Shakespeare. In his pockets were two revolvers and a large knife, such as is used by hunters.

As he still slept, only moaning from time to time, or murmuring inaudibly, it was arranged that I should stay there for the night, so as to be at hand when he next awoke. So the doctor departed, the nurse resumed her old place, and I settled myself in an arm-chair under the lamp.

A long time went by thus—I cannot tell how long—when he suddenly awoke. I must have been asleep then; for I started up, wondering whose voice it was. He was sitting up, flushed and trembling, and cursing vehemently. Such a torrent of maledictions and horrible threats of vengeance as he then poured out I never heard. Then he fell back exhausted, and the nurse looked at me inquiringly. I shook my head. I knew he used the English language to utter his blasphemous and obscene epithets, but I was then profoundly thankful that the woman was ignorant of it.

At dawn I left him sleeping, feeling satisfied that he had a history, and that the idea of vengeance was the dominant and unquenchable passion in his mind.

For five days and nights successively I watched him intermittently, and still nothing came of it, except—curses. He was very ill indeed now, and, when not raving with delirium, could scarcely lift his hand to his head.

Suddenly, about the middle of the sixth night, he woke in my presence, and his eyes looked calm. I offered him some water, and asked him in English if he would drink.

He looked at me anxiously, closed his eyes for a few moments, and then looked at me again harder than before.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked. "I am an Englishman. Can I write anything for you to your friends?"

He shook his head.

"Have you no parents—no brothers or sisters—no wife?"

He sprang up in bed, and, with a voice terrible in its wild despair, yelled the single word:

"BAR-BA-RA!"

Then he sank back exhausted, and lapsed into unconsciousness. But I had got my clue, and I waited and hoped that he would recover and speak.

That night we gave him up. All night long the doctor, the nurse and myself tenderly tended him, and some time about the early sunbreak I fell asleep with his poor wasted hand in mine. When I awoke—woke with a pang of self-reproach, and the feeling that all must by this time be over—I found his hand moist and his breathing gentle, and his eyes closed in sleep. It was the sleep of life, and when he woke from it sixteen hours after "he was out of present danger," the doctor said, "though his recovery, if he ever should completely recover, must necessarily be very gradual." For the first fortnight or so he just drifted dreamily on, sleeping and being fed, and taking little notice of anything. By-and-bye he would sit up for an hour or two, while I read to him. One evening, just as we were watching the last rays of sunshine quivering among the pines on the moutain-top, he said:

"Friend Beverley, I am not long for this world. Do not contradict me," he said as he perceived I was about to remonstrate with him on this, I hoped, unfounded despondency; "do not entertain false hopes, my dear friend—I know I am going soon. Last night I saw—Bar-ba-ra."

The word seemed to drop from his lips like three slow ticks of a pendulum, or rain-drops pattering in slow cadence from the high eaves of a house. I was anxious to ask him a question, and he detected both that anxiety and the feeling of irresolution that accompanied it, for he said:

"You would ask me about Barbara?"

I bowed an affirmative.

"It is a long story," he said hesitatingly; and I could see that he was fighting against some strong inward reluctance. "Long—and wicked—and mysterious—and true."

It was a wicked and mysterious story, and its recital was interrupted by pauses and professional digressions innumerable; but I will repeat, as succinctly as I can, the substance of it.

He was an American, and had graduated from the grammar-school to the stage. He has wealthy relations living, therefore I shall simply speak of him as Frank. Well, he was a natural-born actor, and soon won an enviable name among comedians, as well as the usual tokens of admiration from the fair patrons who witnessed his stage successes. There was no need to tell me this; I had seen him on the London boards, and I knew he was what we professional folks call a "masher." One afternoon he had gone across the river to see the matinee at Astley's; and that afternoon's visit to the great circus proved the turning-point of his life. There were two great performers on the trapeze engaged at the time, and their wonderfully daring and complicated evolutions were the wonder of all old habitues of the sawdust arena. I remember as well as if it were yesterday going across to see them myself, and I was never more struck—but I'm talking about myself and forgetting my story.

Well, Frank beheld "the Rudolphs in their astounding and unprecedented act entitled the Carnival of the Trapeze," as the bills of the day expressed it. The management termed them brother and sister, but the initiated knew them to be man and wife. In features, complexion and physique they were certainly very much alike. Godfrey looked like a statue of Hermes—a glorious specimen of manhood in his majestic strength and symmetry. As he walked—or rather leaped into the arena in the glow of his youth and health and beauty, it required no effort of the imagination to regard him as an impersonation of the god. Godiva was a splendid woman in the very flush and vigor of her matchless beauty—a woman whose every movement bespoke perfect health and development. There were the long, round limbs, the shapely hands and feet, so perfect in their glorious symmetry that they might have belonged to Diana; while the voluptuous grace of her movements would have done no discredit to the goddess. As she hung in various graceful positions far up in the dome, and looked smiling down, amid the thunders of applause that were shot up to her, she might have been mistaken for the goddess hanging over the mountain-tops in the golden Summer-nights to look down upon Endymion, and bathing her sleeping favorite in floods of light and love. Ah, this is no fancy description; I well remember the gleaming of those perfect limbs, the grand line of her neck and shoulders, the golden hair and the classic face, which a few might dare to love, but which everyone must perforce admire; and, remembering these, I can pity and forgive Frank for falling madly in love with her.

No matter how, they met. He was crushed to the earth by the information conveyed by her own lips that she was her fellow-athlete's wife. He was uplifted therefrom by the equally candid admission that she hated and loathed her husband. They were so absolutely alike that they repelled each other, like the two positive or the two negative ends of magnets. A man and a wife must dove-tail, to use a carpenter's phrase, if there is to be any real happiness between them. She had borne her husband a child—a dwarfed, deformed creature, which she abhorred—and—but why multiply words? Her cup of misery was full; and some night, when the amphitheatre was crowded, she intended to break her neck by falling headlong from the roof.

They had many secret meetings. His was a warm, receptive nature, languid and sensuous; hers of the stuff of which amazons are formed. And so, as she thus poured her confidence—the story of her unhappiness—into his willing ear, he had said:

"Never mind, Godiva. Darling, let me love you; and won't you try and love me a little?"

You may be sure that his speech was the softest murmur, and that his dark, beautiful face was nearer to hers than it had ever been before.

"I love you with all my heart and soul," she replied at once, looking unflinching truth from the blue eyes.

Their lips met, and the black hair mingled for a minute with the golden. It was a long, deep, soul-sufficing kiss, and when their lips parted, and they gazed softly at each other, the die had been cast; henceforth they were one.

The elopement was managed with cool *finesse* by Godiva. Frank was to remain at the Haymarket until the end of his engagement. Then he was to proceed to Liverpool quietly without her, engage a stateroom for himself "and wife," and wait her on board.

"On board! Godiva?" he said. "At the railroad-station you mean."

"I mean nothing of the sort, you darling simpleton," she said with a little stamp of her lovely arched foot; and so he quietly yielded and obeyed her to the letter.

"I am rather afraid that brute saw you once before you left London," said Godiva to Frank as they were pitching rope-quoits on the quarter-deck of the Asia, five days from Liverpool.

"There, that's a 'ringer'—counts two," said he, looking languidly pleased.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Godiva with a pretty frown.

"Oh, ah, yes; what does it matter anyhow? We don't want to keep thinking of the past all the time. I dare say he's not troubling himself about you—probably had the river dragged, put an 'ad' in *The Times* and *Era*, and now, most probably, he's practicing some single-handed feat, in the cannon-ball line; there, that's another 'ringer'—I say, I can beat you at quoits, Goddy. I say," said he looking serious all of a sudden, "do you particularly admire that infernal name of yours? I can't say I do.'

She looked at him, he remembered, with mingled surprise and disappointment and in the light of subsequent experience he could interpret that look. She saw that he was frivolous when he should have been serious, and serious in the mere matter of a name.

Misinterpreting her silence and her look, he continued:

"Suppose we leave out the 'God' and make it 'Iva;' but then that's too like Ivy, and you're not at all a climbing plant. Nobody on board has heard me address you by any Christian name, suppose you become my Lilian—Lily, you know, for short?"

"No," she said firmly, "if I change my name, I shall be Barbara—my mother's name."

The pair had halcyon days in New York; for, almost on landing, Frank was greeted with the intelligence that a relative had died leaving him a handsome legacy, free from all encumbrances, of fifty thousand dollars. Mammon and Barbara outweighed Thespis under the circumstances. He hired a sweet little house up-town, and devoted himself to elegant leisure and unwearying adoration of his jewel. How he watched and fondled her day by day, as he beheld, as the months passed, that her deep bosom and massive shoulders began to assume more and more the majesty of Juno! Then the gradual development of other curves filled his soul with ineffable joy; for she had whispered a secret in his ear, and his attention and care were doubled, and, it 't were possible, trebled and quadrupled. She used to scold him, almost, for his uxoriousness, and insisted that he should go, like other men, downtown or elsewhere, and not keep dangling and fondling and caressing her from morning till night, and from week's end to week's end. And when in obedience he assumed his street attire and kissed her an hour's adieu, he likened himself to Adam being driven from Paradise.

One day during this interesting and anxiously expected time, as he was passing down Fourteenth street, in the direction of Sixth avenue, his attention was arrested by the curious antics of a monkey belonging to an organ-grinder. The creature was larger than those which usually accompany such itinerant vagrants, and needed no argument in the form of look or lash to zealously perform its begging mission. After the red cap had been carefully carried round, and every spectator individually appealed to, the creature resumed its position on the noisy organ, and went through the pantomime of counting the gains. Then it stood up, and, with its caricature of a hand, placed the coppers in the inside pocket of the man. Frank saw this performance repeated three or four times. He was in a lazy mood, the weather was warm, and the monkey's antics afforded him the sort of indolent amusement that harmonized with his nature. Finally, after dropping coppers to the amount of a quarter or so, he strolled leisurely down the street. When he reached Sixth avenue he was aware of the fact that the organ-grinder had followed him. There was nothing surprising in this, especially as the performance of the organ and the antics of the monkey were again commenced. As he turned up the avenue he looked round—this time at the man, and not at the monkey. He could not tell why he looked; but he obeyed a sudden impulse and met the eyes of the man, so far at least as the man's eyes could be discerned beneath the shaggy, overhanging, black eyebrows. At the same moment he felt a cold shiver thrill through his frame, and he felt impelled to step back and examine the man more at leisure. He was again a patron of the monkey, but he kept a steady gaze on the Italian. Apparently he was about fifty years of age. His skin was brown and wrinkled with exposure. His torso was massive, his shoulders were square, his limbs evidently muscular, and his hands shapely; but his round back and crouching gait betokened failing strength and a life of laborious struggle for the means of subsistence.

"Poor fellow!" thought Frank as he looked at the bent head of the man and peeped into the scrimp collection of the monkey, "he no doubt looked anxiously after me, sorry to lose so good a patron."

Then he put a piece of silver into the red cap and proceeded home to Barbara.

A few mornings after he recognized the strains of the same organ while seated at breakfast, and he said: "I wonder if that is the same poor fellow with the monkey?" rising from the table and stepping to the window. He stood there, looking for perhaps a minute, and Barbara joined him. At the same instant the organ uttered a yell and a wild discord, as if the manipulator's arm had been seized by a sudden paroxysm. Simultaneously the man moved out of the street.

"That's devilish strange," said Frank.

"What is strange?" asked Barbara.

"The man must be drunk or crazed or something," said he, not heeding her question. "Why, I can't understand it."

"What cannot you understand, pet? Come, tell me."

"Why, he started and stared when he saw me appear at the window; and, then, did you notice that horrible yelp the beastly instrument gave? I can't understand it."

Barbara laughed at his seriousness. It was so like him, she said, to trouble himself with matters of no earthly consequence—to strain at mosquitoes and to swallow whole elephants.

"I have a great mind to employ a detective to shadow that man," said Frank, resuming the subject.

"What a ridiculous creature you are!" cried Barbara, laughing outright. "What on earth harm has the poor organ-grinder done to you?"

So the subject was for the present dropped, but day after day he took what he called a "constitutional" about town, and kept looking for the organ-grinder, without avail. But the time of Barbara's maternity was fast approaching, and he went less frequently abroad than heretofore.

The weather was warm, not to say hot, and at nights he occupied a separate apartment, adjoining Barbara's. He was nervous and concerned respecting her, and would frequently rise and with cat-like steps leave his bed and look at her during the night. She was an excellent sleeper, and he usually returned from those nocturnal watchings comforted and reassured. On one such occasion he experienced a nervous shock he could in nowise account for. Barbara slept like an innocent, healthy child. Everything in the room was in its usual position, and yet he felt his heart beating faster, his knees unaccountably shaky, and a general feeling of indefinable uneasiness pervading his whole frame. It was strange that at such a moment the idea of the organ-grinder and his monkey should thrust itself into his mind; and that in response to that idea he should look out into the vine-trellised yard, which the apartment faced. All was still, except the resonant clank of the patrolman on duty, signaling his fellow on the adjoining beat. The sound startled him momentarily, but it carried with it the solacing reflection that there were sleepless protectors near, and he grew calmer and proceeded to his bedroom.

He was just dropping off into a comfortable doze, when a shrill, unearthly scream pierced the still midnight air? Shriek followed shriek, mingled with moans and gaspings. Dazed and horrified, his heart working up his throat like a steam-engine, he threw himself into Barbara's room. He saw blood on her bed, and he fainted!

She had been stabbed through the abdomen, and the malignant hand had by the one dire stroke destroyed two lives. Not a door had been opened. The window was impossible of access from the ground. The policeman had heard the dying woman's shriek, and was on the spot almost instantly. Barbara, in her ante-mortem statement, declared with her last breath that she had seen no one leave the room. The detectives were at fault—as they usually are—and Frank, stunned and paralyzed, followed his dear ones to the grave, and then mourned as one without hope, and refused to be comforted.

It is the privilege of the police authorities to form a theory to account for any crime the perpetrator of which they fail to discover; and, in pursuance of their theory on this occasion, Frank found himself arrested on the charge of murdering his wife. Let me not attempt to depict his sufferings, mental or physical, under these horrible and unreal circumstances. Suffice to state that the press came to the aid of the police, and the public mind was gorged with scandal and mischievous insinuations. First of all, *The New York Swill-pail* announced that there were reasons to suppose that the murdered woman was not the wife, but the concubine of Frank ——. Then *The Evening Garbage-barrel* followed on the same side with the intelligence that the woman was formerly a performer on the trapeze; that her husband was living, and so forth.

Frank read these sensationally served-up narratives in his gloomy cell, and wondered exceedingly; and, when he further read that the police were assiduously hunting up an important witness, his anxiety was at fever-heat.

The police never discovered the witness, however; and as all the evidence went to show that Frank was inordinately fond of his wife, and, if possible, morbidly eager for her to live, as attested by the physician, he was set at liberty.

He had never expressed to anyone his theory of the murder. Nevertheless, a theory as firm as the Rock of Ages existed in his mind; and the theory was that the organ-grinder and Godfrey Rudolph the trapezist were one and the same individual, and that somehow through his instrumentality the poor woman had been murdered. He reflected on the man's unequaled agility, his wonderful strength, his savage and revengeful nature, the warning of the runaway wife on the sea, the man's look on the two occasions he beheld him—and, putting everything together, he *felt* that Godfrey Rudolph was Barbara's murderer. Therefore, he would pursue Godfrey Rudolph to the world's end, if necessary, and pistol him to death like a dog. In pursuance of that resolve he had tracked his intended victim through Hanover, and had fallen a prey to sickness, privation and fatigue by the wayside, where a kind-hearted villager had found him and conveyed him to the hospital, where I saw him.

It was a most melancholy history, and the more I reflected upon it the more I was puzzled—more especially as the poor fellow, when questioned, admitted that he pursued the murderer on instinct. He had neither seen nor heard of him; only he felt within himself that Fate beckoned, and he had unquestioningly followed.

He was so weak and emaciated, and made so little progress towards convalescence, that I did not attempt to combat this hallucination, for I certainly regarded it as nothing else.

As the days passed, a far-off gaze seemed to settle in his sunken, dark eyes. His breathing, too, became more troubled, and he conversed with difficulty. It became more evident, despite the favorable turn, that the miserable man was not long for this earth. I had become so deeply interested in him that I was seldom long from his bedside; for he had again taken to his bed, and would rise therefrom no more alive, we thought.

It was near midnight on a Tuesday evening, I well remember, and I sat by his couch, sorrowing over the fact that in two days more duty imperatively called me to London. I had gently announced my intended departure early in the evening, but he did not seem to grieve over it. Indeed, a sweet smile lighted up his wan features at the moment, and he soon after sank into a soft sleep, from which he had not even then awakened.

The doctor looked in as the clock struck twelve.

"Poor fellow, he is easy," said the kind-hearted, overworked man. "He is wearing fast away. He may leave for a better world before you cross to England."

I said nothing; at the moment my feelings were too deep for utterance.

Suddenly he awoke.

"Good-night, doctor," he said in an unusually firm voice, and, looking towards me, said: "The hours are numbered; he is appoaching; the mystery will be solved; my revenge is accomplished."

The doctor was about to administer a soothing-draught, but he would not touch it.

"He is coming," said he, sitting up in bed. "Hark, I hear ——"

The bell of the hospital interrupted his wild remarks.

"Bring him here, and let me know all," he said, sinking on the pillows. "My time is short."

Up the stairs the sound of approaching feet were heard, and I soon knew that a blind man, evidently at the point of death, had been carried into the adjoining room. He was accompanied by a decrepit, fair-haired boy, who was passionately weeping. When I looked upon the dying man I had no fragment of a doubt that I saw before me the wreck of the former gymnast—the husband of Barbara—the man who had disguised himself as an Italian organ-grinder to be revenged on his faithless wife or her seducer.

"It is he!" cried a voice behind me, and, in his underclothes, my poor friend Frank staggered to the side of the blind man.

"You are Godfrey Rudolph, and the murderer of ——"

He could proceed no further.

The blind man's ears had caught the words—had instinctively identified the seducer of his wife.

"Villain!" gasped the blind man.

"Murderer!" panted my poor friend, attempting to clutch the other by the throat.

With a last supreme effort of expiring nature the blind gymnast struck wildly out. The blow, though feeble, took effect; it reached the temple, and extinguished all of life that was left. The seducer fell upon the man he had so persistently pursued—a corpse.

"Curse him!" whispered the other with his last gasp—and died.

Henceforth they would be at peace.

It was a heartrending spectacle, and it was all over in a few moments.

The deformed, flaxen-haired boy had ceased his weeping.

"God bless my soul!" said the doctor, drawing a long breath.

"May their sins be forgiven," said the nurse.

They were buried in the quiet little God's acre in adjoining graves, and I took the orphan boy with me to London.

EPILOGUE.—The orphan boy has grown into a man, and has been very useful and very grateful to me. A few years after the events just recited, a man in Lambeth was stabbed in the abdomen by his pet monkey. He lingered a few hours; but I saw the animal and learned that the man purchased it from a gymnast who had met with an accident, and thereby became blind. To my mind this incident provides a sufficient clue to explain the mystery of poor, misguided Barbara's murder, although others may think different. I have scrupulously refrained from alluding to the sad history of his parents; but only the other day Godfrey, seeing a pair of performing monkeys in the street opposite the theatre, cried almost enthusiastically:

"Ah, you should have seen a monkey my father got when—when mother died. That monkey could do anything with a knife!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Standing on the post-office steps the other day, and looking down on the group of smaller boys who wanted to know why he had plasters on his face and his arm in a sling, he said:

"I don't care whether you are Democrats or Republicans, nor how much you holler on the street; but don't put two ounces of powder into an old dinner-horn, and think you've got the biggest cannon in town."

"Did you?" asked a small newsboy.

"Did I? Go up to my house and see the dent in the ground where I came down—see mother's left leg—see my old goat in a corner of the yard, waiting for a New York surgeon to come and pick the powder out of his nose! You move on, small boy."

INSTANCE OF SCENT IN A DOG.—Many years ago, when in India, I had a hound of a kind of cross-breed which in India is known as the Polygad. These dogs are unsuited for coursing, but make splendid companions for long and rapid journeys on horseback, being able to go great distances without fatigue, and caring little for the heat. Phakree (beautiful)—for such was her name—had been my companion for years, and during the time was seldom out of my sight. When she had become old, and unable to keep pace with me in my gallops, I parted with her to a friend, whom she seemed to take a great fancy to, and who then resided on the Mahableshwur Hills. My own station, Poonah, lay about eighty miles east of Mahableshwur, and is separated from the hills by three ranges of lofty mountains, which in those days were covered with dense jungle. On the day of my departure I cautioned my friend to keep Phakree securely chained for some days, so that she might not follow me. On this occasion—for I had been the journey once or twice before—I left the main road, and selected an unfrequented bridle-path for my route, in order that I might enjoy the beautiful mountain scenery through which it led. I had reached Poonah, and had been there for several days, living in my tent, when one night I was roused by the howling of a dog under my bedstead. I struck a light, when, to my astonishment, there was poor Phakree, with a collar around her neck and a few links of a chain hanging to it. A letter I received next morning from my friend gave me to know that she had broken loose and run away, and that, although he had made every search for her, she was nowhere to be found. He regretted that we should never see her again. She had been four days on her journey, and her famished condition, and the numerous wounds she had on her, showed the privation she had undergone, and the treatment she had received from the dogs of the different villages through which she had passed. The poor creature had no doubt scented me the whole way, for, had she followed or accompanied anyone, she would have been cared for and protected. We never parted again.

TURNING SALT WATER INTO FRESH.—All who have read many narratives of shipwrecks must have been struck by the fearful sufferings to which boats' crews are exposed through the want of fresh water. A boat cannot carry water-tanks of any size, yet she cannot make a voyage without water, and often men have escaped from a sinking vessel only to die a worse death, for want of fresh water, in an open boat under a tropical sun. This danger can now be avoided by fitting ships' boats with a very simple and compact condensing apparatus which has just been invented and patented by a firm in Dublin. It consists of a small boiler heated by a paraffin lamp. The steam from the boiler, which is filled with salt water, is condensed in a worm-tube which passes through a receiver filled with cold sea-water by a pipe passing through the side of the boat, a second pipe allowing the heated water to escape, and so keeping the supply always cool. This apparatus will produce from a pint to a pint and a half of pure water per hour. There is a small tank for collecting and filtering the water, and a second tank contains a supply of oil sufficient to keep the lamp burning ten days. The whole is fitted in the bow of the boat, where it is protected from the wash of the sea by a little "forecastle" built over it. Besides removing some of the worst horrors of shipwreck, this invention will be of service in other ways—for instance, to boats navigating and exploring brackish lagoons and arms of the sea, or making short voyages along a coast.

Attempt to Force the Guard. On Guard.
SINGLE-STICK.

THE GAME OF BACK-SWORD,
Or Single-stick.

This week's CLIPPER presents an engraving illustrating the ancient manly game of Back-sword or Single-stick.

Back-sword or single-stick was a game of high antiquity, and the most warlike extant. When the fate of nations was principally decided in battle by the sword, it was policy to render its use familiar to the bulk of the population; hence arose the courtly tournament, and the plebeian exhibitions at wakes, and festivals of courage and skill in sword and dagger, sword and potlid, cudgels, back-sword, etc. The following were the rules of the game, premising that the stage was not less than sixteen feet square, the ring of ropes from forty to fifty feet diameter:

The basket-sticks to be three feet two inches in length.

The winner of most heads to carry the prize.

Should a stick break or fall out of the hand, and the adversary, not observing, strike, and the blow so given draw blood, the head, nevertheless, not to be allowed.

No head to be allowed except the blood runs an inch above the chin.

The umpire to decide all disputes.

The tyers to play with one another in the order they become tyers—that is, the winner of the first head to play with the winner of the second, the winner of the the third with the fourth, and so on.

The first tyer being on the stage, the second is called, and if he appears not to play the first, after being repeatedly called, he loses his right to further play, and the third tyer is called; if he appears not, the fourth is called, etc.; and if none appear to dispute the prize, it is adjudged to the first tyer.

If the tyers are played regularly off, supposing the tyers to be four, being each winners of one head, then the two winners of these four, being then tyers of two heads each, play for the prize.

If the number of tyers is uneven (suppose three), then the winner of the first head plays with the winner of the second, and the winner of these plays the remaining tyer, the prize belonging to the victor.

When two parties play together, if one side gets six heads out of seven, and supposing the players to be seven aside, yet the seventh may insist on playing till he loses his own or wins the other heads, in which case he carries the prize.

YOURS AND MINE.

To Tenny W. Morton Jr.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

My "world" is folded in a flower—
The 'plaint of breezes wand'ring by—
A bird's sweet song from leafy bower,
A flash of color down the sky.
Of these my heart for hours will dream,
Of these is born each doubtful song;
Oh! things that others trifles deem
Will keep me happy all day long.

Your "world" is folded in a flower—
The flower that crowns the waving rye—
For oh! by some mysterious power
'Twill turn to whiskey by-and-bye;
And then will come your time to dream
Where, hidden from the gaping throng,
A bowl that *some* light measure deem
Will keep you happy all day long.

Bridgeport, Ct., 1876.

THE CHARMER'S FOUR LOVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

While waiting for my breakfast in a Bowery restaurant, the other day, I chanced to pick up a copy of a Chicago newspaper which had been left on the table by some forgetful patron of the place, and which contained one paragraph that caused me both sorrow and surprise. It was this:

"DEATH OF A MAN WITHOUT ARMS.—Silas Shaw, the man without arms, who has recently been on exhibition in Randolph street, died at the City Hospital yesterday. Shaw could use his toes with as much skill as most people can their fingers. He had been connected with numerous sideshows, and had traveled extensively throughout the country. For the past two months he had made this city his home. He has been in failing health for some time, and last week he was removed to the hospital, where he received the best of attention; but his condition was such that medical aid could not save him. He was about thirty-five years old, and is spoken of by those who knew him as an exceedingly pleasant and kind-hearted man. He has no relatives in Chicago."

"So poor Shaw is dead," I murmured to myself. And straightway my thoughts went back to that memorable season of '63, when the Man without Arms and the Animated Asiatic Skeleton divided the honors of Bowser's Sideshow. A casual observer, looking towards the table at which I sat, and remarking the zest with which I ate my ham-and-eggs, would have found it difficult to recognize in my very presentable exterior the Animated Asiatic Skeleton of other days. I turn the scales now at one hundred and forty pounds; and, while that is not a heavy weight for a man of my stature, it is quite sufficient to dispel the suspicion of skeletonism. And yet, fifteen years ago, I weighed but eighty-two pounds, and measured five feet eleven and one-half inches in height. It was through no premeditation or design that I ever exhibited myself as a curiosity. When I went to Bowser, early in the Spring of 1863, it was because I hadn't a cent of money in the world, and because I hoped that that bluff old showman would help me. So, indeed, he did, but in a way that I had not expected.

"Broke again, are you?" said he when I laid my case before him. "Well, what the deuce are you going to do now? You've tried the lottery business and the patent-soap business and the candy-stand privilege, and the Lord knows how many other rackets; and here you are at twenty-three, without no sort of an occupation, and fit for none, that I can see. You might have made a tolerable good contortionist if you had taken to it when you was a kid, and not wasted your time at school along with books and such like nonsense. You've got a good mouth for sword-swallowing, and I did have hopes of your coming out as a juggler; but you don't seem to have any talent for any decent business. You aint fit for a blower—haven't got the lungs. You aint fit for anything, as I can figure it, and you're busted, as usual. What are you going to do?"

I told Bowser that it was to get an answer to that very question which had induced me to call upon him. He eyed me silently for a time, and then asked how much I weighed. That was rather a delicate matter with me, but I told him the truth and said eighty-two pounds.

"Blow me!" exclaimed Bowser, "if I don't believe you'll do for a skeleton. Let me see your arm!"

"Look here," said I; "you don't catch me exhibiting myself as a skeleton—not if I know it."

"Oh, you're too fine a sardine for that sort of a box, are you? Well, then, you can go to the devil—that's all I've got to say! I offer to give you a chance to make an honest living in the only business which nature has fitted you for, and you flare up as though I'd insulted you. A skeleton is a good, respectable sort of a card—no work to do and no risk to run. If you're too high-toned to fill it, I can find plenty as aint, and you can go to the devil!"

After mature deliberation I concluded that I would not go to the devil—at least, not by a refusal of Bowser's offer. It was hard work to bring myself down to it, and to make a public display of my leanness, which I had long endeavored to hide; but I reasoned that it was better to live as an animated skeleton than not to live at all, and that seemed to be about the alternative which presented itself. Bowser informed me, after I had closed my engagement with him for the season, that he had a painting which would do for me equally as well as it had done for the original skeleton who owned it.

"Fine picture," said Bowser with enthusiasm. "Represents a fellow without any flesh at all; nothing but bare bones; natural as can be! And it's got big red letters which tell the people that 'The Wonderful Animated Asiatic Skeleton' is to be seen inside the canvas. Big thing that picture is."

"But I'm not Asiatic" said I, failing to catch any of Bowser's enthusiasm.

"What if you aint?" demanded he. "Andy Colon wasn't Asiatic, neither, and the picture was painted on purpose for Andy. Lord bless me, you don't suppose that the paintings is going to tell what there is in the show do you?"

And so it came about that I fell heir to the wonderful work of art which had been produced for the late Mr. Andy Colon, and started out with Bowser's show under the cheerful title of the Animated Asiatic Skeleton.

Bowser traveled that season with Hudson's Circus. A very good lot of people Hudson had with him that year, and a very good sideshow it was that Bowser ran. There was poor Shaw, who did all sorts of tricks with his toes; and there was Dave Jennings the giant; and there was Sarah Andrews, whose business was snake-charming, but who did a good deal in the way of fascinating men as well as reptiles. Then there was an educated hog, and there was the Animated Asiatic Skeleton. I may add that these two latter—the hog and myself—were new to the business. Neither of us took to it kindly, and I often fancied that Jack—we called the hog Jack—would willingly have given up all his accomplishments if he could have had his own way about it, and returned to the sty with a grunt of satisfaction. He didn't seem to appreciate in the least the opportunities which he enjoyed for obtaining an education; and I shall always hold to the belief that he took a secret delight in selecting the wrong card, and watching the effect which such a mistake produced upon Bowser. Shaw was not only skillful with his toes, but he was what the Chicago paper called him—an exceedingly pleasant and kind-hearted fellow. I liked him from the first, and before we had been on the road a month there was the warmest friendship existing between the Man without Arms and the Animated Asiatic Skeleton. He told me all about his early life, and how he had practiced for months and years before he could pick up a pin or write his name with his toes. And I returned this confidence by giving him a brief synopsis of my own checkered career, and explaining to him how it happened that I was exhibiting myself as a curiosity.

Custom, or whatever you choose to term it, has ordained that nobody shall be called by his proper name while connected with a sideshow. I discovered this fact immediately upon assuming the character of the Animated Asiatic Skeleton under Bowser's liberal management. I found that inside the tent the Great American Giant Captain Jennings was familiarly known as "Lofty." My friend Shaw was always spoken of as "Toesy." The fair and fascinating Miss Andrews answered readily when addressed as "The Charmer;" and, as for myself, I was forced to take up with the title of "Shanks." I suffered very keenly during the first two or three weeks of my engagement, and more than once I determined to give up the business altogether, and starve, if necessary, rather than undergo such anguish of mind. Day after day the same questions would be propounded to me, until I felt like wringing the neck of every man, woman and child who came to stare at me as a curiosity. Was I born so, and were my parents thin? Did I eat as much as other people? Did I enjoy good health? What was my age? Did I not get tired sitting in the tent? These and similar inquiries were put to me over and over again, and there was nothing to do but answer them as best I could. How I envied Toesy, who could interest the spectators without talking to them, and the Charmer, whose snakes served as a sort of barrier against inquisitive questioning.

Even Lofty was not called upon to endure one-half of the interrogatory torture which I underwent; and, after he had told the place of his birth, his age, his height and his weight, he subsided into a silence which nothing could break. Nor was the answering of questions the only disagreeable feature about my skeleton existence. I was obliged to listen to the comments of those who had paid their fifteen cents to see me, and who considered it perfectly proper to express their opinions of an animated skeleton without the slightest regard for the said skeleton's feelings. Moreover, many of the people were possessed with a desire—which they invariably gratified—of pinching my flesh or measuring the diameter of my arm; and not unfrequently small fiends would stick pins into my bare legs with a view to ascertaining whether an animated Asiatic skeleton had any blood in his body. These and many other annoyances drove me wellnigh crazy during my early connection with Bowser's show. But, though I threatened to retire from the business twenty times a day, I failed to carry out the threat; and, as the weeks went by, I grew more contented, and might even have considered myself happy, but for one thing.

I have already spoken of Miss Andrews the snake-charmer. She was a woman of thirty or thereabouts, with a full face, pleasant in expression rather than handsome, and a mouth indicating a love for all good things, including kisses. She had the finest arm I ever saw on a woman, round which the snakes used to twine themselves lovingly. She was always good-humored and talkative, and, although we knew that she had been married at some time in her life, and that her husband had been a horrible brute, from whom she had been obliged to separate, one would never have guessed that her heart had been lacerated or her early affections blighted. She dressed well and in good taste, and she had a form which even Diamonds—the blower of our show, who got his title from the paste pin which adorned his shirt-front, and who was conceded to be a connoisseur in matters of feminine beauty—which even Diamonds pronounced "immense." I write of these things now with a calmness which surprises me. I stop to search out the word "connoisseur" in my dictionary, and without a twinge of the heart recall the fact that it was from the Charmer that I learned that word. I read over the description of her personal attractions, and it does not thrill me. I picture her to myself, and there is no vain regret. Yet this woman—this good-natured, pleasure-loving, well-developed charmer of snakes—filled me once with a consuming passion. There wasn't much of me at that time to consume, but the little there was wasted itself at the shrine of love. I burned and scorched and suffered in the fatal flame, and vowed, by all that was sacred, that if my suit should be rejected I would put a speedy end to the miserable existence of the Animated Asiatic Skeleton. But I didn't fulfill my vow. I lived in spite of a broken heart, and am living still—a wiser, an older and a considerably stouter man than I was in those romantic days. Perhaps, with my increased flesh, I have grown more fleshly, and am less susceptible now than when I was a skeleton. Be that as it may, the Charmer, for whom I was ready to die at three-and-twenty, had not entered my thoughts for years until the other morning, when I read of the death of poor Toesy.

And yet I loved Miss Andrews hotly enough during that season of '63. She was somewhat older than I was, to be sure, but that did not matter. To my eyes she was the embodiment of all that is beautiful in woman. I used to stand and watch her as she coiled the snakes about her waist and neck and arms, and how I envied those fangless reptiles. When she came over to my side of the tent, which she did occasionally, and began talking to me, I was supremely happy. Our conversation was not in any degree brilliant, but every word which fell from her moist, red lips was sweetest music in my ears. Before we had been on the road six weeks I was desperately in love with the Charmer, and I am sure that I suffered more keenly than ever lover did since love began. To exhibit my leanness to the curious gaze of the public was bad enough; but to be obliged, day after day, to stand up in the presence of one I adored, arrayed in trowsers which did not reach to my knees, and wearing a velveteen jacket with red trimmings and without arms—the costume had come down to me from Andy Colon—to appear in such a condition, I say, was enough to make me continually miserable. I felt that no man could ever hope to win a woman's heart, least of all the heart of the Charmer, when dressed in such a manner. It was this which made my life wretched—this which was harder to endure than the everlasting questions, or even the pins stuck into my bare legs. I determined at last to make a confidant of Shaw, between whom and myself, as I have already intimated, a warm friendship existed.

"Toesy," said I one evening as we sat eating our supper together—the Captain was taking a nap, and the Charmer had gone out—"what do you think of Miss Andrews?"

Toesy took another bite of the bread which I held up to his mouth, worked his jaws silently for a time, and then answered:

"I think she's the best I ever seen. She's a bouncer."

"Do you know, Toesy," continued I, feeding him a piece of meat, "do you know that I love that woman?"

Toesy's jaws came to a sudden standstill. He eyed me wonderingly for a minute, and then, resuming his work of mastication, he said in a low tone:

"So do I, Shanks."

"*You!*" I exclaimed in utter amazement.

"Yes," continued Toesy, picking up a bit of straw between his toes, and gazing at it sadly. "I love her to death! Have loved her from the first minute I seen her. Am clean gone on her."

This revelation took me by such complete surprise that I was wholly at a loss what to say.

"I suspected that you was struck," he added, "from the way that you watch her. Queer, now, that we should all be struck!" and Toesy picked up another piece of straw and wound it around his big toe with great energy.

"All be struck? What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"Why, there's Diamonds," he answered, "and ——"

"Do you mean to say that Diamonds is in love with the Charmer?"

"I do," replied Toesy solemnly. "There's Diamonds, and there's you, and there's me, and there's Lofty."

"Lofty?" I gasped in dismay.

"Yes; Lofty's struck bad. He told me so only yesterday."

Toesy's manner was so calm and yet so convincing that I could not doubt the truth of what he said. And, after all, was there anything surprising in the fact that others besides myself should adore the Charmer? I thought not. I should have thought it much more surprising if they had refused to adore her. But this admission on my part did not tend to lessen the anguish which I suffered. How could I, an Animated Asiatic Skeleton, hope to win the beautiful snake-charmer when Diamonds and Toesy and Lofty, and no doubt a score of others, were willing to go down on their knees and confess their love? After that first conversation with Shaw, which was brought to a close by the entrance of Bouser, I did not speak of my passion again for fully a week. On all other subjects Toesy and I talked with the utmost freedom; but the name of the Charmer was not mentioned. I was burning with curiosity to know whether he or Diamonds or Lofty had received any encouragement in their suits, but did not dare to put the question upon which, I felt, hinged my own fate. Probably I should have gone on through the entire season, suffering intensely but in silence, had it not been for a plan which Toesy hit upon, and which he proceeded to carry out.

I was feeding him his dinner one day, about a week after our mutual confession, when he told me that he had spoken to Lofty and Diamonds, and they had agreed with him to hold a consultation, which I was invited to attend, and which was held with a view to deciding what should be done about the Charmer.

"We want to settle the business," said Toesy. "We are all of us struck, and all of us miserable. Talkin' it over'll do some good, maybe."

So that very day, in the hour of leisure which came before the evening exhibition, Diamonds, Lofty, Toesy and I assembled in the tent to decide our fate. The Charmer herself was absent, and the educated hog lay dreaming peacefully in his corner. Lofty had got himself down on a roll of carpet, and during the entire consultation chewed away vigorously on a piece of plug-tobacco, which was his solace in times of trouble or perplexity. Lofty was not a brilliant nor a ready talker. He had a small, thin voice, out of all proportion to his big body, and whenever he spoke it was with such evident exertion that it became almost painful to hear him. Moreover, he stuttered badly, and had a habit of closing his eyes and giving a premonitory grunt before uttering a syllable. His words seemed to travel up from the pit of his stomach; and the distance was so great that, by the time they reached his palate, they were completely exhausted, and so fell from his lips weak and staggering. Yet Lofty was just as hopelessly in love as the rest of us, and showed his emotion by spitting out the tobacco juice furiously. Toesy sat upon the ground whittling a stick, with the knife grasped nervously between his toes. I sat down upon the hand-organ, which rested on the ground, and by mutual consent Diamonds became the spokesman of that remarkable meeting.

"Gents," said he, resting one hand upon the Charmer's box of snakes, "it appears that this is a very peculiar kind of a case. There is a certain party, as it appears, on which certain other parties is struck. This first party is a woman—one woman. The second party is gents—four gents. Now, it is plain that four gents being struck on the same woman, three of these gents has got to throw up their hands."

At this Diamonds looked hard at Lofty, who stared at Toesy, who in turn fixed his gaze upon me.

"To speak more conspicuously," continued Diamonds, who never permitted the meaning of a word to interfere with its use if he knew its name—"to speak more conspicuously, all of us here are gone on the Charmer."

There was a premonitory grunt from the Captain, who closed his eyes and stammered out:

"Th-th-that's so! All exce-ce-ce-cept the h-h-hog!"

This attempt at levity seemed very much out of place, and nobody smiled.

"I repeat," said Diamonds with increased dignity of manner, "all of us here are gone on the Charmer. There's myself"—and the speaker turned down one finger of his left hand—"that's one. There's Lofty"—turning down another finger—"that's two. There's Toesy"—a third finger—"that's three. And there's Shanks"—the last finger went down—"that's four."

A warning grunt from the Captain, who added:

"Th-there's your th-thu-thumb left. Th-th-that's her!"

"Yes," said Diamonds; "my thumb may stand for the Charmer." And, as he gazed upon his closed fingers, which represented the Charmer's admirers, he added: "And there we are, all four of us, kneeling at her feet. Now, only one of us can win her. We all love her; and, my idea—mine and Toesy's together—is to fix things so that all can have a fair shake. And we've hit upon this here plan; which is to put four pieces of paper into a hat, with numbers on each of 'em, and then draw 'em out. The man that gets number one will have the first chance. If he shouldn't succeed—if the Charmer shouldn't happen to freeze to him—why, then he's out of the race, and number two comes in for his chance. If two don't get in, why, three tries it; and, if three is bounced, why, then four takes his turn!"

There was a grunt from Lofty, and his eyes began to close; but these usually trustworthy symptoms proved to be only a false alarm. Toesy said:

"I'm willing to draw."

"So am I," said I, although it cost me an effort to say it.

"C-c-count me in," said Lofty.

"Well, then," resumed Diamonds, as he tore out a leaf from his pocket memorandum-book and divided it into four parts; "you all understand that we agree to abide by the lots. There's to be no squealin', and every man is to have a fair show."

With this understanding the slips of paper were numbered and placed in Diamonds' hat.

"I'll take the one that's left," said he magnanimously. "Here, Lofty, you draw first."

The Captain put his big hand into the hat and brought out one of the bits of paper. We all watched him with intense eagerness as he unfolded it and read the number.

"S-s-second s-s-shake," said he. "Number t-t-two?"

I came next, and drew number three.

"Now, then," said Diamonds, addressing Toesy, "you'll be either first or last. Draw away!"

Toesy put his foot into the hat, and picked out one of the two remaining slips of paper. I opened it for him, and held it before his eyes.

"Four!" said he in a tone of bitter disappointment. "That settles me!"

"Probably it does," said Diamonds. "I'm first, but their aint no use in grumbling over luck!"

And so the fateful consultation came to an end. Diamonds went outside the tent, leaving behind him three sorrowful, heartbroken curiosities.

"H-h-hang me," said the Captain, "if I wouldn't r-r-rather be the h-h-hog!"

But the very next evening there came an unexpected ray of sunshine into the Captain's heart—and into mine, too, for that matter. Diamonds entered the tent while we were at supper, and made the startling announcement that he was "out of the race."

"Wh-what, wouldn't sh-sh-she take you?" exclaimed Lofty.

"I don't say she wouldn't take me," said Diamonds, with freezing dignity. "I simply remark that I'm out of this here race."

In what manner Diamonds made known his love to the Charmer I never knew. Neither did Toesy or I put any impudent questions to the Captain, when, on the following day, he informed us that the "s-s-cond s-s-hake was no g-g-go." It was enough for me to know that my own chance had come at last, and I seized upon it with hot haste. Miss Andrews listened to the story of my love, which I poured into her ear late one night after the exhibition was over—listened patiently, and, when I had finished, said, in her usual good-humored way:

"Shanks, I've had one husband, and that's quite enough for me. I'm never going to marry again. I think it's a great deal nicer to love snakes than men, because snakes don't make any trouble."

And that was how the Charmer disposed of number three. For many days after these cruel words fell upon his ear, the Asiatic Skeleton could not, except in a spirit of hollow mockery, be called "animated." The color went out from his cheek, his appetite failed him, and, so far as it was possible for him to do so, he grew thin. Thoughts of suicide haunted his mind, and he made such fierce answers to the people who questioned him about his weight and parentage that many went away in the full belief that he was not only an Asiatic Skeleton, but a brute.

And what of poor Toesy? When I had told him that I, too, was out of the race, and that I had made up my mind to poison myself, he said to me in his quiet way:

"I didn't suppose that my turn would be worth anything, Shanks; but, now that I've got the chance, I must tell her how much I love her. I aint going to tell it to her with my tongue, though—I never was good at talking—I'm going to write!"

He was full of hope and enthusiasm, which I could not share; but I agreed to help him in composing his letter, and so I did. He got a rose-tinted sheet of paper, and sat down with me in the tent at supper-time.

"I'll write it myself," said he when I offered to perform that task for him. "She'll think more of it."

He took up the pen between his toes, and sat for some time in deep meditation. Then he wrote:

"My dear Charmer, I now take my pen in hand——" and then he stopped.

"Say, Shanks, this here won't do," and he read me what he had written. "I don't take my pen in hand, you know."

"Well make it foot," said I.

Toesy took a fresh sheet of paper and wrote again:

"My dear Charmer, I now take my pen in foot ——"

"That's worse than the other," said he. "Suppose I make it toes?"

"Begin it some other way," I suggested.

"But that's the only way there is to begin a letter unless you say: 'Yours of the seventh duly received,' and you know I haven't received any from her."

It was a good while before Toesy got a start on his letter; but at last he dropped the hand, foot and toes, and succeeded in confiding to the rose-tinted paper the story of his absorbing love. And at the top of the sheet he drew the picture of a heart pierced by a snake. He put the envelope containing the precious epistle into the box of snakes, where he knew the Charmer would find it, and waited with feverish anxiety the result of his declaration. Alas, poor Toesy! The very next day Miss Andrews came to him, and patted him on the head, and said she was real sorry for him—real; but she couldn't marry him—she never should marry anybody, and he must forget her, and not think any more about the matter.

Poor Toesy! I think he did try to forget her bravely. Diamonds forgot her, I know, for he married the year after. And so did Lofty, a woman of his own exalted height. The Animated Asiatic Skeleton forgot her, as this bit of autobiography shows; but Shaw clung to the memory of his love while life lasted. Two or three years ago I saw him. He was still amusing the public by writing with his toes; and he was fond, still, of drawing the picture of a heart pierced by a snake.

SENSATIONAL GYMNASTICS
And Acrobatism.

A few months ago an incident happened in view of a Dublin audience to a (supposed) female performer on the trapeze; she missed her hold, and was dashed against the ground with considerable force. Nor was the matter much mended when, a day or two after, a letter appeared in the papers, written by her or in her name, stating that it was *only* by the failure of a spring-board that the accident occurred, that she was *only* bruised, and that she hoped soon to reappear before her patrons and the public.

Apart from considerations as to the propriety of such an exhibition as this, the question is: Who is to blame? There are multitudes of persons in humble life not brought up to any regular trade, or influenced by unsettled habits, who seek to earn a living as public exhibitors. Tumbling, posturing, vaulting, somersaulting, rope-walking, rope-swinging, pole-balancing, trapeze-flying, lion-taming, all have more or less of danger attending them. And herein lies the evil. The public, or a considerable section of the public, evince a relish for witnessing feats which have in them an element of peril. The consequence of this may be easily traced. If people prefer the sensational to the graceful and elegant, they attend in greater number; the speculator or proprietor of the exhibition takes more money at the doors; he offers more salary to the performer; and the latter is thus tempted to try more and more dangerous and daring feats. It would be better if these matters could be regulated by the good sense of the public, than by legislative or governmental interference; but so long as the taste of sightseers has a leaning towards hair-breadth escapes, so long will there be a succession of exhibitors and performers ready to make money out of it.

The danger attending trapeze feats can be easily understood. Two ropes are suspended vertically, and two horizontal bars are fastened to them, one above another. The performer usually springs up, catches hold of the lower bar, and achieves various acrobatic twistings and turnings, now on his head, now hanging by one foot, now twisting like an eel between the upper and lower bars, now dropping headforemost from the upper to the lower. Any slip of hand or foot, and down he falls. Some years ago, in London, a man combined this acrobatism with aerostation. He ascended in a balloon, and, when at a height measured by hundreds of feet, went through a series of performances on a trapeze suspended under the car. Whether the height were hundreds or thousands mattered little to him; a fall would dash him to pieces in either case. The proprietor of the gardens received a larger number of shillings and sixpences on this occasion than if only an ordinary balloon-ascent had been announced; and thus a trapeze-performer was tempted to hazard his life by the receipt of an additional fee. An increase of peril occurs when two trapezes are suspended many feet or even yards apart; the acrobat swings or takes a flying leap from one to the other, losing hold of the one and afterwards seizing the bar of the other. The slightest miscalculation of distance may be fatal. Leotard, the hero of this kind of achievement, performed the feat on five or six trapezes in succession, turning a somersault between each two. He was amazingly successful in a commercial sense, receiving a high salary. Mark the consequences. Imitative Leotards have been numerous, and many a broken limb or life-injury has resulted. (We may here remark, in parenthesis, that a clever "Automaton Leotard" was exhibited at the Polytechnic Institute a few years ago—a life-size figure that performed in a neat and complete way many of the tumblings of a trapeze-performer—those in which the hands do *not* quit hold of the bar; and latterly we have witnessed the pleasing performance of Heller's automaton trapezist, which hangs by the feet as well as by the hands).

Walking head downwards is another of these foolhardy displays. The ceiling prepared for this exhibition is provided with grooves, slides or springs, barely perceptible to the audience, but sufficient to give a hold for an instant to a peculiarly shaped boot; the performer is suspended from one foot while he thursts out the other to catch hold of the groove or spring, and thus laboriously wends his way onward, step by step. If he fails to insert one foot before freeing the other, we know the inevitable result. In one exhibition several brass rings were suspended in a circle, and the performer made his way from one to another, holding on by hands or by feet, as the case might be. A netting, spread out at some distance under him, or soft mattresses placed on the ground, lessened the probability of broken bones; but the very provision of such precaution sufficiently shows that peril is known to be involved. (It may here be remarked that there was a netting some distance below the trapezist to whom the accident lately happened; but it failed in its intended service, and she (or he) fell heavily twenty or thirty feet to the ground).

Tight-rope walking is one of those achievements in which the slightest mishap of footstep, the slightest failure of nerve, brings the gymnast to grief. The famous Blondin eclipses all other exhibitors in this line. The baskets on his feet, the blindfolded eyes, the wheelbarrow trundled before him, the chair, the table set out with refreshments, all balanced on a stretched horizontal rope—these are marvels indeed. It shows what a morbid state of feeling, however, is engendered by this exhibition, when Blondin pretends to miss his foothold once now and then, and regains it after quivering movements of the body and limbs, in order to send a thrill of terror through the spectators! One of his achievements is to carry Madame Blondin while he walks his thousand feet or so of rope; but this has been found *too* much for English taste to bear, and it is not included in his regular programme. The veteran may possibly be so completely void of bodily fear and nervous trepidation as to be nearly as safe on the rope as on the ground, and may die a quiet, natural death when his course is run. But his example has not been without evil effect. There have been and still are "English Blondins," "Female Blondins," and "Juvenile Blondins," who imitate some of the perilous exploits as a means of earning a livelihood; many and many a limb has been shattered or neck broken in consequence. In the days of our fathers, or perhaps grandfathers, one Madame Saqui obtained great notoriety for her achievements on the tight-rope; if we remember rightly, her career was cut short by a frightful accident; but, whether so or not, it is certain that a "Female Blondin" only a few weeks ago came down with a crash while attempting to cross the auditorium of a theatre on a rope—with what result we need not say.

The slack-rope has its heroes and heroines as well as the tight rope—and its victims also. Why the performer does not fall off while sitting on the rope in full swing, with arms folded, and no hold or grasp by the hand, is a mystery and marvel to many of the audience; and the greater the marvel the greater the attractiveness—according to the logic of showmen and exhibitors. The fact is that the performer is familiar with a law of dynamics without knowing or caring about its scientific meaning—a law which tells him that he must incline his body backward during the onward swing of the rope, and forward during its reverse swing. A wonderful exhibitor appeared amongst us many years ago, though not so many as to be beyond the recollection of some of us—an Italian or Spaniard who chose to assume the professional title of "Il Diavolo Antonio." His slack-rope swinging was daring beyond precedent, and he had few followers who could equal him. The pendulum movement of his body during the full swing of the rope was in a curve of very wide sweep. While sitting on the rope, in sweeping oscillation, he would tie his right ankle to it with a piece of cord half a yard or so in length; then, when at the utmost extremity of his onward course, he would fling himself from the rope, and hang head downwards, attached to the rope by one ankle only; assuming very nearly the traditional attitude of "Fame blowing the trumpet," he played on a horn or bugle, accompanying the orchestra in the "overture to Lodoiska," with his head farther from the rope than any part of his body and limbs, and consequently swinging in a greater arc than even the rope itself. What applause! What a thrill of excitement! What a fascinating horror at the supposition of the cord breaking, or the ankle-fastening becoming lose! But look a little behind the scenes. Many a coroner's inquest has recorded the dismal end of some or other of these rope-swingers—poor mangled creatures who have died in giving "pleasure" to others. We must "take the gilt off the gingerbread" before we can rightly estimate these things.

Circus-riding, when kept within moderate limits, is often very elegant. It illustrates two scientific principles that are ever operative in such exhibitions. One is, that the horse and his rider must both incline the body towards the centre of the ring, else the centrifugal force of the circular motion would soon bring them to trouble, pitching one or both at a tangent over among the spectators; and the higher the speed, the greater must be the angle of this inclination. The other is, that the rider, standing on the horse, may leap up and down in various ways, and may jump over bars and shawls, or through hoops or casks, and yet alight upon the horse again, although in a gallop. This is because the rider partakes of the onward motion of the horse, and is really moving on when he seems to be only jumping up. But oh, the falls, bruises, disasters, that have to be encountered before the smiling, berouged, tinseled performers are fitted to make their bow or courtesy to the public! An "Ella," or an "Elise," or an "Angelique" has to pass through a wearisome, long-continued, prosaic discipline before she can appear as a fascinating equestrienne, jumping through hoops of fire, or dancing in a *pas de deux* with a male performer on two horses. How many broken limbs occur during the apprenticeship the public never know; the "profession" does not talk of these things; but Mr. Frost, who has written some singularly curious books about showmen, circus-riders, and other public performers, has much to tell concerning the ordeal which such persons have to undergo—the fractures, the bruises, the heartaches, the poverty, the disappointments, too often ending in untimely death. It is noticeable, he remarks, that they are mostly quiet people in private life—rather serious than "jolly," and very little prone to drinking. The necessity for maintaining keen eyesight and steady nerves in an occupation naturally perilous day after day makes a man cautious against "putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains." Perhaps it is an effect of reaction that those who earn a living by making others laugh are often melancholy rather than gay when removed from the glare of stage-lights. Such was Liston, and such was Grimaldi. When the performance is intended to excite wonder at feats of peril, there is an additional reason why the performer should be anxious, careful, often foreboding.

Lion-tamers, men who dally with the animals in a menagerie in make-believe play, are special examples of sensational heroism. When a man lies down in a den among lions and tigers, opening the mouth of one, leaning upon another, taking the huge paw of a third, and ending by putting his head into the opened mouth of a fourth, he does one of two things—he either shows what a poor, spiritless thing a lion becomes when under the discipline of fear, or he exposes himself to danger of a most horrible kind. What those men go through before they have trained themselves and tamed the animals up to the required point, can be known only to themselves; but it *is* known that moments of agony fall to their lot when spectators are wondering and applauding; some movement on the part of a caged animal, some look of the glaring eye, tells the experienced exhibitor that it is a mere toss-up (to use a homely phrase) whether a fatal catastrophe is imminent. In the days of Van Amburgh, the most famous of all "lion-kings," it used to be said that one visitor attended the exhibition night after night, fearing lest he should be absent when the final scene of the "king" being torn to pieces should occur. The story may have been an exaggeration; but there can be no doubt that the feeling excited by such an exhibition is a morbid one. Of the Spanish bull-fights we will not speak; the exhibitions in our own England are quite sufficient to illustrate the point in hand.

"Strong men" and "strong women" are among the attractions at country fairs; and, when a second Hercules or Samson is really keeping within the limits of his exceptional muscular development, no great harm is done. If a man can twist an iron bar into a knot, or hang half a ton weight round his neck without hurting himself, and if he can earn a living more easily in this way than by ordinary work, we will not criticize him too closely. But it is a depraved taste that encourages women to such displays. To bear two weights of fifty or sixty pounds each suspended from the hair, is unfeminine enough; it is much worse to see a woman lying down, shoulders on one chair, feet and ankles on another, an anvil placed on her body, and two men wielding heavy hammers on the anvil! William Hutton's strong woman, Phœbe Bown, who could lift a hundred-weight with each hand, carry fourteen stone, or walk forty miles a day, was not an exhibitor; she honestly earned her living at the manish employments of driving a team, guiding the plough, thatching ricks, and breaking-in horses, disliking the womanish vocations of sewing, knitting, spinning and cooking.

Legitimate exercises carried to excess lie beyond the range of feats which we have here in view. The training of boys and youths in a gymnasium ground is an excellent thing, strengthening the muscles and expanding the chest; but to stand on your head on the top of a pole is neither useful nor ornamental. Pulling an oar on a pleasant stream is beautiful and invigorating exercise; but it may be doubted whether emulation does not carry the Oxonians and Cantabs too far in the violent struggle of the annual boat-race on the Thames; constitutions have been permanently injured by this. Swimming is so capital a thing, so useful for everybody to learn, that we welcome any encouragement given to it by striking displays in our rivers and channels; yet here again there is a loophole for strivings much better avoided. Captain Webb has done what no one ever did before, and wisely resolves to rest content without straining for further glorification; but he has had his imitators, who narrowly escaped drowning while attempting that which they could not accomplish; and he has unintentionally been the means of tempting a new class of exhibitors—girls or young women who, clad in pink fleshings, make a public display of swimming ten or twelve miles down the Thames, nearly hemmed in by steamboats laden with sight-seeing visitors, mostly of the opposite sex. Even well-to-do folks who climb mountains are a little too prone to the sensational in connection with emulation. To go halfway up the Matterhorn is as useful as to reach the summit; but then the glory—and the danger!—*Chambers' (Eng.) Journal.*

A LARGE Centennial party who visited the White House the other day asked to be shown in the kitchen. Upon being told that it was private, a shrill-voiced female exclaimed: "I guess it belongs to the United States, don't it? Wait till she gets a vote.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

LECTUR' ON WOODIN WEDDIN'S, an' All Dat de Name Implies.

My darky-complected sistern an' bruddren: De possele ob de Gemen'lies say dat "marriage am honorable to all *men*." He don't say nuttin' 'bout its bein' honorable to all *women*. I hardly *knead* to tell yer dat Paul was a old *batch*, and konsequenshully was not enny too well *bread*; but no doubt he knowed his *role*, kos he'dbe ebben in dem days dar were lots of women *righters*, an' dere might hab been sum ob dem sassy *wood hull* clippers cruisin' roun'—[an' "*Blood will tell*"—all he knose]. De possele also say—no doubt habbin' a eye on de *woodin'*-weddin' bisness—dat it am better to marry dan to burn. He kinder *knidled* wid de idee an he thought ob de bills for loads of hick'ry an' maple, an' spoke *corddingly*. Yer musn't feel *bored* if de funny man t'inks it am good *anger-y* to *pile up de wood* bis'ness purty *steep*, 'ticklarly of de happy *pair* hab sich *dyplications* as *Boardman* an *Barker*—dat gives him a chance to serve up his *sauce*. Now, my *chomp*frien's, I hope yer may soon grow *fat* as yer pastor. Dar's two *reasons* why yer should cellarbrate woodin' weddin's. Ef yer bin badly matched an' poorly spliced, yer kin 'ford ter hab one good blowout when de *flocks* an *herds* ob yer *pill-grim-age* am past, an' dat *dose* kan't be repeated. On der udder hand, ef de five past years hev bin happily spent, den yer ortto let de risin' generashun see eggsackly what a blessed *yoke* de connubial *ties* am, an' de *beau's* 'll be *foolish* ef dey don't do likewise, an' *knot* loose enny day *splice* dat kinder cord dat am de *main-'brace* ob two lubbin hearts. Ef yer hab littel! *olive-branches* askin' yer *leaves* ter sit at de festive *boards*, it's *high trees*-on natur' to 'fuse dem; ef, on de contrary, sum ob de little *twigs* am torn from de parent *tree*, wipe de tears 'way 'mendin de *hole* dar's bound ter be many more littel brack angels gone to dose bless'd 'bodes whar dey don't draw de color-line—dat *all* de hues ob de rainbow am in hebben. Ef yer get a inwite ter a *woodin* weddin', yer a *block*-head ef yer don't 'cept. Yer kin study by hear'n a lot ob jokes ef yer've got der *pluck* ter git dem off *lightly*, quite *extempore* as ef yer were a good *liver*. Yer kin ax ef dey git dar wine at *bucket*-shop, or yer kin say dat de pick'ninnies look like *chips of de ole block*. Den yer may remark dat sum fokes look as cross as two *sticks*, or dat de bride has worry animated 'spression—dat she look like a *basket ob chips*. Or yer might *axe* sich a connundrum as dis: How does yer know elefants isn't troubled wid moths? Den dey'll say dat's sich a *beastly* con. dat dey'll guv him up. Den yer kin answur: Kos yer can or *dare* trunks. On de woodin'-weddin' cashun sich words as "native *wood* notes" as dese am 'propriate: "*Woodman*, spare dat *tree*;" or "A life in de *woods* for me;" or, "I stood on de *beach*;" tho' sum might 'ject dat de poick didn't mean beech *wood*. But as dere am *shingle* on de roof ob dose dat kum from *Maine*, I wooden't try to answur. De bride ortter look rale *sprucy*, an' de gussets ortter avoid *acorn* on dis 'casion. De blossom an' *odear* ob de *tulip*-tree would hab de right *smack* for de breast *beau*-kays. Now, it strikes me dat dis am rader a pretty *figure* in 'rithmetick. Now, ef de bride an' de groom puts each ob de *Axe* years dat dey hab been married togedder, dat show dem dat dey orter 'sociate wid udder couples dat hab each udder, an' *cherry*-ish each udder like de (pine) apple ob der eye. So no more at *present*.

FAIR ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

BY EDDIE HALEY.

DEDICATED TO MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART.

There's a sweet spot of land far out in the sea,
And it's known as fair Erin's Green Isle.
It there I was born on a bright August morn,
And with joy my relations did smile;
My father and brother, my mother and sister,
Were pleased, to be sure, all the while,
And they shed tears of joy for this bright Irish boy,
That was born on fair Erin's Green Isle—
That was born on fair Erin's Green Isle.

You may talk of England, of France, and of Spain,
Their beautiful maids and great men,
But the whole world doth know that fair Erin can show
Nobler sons and daughters than them.
I can mention such names as O'Connell and Moore,
And the brave Duke of Wellington, while
King Brian Bhorue and bold Emmett, too,
Saw the light on fair Erin's Green Isle—
They were born on fair Erin's Green Isle.

Oh, the Lakes of Killarney, on Erin's Green Isle,
Are lovely, enchanting and fine;
Her mountains and valleys are second to none—
Their beauty is really sublime.
There the shamrock doth grow in plenty, you know,
Encouraged by Nature's sweet smile,
And I was there, in that sweet land so fair,
I could die for fair Erin's Green Isle—
I could die for fair Erin's Green Isle.
St. Louis, Nov. 3, 1876.

THE LATE RICHARD SANDS' CIRCUS IN LIVERPOOL, ENG., IN 1845.

From a scrap-book filled with circus-bills, presented to THE CLIPPER by L. B. Lent, the well-known circus-manager, now residing in this city, we excerpt a bill of the above-named show. Richard Sands died in Havana, Cuba, Feb. 24, 1861; F. Rives (Fred Rivers) died in Philadelphia, Pa., March 17, 1875; M. Lipman is now living in Cincinnati, O., in retirement; Master Rives (Rivers) is living; C. Rives (Charles Rivers) and Mr. Jocams are dead; Jesse and Maurice Sands are living in this country in retirement; Levi J. North is also here, performing occasionally; L. B. Lent, the agent and treasurer, is referred to above.

THEATRE ROYAL,
Williamson square.
RICHARD SANDS' AMERICAN CIRCUS.

Mr. Sands respectfully informs the nobility, gentry and public in general that the above theatre will be opened for a series of equestrian entertainments

ON MONDAY, JAN. 6, 1845,

constructed on an ingenious and novel principle, the circle being upon and embracing the full extent of the stage, during which time the performances, so far from as they every person an uninterrupted view of the entire performance.

Mr. SANDS will positively open with his far-famed and popular

AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN COMPANY
and unchainable
FORTY AMERICAN HORSES

for a short season, previous to their departure for the Continent.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1845,

and during the week, the performances will commence precisely at 7 o'clock, for the first time, with

HERCULANEUM.—Mr. DICCO.—Mr. DICOVERO-NELL, Opera Della Lucia di Lammermoor, arranged for the brass band, by J. C. Purton.

The equestrian performances to commence with a grand WALTZ AND STAR ENTREE.

MR. F. RIVEA in his original act of LA TRANCA HISPANIOLA.

MASTER RIVEA will, in his great and daring act of horsemanship, throw several lofty somersets upon his horse's back while at full speed—a feat never attempted by any juvenile equestrian but himself.

VAULTING EXTRAORDINARY!
by the full troupe, assisted by the
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, MR. M. LIPMAN.
MR. SANDS AND MASTER BUCKLEY,
on two horses, as
ADONIS AND HIS PUPIL.

MR. C. RIVEA, MR. F. RIVEA AND MASTER RIVEA will appear in their grand groupings of
ANIMATED PYRAMIDICAL ASSEMBLAGES.

MR. JAMES BUCKLEY
will make his appearance in a grand act of horsemanship as
THE FLYING INDIAN.

He will endeavor to portray the manners and customs of the North American Indians in their war-dance, using the bow and arrow, spearing the buffalo and descending the rapids in a birch bark canoe, etc.

At this period of the entertainments there will be an intermission of ten minutes, in order to render it convenient to those ladies and gentlemen who wish to partake of refreshments, etc.

HERR LUDAVIC LONDALE
will appear in his grand juggling act.
MR. DECAS WITH HIS ENCHANTED INDIAN
PONY OCEOLA.
MR. SANDS AND HIS BROTHER MAURICE,

aged six years, will exhibit conjointly and separately some very extraordinary and wonderful feats in a
NOVEL ACT OF GYMNASIA.

The grace and high finish of this youthful phenomenon may be considered of the first order, and fully entitle him to the appellation of
THE WORLD'S EIGHTH WONDER.

MR. L. J. NORTH,

the greatest horseman in the world, will give his characteristic delineation of a Brigand, Dandizette, and Bacchus.
THE MASTER RIVEA AS HIS ENCHANTED LADDER.
MR. SANDS WILL APPEAR ON FOUR HORSES,
as the
COLOSSUS OF RHODES.
The whole to conclude with a
COMIC AFTERPIECE.

Doors open at half-past six, performance to commence at seven. Dress Box, 3s.; Upper Box, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Children under ten years of age, half-price to the boxes only. The Box-office will be open daily from ten o'clock till three, when places in the dress boxes may be taken of Mr. George Cooke, Box Bookkeeper.

Equestrian Director.....Mr. C. Rives
Ringmaster.....Mr. Decanq
Leader of the band.....Mr. J. Swan
Secretary and treasurer.....Mr. L. B. Lent

to whom all communications must be addressed.

A SERIES OF FASHIONABLE DAY PERFORMANCES will take place
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AFTERNOONS,
commencing at two o'clock. Doors open at half-past one.

MEMORY-PICTURES.

Memory-pictures rise before me,
Happy scenes of other days;
Loved ones, dear old friends, companions,
Gliding in a rapturous gaze.
In my heart the joyous echoes
Whisper of those happy hours,
When earth seemed an endless Summer,
Filled with blossom-scented bowers.

And again I see thee, dearest,
Hear thy softly-murmured prayer,
Asking Him to guide my footsteps,
And relieve my soul from care.
Still I feel your fond caresses
Softly pressed upon my brow;
Lips that murmured only friendship—
Let me hear your accents now.
Let me feel the hopes, the pleasures,
That were lost in life's dark sea;
Come again with days departed—
They are all that's left to me.
But 'tis vain—they're gone forever,
Like the dear departed dead,
And fond memory only lingers
'Midst the scenes forever fled. NOMIA.

E. S. WASHBURN'S CIRCUS Twenty Years Ago.

N. J. Morton of Taunton, Mass., sends us an advertisement cut from a local journal published in 1855. With the exception of George O. Knapp, who died in Mobile city April 27, 1875, we believe all the performers are living.

WASHBURN'S GREAT INDIAN AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS,

the largest and most splendid establishment in the world, comprising a large company of Indians, composed of Chiefs, Warriors, Braves and Females, from the Plains and beyond the Rocky Mountains, together with the most talented troupe of white Equestrians of the age, who offer the most interesting and instructive exhibition ever witnessed by the American people, given under an immense pavilion, accommodating 5,000 persons, will exhibit in Taunton on

THURSDAY, JULY 19,

on the David & Jonathan Lot, near the Depot.

The chiefs, accompanied by their warriors, will make a grand entree into town at 10 o'clock A. M., mounted on their painted horses, dressed in full native costume, preceded by DICK WILLIS' BUGLE BAND, the largest and most complete traveling orchestra in the world. The chiefs and warriors will appear within the pavilion in daring equestrian feats, feats of strength, foot races, prize shooting with bows and arrows, ceremonies, historical scenes, etc. Among the large troupe of white equestrians may be found the celebrated AYMAR FAMILY, with a reputation unequaled in the annals of equestrianism, consisting of WALTER R. AYMAR, the only bareback rider in the world; WILLIAM R. AYMAR, the great acrobatic leaper, the only person in the world who can throw a somerset over ten horses; ALBERT AYMAR, the intrepid and daring performer on the double bridge of ropes, also scenic and gymnastic rider; FRED SYLVESTER, late of Franconi's Hippodrome, Paris and New York; Mrs. W. R. DERR in the great hurdle Act de Nange; Mr. W. R. DERR, the great trainer of horses; FRANK C. PHELPS and four pupils, in a beautiful act of posturing; also the great American clown GEO. O. KNAPP, the father of all fun, who will make an audience laugh and grow fat with his odd sayings, trite aphorisms, touches on the times, etc. Come one, come all, and witness the greatest exhibition in the world.

Admission to this great double combination, only 25 cents. Doors open at 2 and 7 P. M. For full particulars see bills at hotels. C. C. BACKUS, Agent.

The above will exhibit at Fall River the 17th and New Bedford the 18th inst.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

TO MY FRIEND HARRY B. HUDSON.

You ask me why I gaze
Through the misty, misty haze?
Why I look so very wan and thin?
Why I'm watching—don't you see?
From across the bounding sea,
Watching and waiting till my ship comes in.

From what port does she hail?
Is she steam or is she sail?
Do I dwell amongst those rocks of Lynne?
No; but from this rugged rock above
I am dreaming of my love,
And waiting, ever waiting, till my ship comes in

Am I happy? O ye gods above!
I am doubly cursed, for I love
Madly, blindly, with all my fiery nature.
The love that should be given
To the God of earth and heaven
I do give to a fellow-creature.

Oh, these dreadful doubts and fears,
Making hours the length of years,
Consuming me with fire within.
Across my horizon dark
There's not one little spark
Of hope for me till my ship comes in.

I ask you, bounding sea,
Will my love await for me,
And be content with what I bring?
I hear ye shriek out "No!"—
You're slow, much too slow— [in.
Another's bride she'll be when your ship comes

Perhaps she'll bring me wealth,
Perhaps she'll bring me health,
Perhaps she'll bring me wealth.
A legacy from some distant kin;
Then happy I'll be once more
With her that I adore—
Yes, happy, happy, when my ship comes in.

Stranger, list to the roaring sea—
Oh, but it made me start!
It echoes the passions of my breast within;
But I'll say good-bye once more,
For I'm leaving fast this shore—
Soon death will tell me that my ship's come in.
WILLIE ST. CLAIR.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHICAGO STAGE.

We append a copy of a bill of performances given in Chicago, Ill., in 1838, when the population of that city (it had been incorporated about a year before) was estimated at four thousand. The first theatre opened in that city was under the management of Alexander Mackenzie and Henry Isherwood, and was located in what had been the Sauganash Hotel. It is said to have been first opened Sept. 10, 1837. The second theatre was located in the Rialto Building, on Dearborn street, and in that theatre the performances named in the bill annexed were given, and for the benefit of the manager, Alexander Mackenzie. He was not an actor; but, having married Hetty, a daughter of the elder Joseph Jefferson, he was persuaded by Joseph Jefferson the second to embark with him in theatrical management. We believe he died in Nashville, Tenn., some years ago. Mr. William Warren, who played Beauseant, is now the popular Boston comedian. Greene C. Germon died in Chicago, Ill., April 14, 1854. Chas. Burke was a son of the Mrs. Jefferson mentioned in the cast by a previous marriage. He afterwards became a leading comedian in this city, where he died Nov. 10, 1854. Mrs. Ingersoll was Mary Ann Jefferson, a daughter of the elder Joseph Jefferson, and, after the death of her husband, in St. Louis, Mo., in 1837, she married a Mr. Wright; the Mr. Wright in the cast was probably a brother of her husband. We believe that she is dead. Mrs. Jefferson was the wife of Joseph Jefferson the second, and the widow of Thomas Burke; she died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1850. Mrs. Mackenzie died in Nashville, Tenn., in February, 1845. Master J. Jefferson, who sang between the pieces, is now starring in England, as "Rip Van Winkle." It may be mentioned that the father of William Warren was for many years a partner with the elder Jefferson in theatrical management; that G. C. Germon married Miss Jane Anderson, a granddaughter of Jefferson; and that the company included two of that Jefferson's daughters, the wife of one of his sons, and her two children.

CHICAGO THEATRE.
MR. MACKENZIE'S BENEFIT.
MR. MACKENZIE

respectfully announces that, in compliance with a wish very generally expressed by his fellow-citizens of Chicago, he is induced to announce his benefit, which will take place on

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 18, 1838,

when will be presented Sir E. L. Bulwer's play, in 5 acts, entitled

THE LADY OF LYONS,
Or LOVE AND PRIDE.

Claude Melnotte,	Officer.....Mr. Watts
Mr. Leicester	Pauline.....Mrs. Ingersoll
Beauseant.....Mr. Warren	Madame Deschappelles,
Glavis.....Mr. Germon	Mrs. Jefferson
Col. Damas.....Mr. Sankey	Widow Melnotte,
Deschappelles.....Mr. Wright	Mrs. Mackenzie
Gaspar.....Mr. Burke	

After the play Master J. Jefferson will sing the comic song of

"LORD LOVEL AND LADY NANCY."

Mr. Germon will sing, for the first time,

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with, first time here, a

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Ambrose.....Mr. Sankey	Elinor.....Mrs. Ingersoll
Herbert.....Mr. Leicester	Rose.....Mrs. Mackenzie
Valentine.....Mr. Warren	

The curtain will rise at 7 precisely.

The box-plan is in the charge of Mr. W. H. Davis (at the store of Mr. Hatch, in Lake street), who has consented to act as treasurer on this occasion, where seats and tickets may be procured.

"SAUERKRAUT."

BY C. E. DUDLEY.

I vas a German, dot you see,
Und sauerkraut I make;
De poys dey all make fun auf me—
Dhere heds some dime I'll break.
Und ven I valk me auf de sdreed
My sauerkraut to sell;
Dose poys I'm always sure to meed,
Und dis is vot dey yell:

Chorus.—"Sauerkraut! sauerkraut,
Say, does your lase you know you're oud?"
I cannot valk me auf de sdreed,
For dot dem Dutch sauerkraut.

Von night in a saloon I vent
To get a drink auf beer,
Und at a dable, blaying cards,
I seen some fellows dhere.
Dey asked me if I'd take a hand—
I daught it vas for fun—
But efery cend auf mine vos gone
Before dot game vos done.

Spoken.—You bet me I was mad. I told dhem to give me back id again, und den dey all laft, und von vink me his ear und yelled: "I'll dalk dot mit Skusan after." I told him to dalk mit his modder, dot under dot und py-and-by say: "Young men, I've killed better as you for saying less as dose. Dot's de kind auf ear hairbin I am." replied: "You vos a infernal sarcastic nabsickaw. Dot's de kind auf de hairbin I am." Den I vos shust going for him, ven de brobrietor stebd oud, und saged: "Vot dis mandter apout? Dis vos a bublic blace. I had dimes to say nodhing somevon fired a shew of dobacco, vot busted all oder my eye. Dot made me sigk, und I vent for dhem; but de boss auf dot skebang sdobed me, und asked my name auf me. I vos about going to dole him, ven a gander vot vos added on de gounder hollered oud:

Chorus.—"Sauerkraut! sauerkraut!" etc.

Ven I heard him call me dot,
I vas mad, as you'd subpose,
I knogked his eyes down through his droat,
And danced on dob his nose;
I vas about to make de adagtion-haus,
Und early dem next day,
Pefore de goordt, de Shuge he aged
Ya; I had to say.

Spoken.—I said: "Noting, my honor." "Vell, vat are you here for?" he aged. "Dot's your pisuness to found out," I answered. "Vot's dot to me?" aged de Shuge auf a ten inlongside auf him. "Salt out bistory, my honor." "You vas liar," said I. "Silence," yelled der Shuge oud. Den he said: "Brisoner auf de bar" (I didn't see de bar), "are you guilty auf dese charges?" "I hadn't noting to do mit de fence," I reblied. "Brisoner auf de bar, you are found guilty auf dis charge." "Vell, discharge me, den," said I mad. Just ven de two tventy-five bolicemen luged me back again. Den de Shuge said: "I must give you six months in de house auf corruption for one year." De bolice vas here de sdory, ven I vas yelled oud at de bottom auf his voice: "I forgot your name —vot is id?" I vas shust going to give dot do him, ven some loafers in der crowd yelled oud:

Chorus.—"Sauerkraut! sauerkraut!" etc.

DRAMATIC NOVELTIES IN EUROPE.

"BOUNCE,"

a "new and original farcical play," was first witnessed by a London, Eng., audience at the Opera Comique Oct. 30. The author is Alfred Maltby, and the piece received its initial representation in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, in August last; but, as the plot was not at that time published in THE CLIPPER, we herewith present it: A pretty young lady, with the pretty name of Minnie Spence, has no fewer than five guardians to watch over her and to direct the disposal of her fortune, which amounts to £45,000. Of this each is desirous to obtain possession, and the only point upon which they agree is in opposing the claims of Tom Bounce, the handsome, dashing young fellow who has long had possession of Minnie's heart, and who only waits their consent to take possession of her hand. The most resolute of the guardians is Wylie Coyle, an unscrupulous lawyer, who has resolved that, if fair means fail, he will not hesitate at foul ones to compel Minnie Spence to wed with his only son, Mervin. Fair means do fail, and consequently Coyle puts pressure upon the young heiress by telling her that he holds proof of forgery committed by her father—now deceased—the production of which will bring disgrace upon her, lose her the favor and respect of her accepted lover, and, at the same time, a death-blow to her aged mother. Now, Tom Bounce is a young gentleman of unbounded resources and of unlimited impudence, and he has determined to outwit Minnie's guardians by turn, and, by playing upon their respective idiosyncrasies, to secure their consent to his union with the lady of his choice. This leads to the adoption of several disguises; and so, in the first act, we have Tom appearing as "Old Gaiters," the ostler at the Crown Hotel, Matlock, where the story opens. Old Gaiters is remarkably eloquent, and by dint of much beer and gin the ostler makes his advice to two of his old rivals as to the best method of racing for the "Matrimonial Stakes." Subsequently, Tom "gets at" Forbarrs Reste, Esq., Minnie's musical guardian, by appearing first as Fripponerie, a French aventurer, and secondly as Herr Von Blumpf, a German musical professor. Tom's next encounter is with Michael Patrick O'Doherty, an Irishman born in Glasgow, and with Scotch as his mother tongue. Tom will be an Irishman too, and so we see him as Mr. Sheridan Pitt O'Blarney, a perfect, with a world of love of whiskey and a panacea for everyone of ould Ireland's wrongs. His eloquence is amazing, and we are quite ready to believe him when he tells us that, but for lack of money, he might be the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, and the corporation all rolled into one. His eloquence is overcome by the compatriot that he has no difficulty in getting from him a written consent to his marriage with the wealthy ward—a consent which he has already extracted from the man of music. During his stay at the residence of Coyle at Richmond, where the second and third acts are laid, Tom, in his character of O'Blarney, contrives to get possession of the documents which would compromise Minnie, and the lawyer for the first time discovers how they have been imposed upon by the daring and ingenious lover. There remain now to be overcome the objections of Professor Phluff, a man of science, and of Lord Heringebohn, an admirer of the unsophisticated. Consequently, Tom first turns scientific, and comes before us as Professor Rosche, P. S., N. B., S. E. B., etc., etc., with a head like a bladder of lard, with pockets crammed with curious specimens, with jargon in which all the technical terms and a few over are curiously intermingled, and with a "Song of Science" of a very scandalous description. The man of science soon falls a victim to the wiles of Professor Bosche; and now Tom "tackles" the lover of the unsophisticated in the character of Rorty William, a costermonger, gay in corduroy and fustian buttons, a bit of an amateur pugilist, and a thorough knowledge of the mysteries of the "double shuffle." Tom is next seen in propria personæ. He has been summoned to an interview with Coyle, who has resolved to drug him, and then to regain possession of the documents which would place Minnie Spence in his power. But Tom, accidentally on purpose," as the schoolboy hath it, upsets the glass intended for him, and thus defeats the lawyer's scheme. He exposes his treachery, he claims the hand of the heiress, and he silences the "guardians" by producing the papers signed by Messrs. and handed over to him in the several disguises he has assumed. Chas. Collette appeared as Bounce, E. F. Edgar as Wylie Coyle, Mr. Macklen as Mervin, and Miss Louise Henderson as Minnie.

A LOVE LETTER.

The following rhapsody was actually transmitted by an adjuring swain to the object of his affections: "It would be vain were I to attempt to describe the indescribably extatic bliss which one spark of the promethean fire of your penetrating eye darted into my soul when first I felt the power of your charms. Then it was that my mind, forgetting the lurid glitterings of the thousands of glow-worms which creep along on this terrestial sphere, became enraptured with the transcendant glory of your angelic brightness. Had I the pencil of a Raphael, the sublime, dignified, majestic, and ennobling powers of a Milton, or the thrilling, vivid, spirit-stirring conceptions of a Byron, then, indeed, would I attempt to sketch some faint idea of your incomparable excellencies; but what pencil can describe the graceful lightness of that form (if it be not sinful to call that a 'form' which partakes more of spirit than of flesh and blood), under the gentle pressure of whose aerial step the fragrant flowers, which offer themselves as a verdant carpet for your walk, scarcely for a moment bend their heads; but without losing their elasticity, and, as if merely crushed by a gentle zephyr, erect themselves and appear conscious of the honor which your footsteps confer upon them. What paint could give the coloring of those cheeks, of which it would be faint praise to say that they combine the sweetness of the blushing rose with the chasteness of the pure lily? What poetry can depict the symmetrical proportions of that fairy-like being which floats rather than walks on this earth with all the buoyancy of an etherial enchantress? What words can describe those exquisitely chiseled features, whose sentiest smile speaks volumes to the soul, and fills the mind with ten thousand brilliant imageries of the divine, ineffable perceptions of woman as concentrated in your bewitching person? Hail, Music! thou charmer of the savage breast, let me invoke thy aid in attempting to describe the idol of my soul. But, music! where is the music whose most enrapturing symphonies will not sink into harsh, inharmonious discord when compared with the ouphonious cadences of that sweet voice? Alas! paints, colors, words, imageries, poetry and music, you are all insufficient, and the portrait which I should draw with your assistance would always appear a vile daub whilst my heart retained the impression of the adorable original. But oh! I ask myself, can one so utterly unworthy as I hope to gain the possession of this essence of all loveliness? Count it not treason, fair seraph, that I gaze upon you with more intense interest than a miser manifests when gloating over his hoards of filthy lucre. Do not forbid me to love you; nor I would not be guilty of disobeying you. Bid me, if you please, to knock out my eye against one of the horns of the moon, lade the Ganges dry with a teaspoon, or take up one af the pyramids of Egypt with a pair of sugar tongs; commend me to fetch you Snowdon, the Pyrenees, the Peak of Teneriffe, and Mont Blanc for a set of chimney ornaments; bid me to fetch you the Celestial Empire, with its walls, pagodas, tea-junks, chop-sticks, and a host of mandarins in a teapot; bid me to convert Mount Etna into a snowball, and Vesuvius into an ice cream; bid me to make the Great St. Bernard into a shuttlecock, and the Andes into a battledore, for your amusement; bid me to fetch you the North Pole for a rolling-pin, the trident of Neptune for a threadwinder, or Pompey's Pillar for a bodkin; bid me to count you the grains of sand in the Arabian desert, measure you the length of a lawyer's conscience, or to tell you the height of a coxcomb's impudence; bid me to accomplish a pilgrimage to Jerusalem on my elbows, ride a kangaroo round the edge of a rainbow, or chop you up the sun to make it into waxcandles for your bedchamber; or, indeed, command me to accomplish a thousand such trifling difficulties, and, animated by your smiles, I should feel competent for the most herculean task. And, though I am modest enough to say that I cannot wield the mighty artillery of Heaven like the thunderer, yet when I see or think of my Venus I cannot, in the nature of things, do otherwise than love like Jove. So that whatever commands you may lay upon me, never set me that impossible task of ceasing to love my heavenly captivator. Say but one word, and let that word be hope, and then let the lightnings flash and the thunders roll; let the storms threaten and let the winds howl; let her thousand foes lash their fury into a wild hurricane of tempestuous rage, and let the foaming seas of trouble threaten to engulph me in the yawning vortex of irretrievable despair; let friends forsake me, and let adversity, with her grizzly train of poverty and woe, pursue me, and render me a miserable object of sport for the fickle jade Fortune; yet with the possibility of gaining your love I feel that any state in which I could be placed must be not only supportable, but must really be enviable. Your love is indeed the true philosopher's stone. It is the stone that will change all my brass into gold."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

ATONEMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Was mine the sin? Was the sin all mine?
That his laughing face I have never seen,
That I may not know if the salty brine
Is blue as his eyes, or their sunny sheen,
Dark as the ones whose beauty, like wine,
Maddened my soul, and battered the shrine
Built unto womanhood down to the green?
Shall I never atone for the crime?
Was it a crime to love as I did,
To forget the unceasing lapse of time,
And dream my own dream of love's nature, hid,
Drowned with Love in a roseate clime?
Was it an error, black with the slime
Of a fallen virtue, a broken lid?

Here is atonement: I sit alone,
With buried hopes, with a heavy heart,
And think of the child who is dead and gone,
Of the youth evanished, the leveled part
Where I roamed long since—may not this atone?
And I wake oftimes with a hurried start;
I hear a voice like a thrilling dart
Calling to me with living moan.

Alive for his mother, but dead to me!
Yet I know some times the arms reach out;
That those gleaming eyes I may never see
Search for my face; that a merry shout
Seeks for my heart, though it ever be
Distant and savage here over the sea,
Wild with despair, embittered by doubt.

Is she a demon in angel form,
This woman who quaffed the best of my days?
Who woke from the calm a terrible storm,
Whom I saw to love and loved but to praise,
Whom I hate to-day with a hate as warm
As bold and fierce as the lightning's swarm,
Who taunts me with knowing no baby's ways—
Scars me with laughter from over the sea.

Laughter and scorning so bitter and wild,
Breathes through her messengers' screeds unto me
Murmurs and low-whispered tales of my child,
Tales of weariness—my God! don't I see
Ever and ever his innocent glee,
At day, in the night-time so dark and defiled!

Ah, yes; when I am too guilty to touch
Here upon earth His outreaching hand,
Here where are thousands and thousands of such,
Shall I ever be blessed up there in the land
Of heavenly pureness, beside him to stand,
To know him, and love him with love overmuch?

I can wait. Yet I would I might hold
Him once in these arms and feel the clasp
Of tenderness wrapped in his green eyes, and fold
A clinging curl o'er my lips as to grasp
All its fragrance and color, or ebon, or gold;
Still is it never for me—I hold
The right for a pleasure brief as a gasp.
JAMES B. BENSEL.

A YOUNG WOMAN SUES AN OLD CUBAN FOR $50,000 DAMAGES.

The trial of the suit of Eugenie Martinez against Juan del Valle for $50,000, for breach of promise of marriage and betrayal, was begun on Monday, Nov. 13, before Judge Donohue in Supreme Court, Circuit. Her story on the witness-stand is this: In January, 1875, a slip on the ice brought her to the notice of the defendant, who called a carriage and took her home. Her home was uncomfortable on account of a severe stepmother. The defendant sought her, and she made appointments with him. He took her to places of amusement and to dinner at Delmonico's repeatedly. After some weeks he proposed marriage, gave her an engagement ring, and persuaded her, on the 14th of May, to leave her home for his wife, to leave her home and go to a hotel, where she took a false name to avoid her stepfather, but communicated with her mother and sister. Del Valle asked her to take charge of his children, and to receive compensation for this. Meanwhile his efforts to induce her to consent to a private marriage almost separated them. She returned his ring, but he persuaded her to change her decision. She finally consented to take charge of his children, and chose Poughkeepsie as their future home. He was very generous to her, and made no effort to take any advantage of her until June, when he betrayed her under positive assurances of immediate marriage. Soon after she learned that, owing to compromising matters in Cuba, he would not or could not marry her, and she left him. She was cross-examined at length as to her motives and objects in her conduct, and especially in sending letters to the defendant after the separation. She repelled any idea that those letters were mercenary, or that this suit was mercenary, and insisted that the chief reason for the suit was on account of his insinuations against her.

Her sister, Adele Martinez, was examined as to her knowledge of the relations of the plaintiff with the defendant. She first saw the defendant when he brought her sister home after her fall on the ice. She saw him some weeks later, and he spoke of her sister, who had given the plaintiff, and said he meant it for an engagement ring. In the course of the trial, a letter of Adele Martinez to the plaintiff was read, in which the following passage occurs: "He (her stepfather) is awful. If it wasn't for you, I don't know what I should do. Mamma says she would die. It is no doubt a terrible existence to think that every few months he is out of work, besides living on your money. But it must not always be so, please God. But, nevertheless, we thank you with all our hearts for the help you gave us, and will never forget your kindness."

Mr. Choate opened in part the case for the defendant, claiming that there was no truth whatever in the charge of betrayal. The defendant had met the plaintiff on the 14th of January, 1875, when she had slipped on the ice; had helped her home, but not in a carriage. He met her on the next day and had bought her a ring, but not an engagement ring; had subsequently grown interested in an honorable way for her, and engaged her to teach him English. When she talked of mysterious unhapiness at home, he had endeavored to help her.

At the conclusion of the opening address of Mr. Choate, counsel for the defendant, on the 15th, Joseph F. Maltman, a salesman in the jewelry store on Sixth avenue, was called to the witness-stand. He testified that on Jan. 18, 1875, the defendant and plaintiff came to the store and bought an amethyst ring, and left it to be made smaller, in order to fit the plaintiff's finger. It was the same ring that was produced in court as having been given to Miss Martinez as an engagement ring. They were in the store three-quarters of an hour. The defendant spoke in broken English. They talked only to each other. He made this entry: Jan. 15: Amethyst chip-stone head, $13." Mr. Del Valle paid for the ring, and said that he or the lady would call for it. The plaintiff called for it, and left a note written on a card inclosed in a white envelope, which the witness gave her. The envelope was to be given to Mr. Del Valle.

Robert Louis testified that in 1874 letters were received by his wife, addressed to Miss Howard, for Miss Martinez. Mrs. Fanny Krank testified that she kept a store in Fifty-second street in 1874 and 1875. In the Spring of 1875 Miss Martinez came and asked her to keep for her letters that might come there addressed to Miss Howard. Miss Martinez came there for them several times. Sometimes they were given to a little girl. More than twenty letters were thus received. Miss Martinez said she was a music-teacher, and also said she taught French. Michael Meyer, a waiter at Solari's Restaurant, testified to the frequent visits of the plaintiff and defendant to the restaurant. The plaintiff talked to him in French; he could not understand the defendant, and on one occasion he found a book—a "Guide to Conversation,"—which he had previously seen with them in the room. The plaintiff a day or two after called and got it. Mrs. Elizabeth Sidney was called to prove that Miss Martinez had lived in her house, and had left a trunk there. In 1875, about the end of April, she called for the trunk, saying she was to be married that day. Three months after she met Miss Martinez who then said nothing about being married. Albert J. Swift, a clerk in the Hotel Royal, proved that the plaintiff registered there April 28 as Miss Livingston.

On the 16th the defendant took the stand, testifying through an interpreter A. J. Gonzales. He said he was born in Spain, is about forty-five years old, and now resides at 103 West Fourteenth street. He first saw Miss Martinez on Jan. 14, 1875, on Twenty-ninth street, as he was passing along Broadway. He saw a young lady slip on the ice, and with his handkerchief brushed off hers dress. They exchanged cards, and made an appointment to meet opposite Stewart's at one o'clock the next day. She walked very well after the fall. They met next day according to the appointment, and went to Solari's Restaurant. Miss Martinez wanted to have his picture, but he objected. She said that she wished for some memento of their first meeting, and he offered to give her a ring, which he did.

The witness then described their next meeting, on Friday, at which she gave him instructions in English. She suggested that the witness should come to her house and take lessons in English, but he declined; and then she suggested that she should go to his house, but finally they agreed to meet at Solari's twice a week. She spoke to him about his children before he mentioned them, which led him to think that she had heard of him from someone else. It was in March, 1875, that he first called at her house. Up to that time they always met opposite Stewart's and dined at Solari's, and then he took lessons in English from her. He always carried the grammars and readers there. He read phrases, and she corrected him. There was no impropriety between them. It was wholly false that he asked her within three weeks to marry him. There never was any talk between them about marriage. On the 1st of March he called to see her mother, because she insisted on his doing so. When he called, the plaintiff opened the door and invited him in. Her mother soon came in, and inquired if he had profited by the lessons. Then, without any particular reason, the mother requested him to bring his young daughters to see her, and he promised to do so. The plaintiff's sister was not there that day, and it is absolutely untrue that the mother asked him if that was an engagement ring on her daughter's hand, or that he replied that it was, and that it only remained for Miss Eugenie to fix the day. There was never at any time any talk of marriage between them. Miss Martinez made frequent references to troubles at home, and said that she was miserable at home. She would not tell him why, but said that she would tell him at a future time by letter. She handed him a letter one day at Solari's. He was about opening the letter, but she requested him not to read it in her presence. The letter was then read as follows:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—*Dear Friend*: I believe I promised to write and tell you my secret. I will now do so. When I was nine years of age my father died. My mother married my uncle, who is now my father. To make a long story short, papa loves me, and has done everything in his power to rob me of what is dearer to me than my life, my honor. And ever since I was a little child he has annoyed me with infamous propositions, and does so still. You can easily imagine how unhappy and miserable he made me; for I don't love him the way he wishes me to, and I cannot give him what he wants, for I promised one part with my life. I have only God to thank for my unsullied honor. He has watched over me in all my troubles—for oh! my dear friend, I have had so many, many trials. But it is God's will, and I always tried to be a good girl; and now, you know my secret, my heart feels light. I now leave you, wishing you all the sincere good will in the world, with many kisses to the dear little girls, I remain your friend EUGENIE.

N. B.—I will meet you on Saturday, at 1 o'clock, corner of Twenty-

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Nov. 20.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Antonio, Tillie
Anderson, Mary
Blande, Edith
Blossom, Bernetta
Brooks, Hattie A.
Bertha, Mlle.
Buell, Carrie
Bretto, Emma
Brown, Josephine
Bloggett, Mrs. Etta
Boyd, Nellie
Barry, Mrs. Virginia E.
Bailey, Ella
Bowman, Laura
Bellville, Nellie
Banks, Miss (of Dulwich, Eng.)
Chrissie, Mrs. Carrie
Capson, Mrs. Bertie
Carfano, Rosa
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Claire, Maggie
Conand, Leona
Claire, Annie
Cope, Annette
Claxton, Kate
Deland, Annie
Dearden, Fannie
De Granville, Mlle.
Davis, Laura
Dawson, Mrs. Ada
Dare, Leona
De Lanoy, Agnes
Davenport, Fannie
Eytinge, Rose
Elbert, "Daisy"
Everett, Ella
Ellis, Lillie
Forrest, Hattie (of Rentz's Minst.) 3c
Francis, Lu-lu
Fisk, May
Fleming, Nellie
Forrester, Ada
Fausitt, Miss A.
Fontainbleau, Mlle
Fox, Annie
Ferris, Mrs. John
Gray, Minnie
Geary, Mina
Granger, Maude
Grant, Lotta
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Hunter, Maggie
Howe, Lillie
Heflin, Ella
Heslep, Grace
Holcomb, Marion
Haslam, Hulda
Harrison, Miss H. H.
Iferd Sisters
Irwin Sisters (2)
Jones, Nellie
Johns, Effie (2)
Jordan, Louie
Katie Putnam's Co.
Langdon, May
Lovegee, Kittie
Lindsey, Jennie 6c.
Livingston, Maude
Loftus, Miss S.
Lupo, Mlle.
Lawrence, Mrs. Ada
La Rue, "Belle" (Le-'a St. Maur)
Lanory, Agnes
Large, Kate
"Lurline"
Leslie, Jennie
Mitchell, "Dollie" (of J. Thomp. Co.)
Marky, Lizzie
McDonale, Mrs. (of Gd. Cen. T. Phila.)
Meskill, Jennie
McKeen, Gabriella
Montague, Louise (vocalist)
McGill, Mrs. Sadie (2)
Meinder, Mrs. J.
McDonald, Flora
McCabe, Magge
Neilson, Adelaide
Neoskaleeta, Miss (2)
Nichols, Mrs. Addie
Parker Sisters
Peyser, Mrs. Rose
Post, Mrs. J. A.
Pennoyer, Kate
Parker, Georgia
Robinson, Marion
Reynolds, "Vic" (2)
Richmond, Florence
Robinson, Marion (vocalist)
Robison, Erba V.
Rentprone, Mrs. T. N.
Silver, Miss L. A.
Smith, Fannie
Steele Sisters
St. Feelix, Madam
Street, Mrs. Martha
Schotte, Angelique
Seaborne, Ada
Saroney, Nellie
Sauret, Madam
Sanyeah, Mrs. Saml.
Stanley, Maude
St. John, Madam
Swinburne, Marie
Sheppard, Kittie
St. Feliz Troupe
Thompson, "Mollie"
Tannehill, Mrs. F. A.
Van Wri, Jessie
Van Devon, Mrs.
Valdis, Mrs. Louise (2)
Vincent, Pauline
Wyndham, Alice (3)
Willis Sisters
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Weston, Emma
Woods, Carrie (2)
Wallace Sisters 6c.
Wesner, Maggie
Weber, Letha
Yeamans Sisters
Zephy, Millie
Zittella, Mlle. (2) 5c.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Geo. (late of Syracuse, N.Y.)
Avery, R. A.
Ashforth, A. A.
Auck, J.
Allewell, "Willie"
Atwood, Chas. T. (2)
Aroven, J. T. (2)
Arnold, Prof.
Aubertin, Arthur
Boyd, C. (of Haverly's Minst.) 6c.
Bray, W. H. (Dutch "biz")
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Boshworth, Frank
Burton, Clarence
Burnett, "Alf"
Blitz, Eugene
Brannan, Ed. L.
Brant, Luke
Burnell, G. P
Butler, C.
Belletti, S. J
Bray, "Billy"
Brady, Abner S.
Barnholt, John
Barnabee, H. C.
Baker, "Johnny"
Blood, Harry
Bartine, Sr., S. J.
Barry, "Tom" (of Murray's Cir.)
Bagley, Wm.
Bennett, Harry (of Bennett & Kernell)
Beckwith, Harry
Boles, Enrico
Barr, Geo. (musician) (2) 3c.
Binney, Frank
Backus, Chas.
Beler, F. (of Kelly & Leon's Minst.)
Bode, Ernst (musician)
Ball, Gustave
Birdue & White
Brannon, H. A. (of V. Amburgh's Cir.)
Bryant, "Billy" (of Bryant's Minst.)
Brown, J.
Burgess, "Cool"
Carrill, "Zack"
Calhoun, Alex.
Carr, "Jimmie"
Clark, "Burt"
Curtis, M. B.
Crowley, Daniel
Crowley, W. G.
Crumbley & De Forest
Cosley, Prof. Jos.
Case, Wm. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Carroll & Barry
Chace, Wm.
Caron, Jos.
Cdoway, Neil
Conroy & Dailey
Cruzen, C. J.
Clarke, "Kitt"
Cowles, M. B.
Collier, Jas. W.
Callender's Ge'rgia Minstrels
Cummings, J. (of Deleh. & Cum.)
Cole, W. W.
Cowan, W. H. A. (2)
Chase & Davis
Crane, Thos.
Cressville, J. A. (2)
Campbell, J. K.
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Cronin)
Cameron, "Jim" (circus "biz") 5c.
Cordello & Victorelli (2)
Chandler, J. M. (agent)
Cone, Prof. "Dan"
Ciprico, Geo. M.
Chase, Chas. E.
Campbell, Frank G. (2) 3c.
Connors & Kelly
Crossley & Elder
Childers, J. H.
Courtright, Wm.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Clark, "Dick" 3c.
Chase, W. (of Chase & Davis)
Clark, L. (of "Dan" Rice's Cir.) 6c.
Cooke, Harry ("St'r of Mystery")
Coop, F. E.
Cody, W. F.
Capps, J. E.
Carner's Co., Manager
Carrillo, Ramon
Callender, Chas. 3c.
Carr, E. M.
Dashington, "Jerry"
Dalton, Jas. (song-and-dance)
De Motte, J. (of Rothchild's Cir.)
Dunn, M. H.
Doyle, Geo. (Gift Show "biz")
Deem, B. B.
Drake, S. M.
Dobson, Chas. E.
Davis, W. H. (minst. "biz")
De Witt, Emilian
Drake, Carlos
Driver, W. J.
Dinsmore, "Lon" (agent)
De Haven, Ed. (2)
Dot, "Admiral"
Dillon, Jas
D'Ormer, Mons.
Duprez, Chas. H.
Donaldson, W. A.
Donnelly, Jno. T.
Drake, Capt. S. M.
Dunbar, W. S.
De Vernon, P.
Delano, "Japp"
De Mar, Wm.
Day, E. Murray
Davis, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Emmerson & Clark
Emmett, Wm.
Eisman, E.
Earl, R. B.
Everett, Paul
Edwards, Chas. G.
Emidy, Jas.
Eaele, Edward
France, Sid. C.
Faustin, M.
Fish, Thos.
Furbish, Chas. E.
Forepaugh, Adam (2)
Flynn, D. (of O'Brien's Cir.) (2)
Freener, W. D.
Forrest, H. (of Gt. South. Cir.)
Faur, Jean
Friedericks, Alf.
Freere, Alberto W. 6c.
Fox, Edward (manager)
Fraser & Bartholomew
Fawcett, Owen
Foxwell, H. T.
Gardan, Harry
Gannon, Jas.
Gardner, F. A.
Gregory, C. J.
Gorman & Romer
Gerry, D. S.
Gilmore, "Joe" A. (2)
Gosche, Jacob
Goodwin, C. M.
Gulick, "Joe" A. (2)
Gallagher, "Jimmy"
Guernella, (spiritualist)
Gardner, Chas ("Hop Light Loo")
Goldrich, P. C.
Gibbonoise, Don Santiago
Guilfoil, "Ben"
Huber & Glidden (2)
Heindle, Alex.
Harper, Thos.
Heywood, C. ("prima-donna")
Holmes, H. (of Howard & Holmes)
Heller, Prof. (magician)
Herbert, Eugene
Harrison, W. H.
Henry, Hi (2)
Harris, "Bud"
Hufiro, "Tony" (2)
Howard, "Dan" (banjoist)
Harwood, W. E.
Hart's Minstrels 3c.
Howard Rollin (2)
Hill, J. P.
Hicks, J. (of National Cir.)
Hyer, S. B.
Healey & Sanders
Hall, Mills
Howe, Rockwood M.
Hodgkins, "Johnny"
Hawley & Noon
Hill, C. A.
Henry, Wm. B.
Hawkins, D. R.
Hughes, "Nick" (late Cleveland, O)
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hodges, D. B. (3)
Heywood Bros.
Hunter, Edward
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Height, K. H.
Height, "Bob"
Heywood, Wm.
Jeffrey, J. H.
Jones, Wheeler H.
Johnson, J. (of Johnson & Bruno)
Jones, S. (of Callender's Minst.)
"J. M."
Jones, R. (of Sheeban & Jones)
Knight, Fred. W.
Kane, Thos. (of Cole's Cir.)
Kennedy, Harry
Kieley, Wm.
Kearns, Thos.
Kindrick, Thos. J.
Kennedy, Norman B.
Kidder, E. E.
Kent, Fred. L.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Leavitt, "Ben"
Livingston, John
Lenzberg, Max.
Lloyd, H. T.
Leonava, Jos. A.
Lewis, J. W.
Lorenzo, Irving
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Leavitt, "Abe"
Levy, J. (cornetist)
Levanion, Alfred
Liston, Alfred
Lewis, H. (of Ag. Wallace's Co.)
Laine, J. H. (agent) (2)
Luny, Mr. (of Luny's Co.)
Linton, "Guy"
Lawson, Mr. ("Marionettes") 5c.
Lennox, Walter (comed.)
Langdon, W. H.
Lilly, Theodore
Lent, "Sam"
Lotter, John A.
Lanning, "Billy" (old-men "biz")
Little, J. Z.
Lind, Karl
Logrenia, — (wizard)
Matthews, C. C.
McGlynn, Eddie
McWade, Robt.
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Miller, "Yankee" (comed.)
Mack, F. H. (of E. Lelland's Co.)
McDonald, J. (p.o.m Bombay, E. Indies)
Morris, W. W. (of Callender Minst.)
Morris, Thos. (of J. Thompson's Co. (6)
Mackey, J. A (of J. Thompson's Co.) (3)
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Mohney, "Mack" J. P.
Macauley, B. (manager)
Maxwell, "Barry" (comed
Mendel, H. (Dutch "biz")
Morris & Soggs
Morrissey, J. (with "Harp of Erin")
Mason, "Dan" (Dutch "biz")
Melville, Wash. T.
Marble, Wm. (comed.)
Moore, L. B.
Murphy, Jas. J.
Morrissey, John
Morris, L. (of Thompson's Co.)
McGann, "Billy" (with McG. & St.)
Martella, "Lew"
McDonald, John & "Baby"
McDonald, Geo. F.
Morse, W. E.
Mack, E. J.
Murphy, Geo. (of "The 2 Murphys")
Murphy, J. C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Murray, James
Martyn, Frank L.
Murray, B. S.
McIntyre, Mr.
Neary, Jas. (pedestal "biz")
Niles & Evans
Noan, J. K.
Nail, John
Nolan, T. J.
Nelson, Jean
Nutt, Commodore
Natalie, Mons.
New Orleans Jubilee Singers
Niblo, "Jack" (pantomimist)
Neitz, John
Norton, John W.
Newton, C. E. (C. E. Perine)
Nathan, J. J.
Orrin Bros.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Ogden, J. E.
O'Brien, Fred. (leaper)
O'Hara, P. M.
Odlin, P. (manager)
Odell, "Willie"
O'Neil, "Barry"
Operti, Sig. G.
O'Neil, J. H.
Oates, H. H.
Payson's Eng. Op. Co., Manag.
Pierce, Jno. (late of Clinton, Iowa)
Parks, H. M.
Page, J. C.
Paddock, M. J.
Pickett, L. N.
Palmer, Daniel
Perkins, Eli
Pixley, J. H.
Peele, S. G.
Phillips, S. E.
Price, E. A.
Pillot, F. (agent)
Page, H. S.
Pholtes, The
Plunkett, Chas. 6c
Primrose, G. H.
Pholte, Joseph
Robinson, John (circus "biz")
Ryan, Saml. E.
Roberts, Mr.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Ring, Geo. H.
Ryan, Belvil
Rickaby, John
Rankin, McKee
Rice, "Dan" (circus prop.)
Runneff, J. A.
Rowe, G. F.
Rowe, C. C.
Robson, Stuart
Robbins, "Burr"
Richtather, Tgnatz
Rober, J. C.
Russell, M. C.
Ritter, John
Ready, J. (prog. agent)
Richards, Wm.
Robinson, "Gill"
Rubini, Sig.
Rice, Henry (p.o.m London, Eng.)
Ricards, G. (late of Deagle's, St. Louis)
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Roach, Jas. ("Yankee" comed.)
Soldine Eng. Op. Co., Manag. of
Sothern, E. A. (2)
Stansburg, Wm.
Starr, Jas. H. (4)
Sully, "Billy" (of Comique, Tol., O.)
Slate, Harry (2)
Shepard, "Burt"
Simmonds, S. P.
Stanley, E.
Sautelle, Geo.
Simon, J. A. (2)
Smith & Footner
Smith & Fox
Siegrist, Francis
Shields, John H.
Smith, J. W. (of Leavitt's Bell R.)
Shiels, Wm. D.
Spriggs, Harry
Schoeffel, Jno. B.
Sully Bros. (2)
Strehlaw, L.
Sheehan & Jones
Spears, J. A.
Sanford, Mr. (of Court. & Sanf.) 14c.
Sands, "Will" A.
Stein, H. (of Thompson's Co.)
Simmones, Geo. W.
Schneider, C. L.
Slocum, E. M.
Sarle, Prof. F.
Stanton, Wm.
Sullivan, J. J.
Spaulding, W. P.
Scott, "Andy"
Sanford, J. (of Sanford & Wilson)
Sheir, D. E.
Spess, "Pete"
Stanley, Earnst (2)
Smith, Frank D.
Sully, "Dan" (of Sully Bros.) (2)
Simpson, Chas. (candy "biz")
Stone, H. (of J. A. Steven's Co)
Scully, Ed.
Sully, "Dan" (Irish comed.) (2)
Snyder, M. B.
Scott, Walter
St. John, Moloneux
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast)
Sprague, D. (manager)
Squires, Louis P.
Schofield, Fred. S. (2)
Shields, John (of Canada)
Seamon & Somers
Sweeney, John F.
Stowe, "Will" H.
Sheehan & Jones
Snow, "Lew"
Searls & Beggs
Siegle, "Fred"
Seals, "Archie"
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Smith, "Doc" W H
Theodore, Chas. 11c.
Thompson, Alex.
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Turner, Jacob
Thompson, C. H.
Trzon, Col. T. C.
Trewolla, A. P.
Thompson, Jno. (of Thompson's Co.) (3)
Thompson, John
Thorne, Harry
Toll, Oscar J.
Tron, Wm.
Thielmann, Chas.
Turner, Geo. Lee
Thompson, Sid. H.
Thompson & Macy
Tripp, C. B.
Thayer & Thompson
Tindall, Jesse
Turner, Thos. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Tower, J. H.
Taylor, T. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Tildon, Luke
Tilla, W. H.
Turner, T. (late of Chicago, Ill.)
Vance, Chas.
Victorelli, H.
Villa, "Sam" B.
Vigeon, Robt.
Velarde, Sig. 5c.
Vinson, J. H. (of Mrs Bower's Co.)
Valdes, Mr.
Van Amburgh, W. W.
Villiers, Dr. J. J.
Vincent, Chas. (late of Cleveland, O.)
Warren T. (of Sanford's Minst.)
Williams, L. Percy
Wesley, Jas. (pantomimist)
Ward, W. (of Dup & Bened. Minst.) (2)
West, Frank, (equestrian)
Wolhalla, John
Wilsey, Chandler
Witts, Emilian D.
Wingfield, John (2)
Waide & Evans
Wayne, "Burt"
Woods, J. H.
Walters & McKee
Washburn, E. S.
Wagner, "Cal"
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Willis, Richard
Willett, R. P.
Watson, Wm.
Wentworth, Walter
Watson, Harry
Walters, Geo. W.
Watson, E. C.
Walters, Chas. E.
Willis, F. E.
Waldren, "Dan"
Woods, Geo. W. (vocalist)
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad")
Williams, "Bobby" (of Bryant & Will.)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Walling, D. (of Westren & Wall.)
Yale, Chas. H.
Young, Chas. ("Fleury")
Young, Chas. (ventriloquist)
Zimmerman, Ed.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 20, 1876.

We feel in a grumbling mood to-day; it seems as though a good growl would relieve our pent-up feelings, and direct our thoughts in a more cheerful and pious channel. The election-muddle and its interference with trade, the sudden collapse of the Centennial, the meagreness of the *menu* at our theatrical boarding-house, the stoppage of baseball, the money locked up in the different pools, the deleterious quality of the Winter beverages doled out to us, the thinning-out of the hotel guests, reports of a small turkey crop for Thanksgiving, the failure to discover the North Pole and Charley Ross, the uncertainty as to whether the new President will send us as Minister to the Court of St. James or to that of St. Giles, the fluctuations in gold, the dramatic features of the present crisis in the affairs of the Union—all these have a very distressing effect upon the susceptible mind, and combine to make us unhappy and quarrelsome. The late Presidential candidates repeatedly assured us that plenty of roast-beef would be one of the beneficial results of their election; two weeks have elapsed since we impartially cast our ballots for Hayes and Tilden, yet even the odor of the savory joint has failed to cross our path. We cannot sleep, we cannot wake; we are unfitted for work, and we grow sad and disconsolate while pondering on the uncertainty of things generally. At two o'clock this morning we arose from our Centennial boarding-house bed, which Mrs. Calhosey had just purchased as a relic of the great Exposition, and we calmly uplifted the window-sash, and in the quiet starlight of the early morn we stood there and cursed. Just think of it! Swore for fifteen minutes right straight ahead—a thing we never do when in our right mind. From their vigils without and their slumbers within, we awakened the faithful guardians of the night and our fellow-boarders. How it ended we never knew. The rising sun bathed the world in a halo of glory; but, alas! we saw nothing, heard nothing but "Full returns of the election of Tilden and Hayes!"...... And now we find the Strakosches reviving their old ghost of a new opera house for the third city in the world. Why, then, do not these enterprising artists *go on* with their project, instead of *talking* so much about it? They propose to take the plot of ground whereon the Hippodrome is now planted, and erect an immense musical conservatory, to hold five thousand persons; these enthusiastic operators further propose to issue two thousand shares of stock, of the value of one thousand dollars per share, and thus raise two millions of dollars with which to foot the bills. Now, here is where the inconsistency is—these high-art comedians have all along condemned the policy which permits stockholders in our Fourteenth-street Academy of Music to occupy certain seats free of charge, and yet these dear brothers propose to give away a free nightly admission to each of the alleged two thousand stockholders in the proposed new temple of the Muses, which amuzes us very much when we come to place the old and the new projects side by side. We don't want any two-millions-of-dollars opera-house—much more public good could be accomplished by investing the sum in soup-houses for the poor! What is now the home of the horse-opera might be nothing more than a hospital for worn-out and superannuated singers, should the Strakosch duo succeed in their wild design. We are not sufficiently ripe for such vast enterprises; there are not enough of us—the "e'ite and fashion of the city"—to fill the existing Academy of Music. What, then, would become of us in a barn of twice its size? A precious lot of scattered sardines we should be if we were transplanted from the Fourteenth-street nursery to the Madison-avenue home of the unfortunates. No, it will not answer; and the dear Brothers Strakosch had better abandon the project ere they put their foot in it......And talking about the Hippodrome and its horse-opera forcibly reminds us of the truth of that beautiful sentiment which so outspokenly declares "consistency, thou art a dollar-jewelry!" Why? We shall break it to thee gently, dear souls. We love the ministry and its moral teachings, because "we want to be an angel;" but we love consistency in the ministry at the same time. Now, what a beautiful display of Christian consistency is shown by our dear Brother Henry W. Beecher's *Union* in condemning theatricals and shows indiscriminately, and at the same time inserting an advertisement of Barnum's Circus, and puffing it in its editorial notices! And when we know that this circus is not an extraordinarily good one, the inconsistency of the thing becomes more glaring and distressing. Our dear Brother Beecher may have had this "discrepancy" played upon him during his hours of sleep, just as that other dear brother, Talmage—who also condemns the theatres—sought to overthrow *The Christian at Work* to his own advantage, but to the detriment of those gentlemen who had given him employment on the paper. We are taught to look for better things from pious preachers and the conservators of the public morals; but, in the instances referred to, the worship of Mammon seems to have ruled the brotherhood. And yet we are not angry with them. We pity them, however, and would earnestly ask them to forsake the error of their ways, and render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and so on. Why should these Brooklyn saints take such delight in seeking to undermine a noble profession, and at the same time accept tribute-money for publishing the advertisements of the ungodly? This is not the way to reclaim the lost souls you prate of, dear brethren, and, as Mister Shakespeare sagely advised, you had better reform it altogether!...... And while pointing out defects in the ministry, we do not desire to be understood as saying that our theatrical friends are like Mrs. Cæsar—"above suspicion." No; far from it. But it is not for us to say who's who, and what's what—for we are told that those who live in glass houses should never throw stones; but our very gorge rises when we see managers doing things which may jeopardize the peace of the city, if not bring about another rebellion. The politicians are jerking us about just as though we were the Moody and Sankey acrobats which enterprising curbstone venders have been dispensing in the Centennial City; they stand us on our heads, and then slash us around like we were tops; then they bounce us up and down like a regulation India-rubber ball; then they stand us up in a row, and bowl us down like we were a row of new bricks; and we all quietly submit to these indignities, because we expect to get offices when the next President assumes some tangible form. Sheridan Shook may pull his political strings, and work his puppets as he pleases, and A. Daly may wink at the writing on the slate which he has been permitted to see before other human interests have had a sight; but we warn them not to introduce their quarrels and intrigues upon the dramatic stage! The former, at his Union-square Theatre—which is not a pool-room, as some office-seekers might imagine—has "driven from home" "The Two Orphans," and now brings forward Clara Morris as his strong card—the same Clara Morris whom A. Daly was instrumental in raising to a prominent position on the mimic boards; and A. Daly, to offset the play of Shook's card, turns up a trump in the person of Fanny Davenport—"Our Fan"—whose personal charms and gorgeous "get-up" might accomplish as great a ruin and devastation as that resulting from the fascinating influence of Myrrha upon Sardanapalus. And this week these two actresses are to do battle for their respective managers. We object to it on principle; we object to it, because of its inhumanity; the strain upon two delicate natures, brought into opposition, must be fearful; one or the other must succumb—the weaker must go to the wall, and then —— But enough! We say it is cruel to pit these actresses against each other at a time when the political situation has made us ripe for rebellion and gore! Lesser causes than this have sufficed to raze a theatre to the dust, and make the managers fly for their lives! Let us have no repetition of such scenes of carnage! We are in no mood for being trifled with. When we the people begin the work of demolishing theatres, there will be no cessation of the destruction until every establishment has been leveled to the ground, and every manager has been hung upon a tree as high as Haman hung! Think of the terrible consequences of a slumbering lion aroused by the smell of blood! Much as we love "Our Fan," much as we admire the divine Clara, we love our country more...... We begin to feel easier—these growls are better than a dose of castor-oil, far more beneficial than three or four blue-pills. ......But again. What right has Mr. Barnum to pronounce his circus the greatest show on earth, when the knowing ones hold such a directly contrary opinion? The American people have seen too many good shows to have the Hippodrome affair driven down their throats as the best. Such fables answer no good purpose, but, on the contrary, are productive of much mischief. This cannot, must not, *shall* not be. Better the city should totter from its firm base, than that such polluted misrepresentations should be foisted upon an unsuspecting world. Mr. Barnum, you must call off your horses and dogs, else never more be friend of ours......Jimmy, what else is there to growl about? "Why don't you go for 'Forbidden Fruit?'" Aye, truly, you have said. What mortification we have endured during the run of this play at "the model theatre of the country!" What must have been the feelings of those Centennial visitors who took in "Forbidden Fruit" at Wallack's temple of the drama! For appearing in less objectionable pieces, with introduced novel effects, we have seen the company of a less pretentious theatre marched off to the station-house. Why make porgies of one and tenderloin of another? Is this our boasted liberty? Is this the freedom we have fought and died for? Better be a minion in India's coral strands, or an explorer in search of Stanley in the wilds of Africa, than to tamely submit to this iron heel of despotism, or otherwise this yoke of oppression with which Mr. Wallack and Dion Boucicault would seek to encompass us:

In the fathomless depths of the oceans below,
In the vista that veils us above,
We would cheerfully all future glory forego,
But we defy degradation like this!

......What other blatant fiend needs the reproving voice of our invaluable paper, Jimmy? "I think you might get back at the 'Julius Cæsar' Combination, now endeavoring to ravage the country and to despoil its fair face." We should be thankful that they are not trying to ravage this city. Let them continue in their wild career throughout the country, where the people never find fault when *all* of the characters are slaughtered. We have had enough of that crowd. If we would foster a love for high art, let no peregrinating "Julius Cæsar" tribes be admitted within the gates of this beautiful city........And *why* should there be Dutch theatres and Dutch beer-gardens and Dutch concerts and Dutch dives in this great city? Are not our own American places of amusement good enough for these foreigners? Is it not an insult to our tastes, to our institutions, to our liberties, to have these Dutch boors drop down one of their own theatrical cabooses here, a musical caravansery there, and so on to the end of the chapter? There must be an end of this. They must be content with our places of amusement, or they must go home; there is no half-way course for them. You don't see the Irish people erecting theatres for themselves; you don't see the Irish people constructing Dutch beer-gardens and concert-saloons for their own special behoof, do you? No! They conform to our laws and to our institutions, and they are perfectly satisfied with the entertainments we provide for the amusement of the people, without distinction of party, creed or nationality......Here's another thing to which we desire to call your attention, and that is, the continual talk about building new theatres. We don't *need* any new theatres. We have too many new theatres now, and those who built them would be much better off to-day had they never *touched* a new theatre. It would be more conducive to the prosperity of others were some of the existing establishments turned into bread asylums for the starving, and lodging houses for the homeless. Better, aye, far better!......Yes, we remember that Thanksgiving Day is a-rolling round. Our legitimate managers will do all that lies in their power to relieve the monotony of the occasion, but speculators "for this occasion only" had better hesitate ere they seek to share the profits of the day. Let the speculators go to church, and pray for the forgiveness of their sins, instead of getting up special thanksgiving entertainments......And so, we rest; our spasm of growling leaving us like a giant refreshed.

CITY SUMMARY.

VANETTI, who gave an excellent exhibition of club-swinging; Dick Sands, whose merits as a clog-dancer are well known to our readers; and Allie Drayton, a song-and-dance performer of merit, were the fresh arrivals last week at the Theatre Comique, where a good average business was done. The other attractions were singing by Adah Richmond and Alice Bennett; Billy Gray in his comical act called "Street Scenes in Washington;" Harrigan and Hart in a new sketch by the former entitled "Hats Called In," which proved very amusing, and later in the dramatic sketch of "Darby and Lanty;" Billy Barry as Hungry Jake in "Old Times Rocks;" Billy Carter in banjo-songs, including a fresh one entitled "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth;" and the sketch of "On the Beach," which introduced Larry Tooley, Alfred Beverley, and Hannah Birch.

"BUFFALO BILL" (W. F. Cody) was the star at the Bowery Theatre the past week, acting in "The Scouts of the Plains" until Thursday night, when "Life on the Border" was substituted and acted the rest of the week. "The Scouts of the Plains" was revived Friday and Saturday nights, in addition to the other drama. "Poor Pillicoddy" opened the performances until Friday evening.

JOE TOBISH, treasurer of the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., is in the city.

GIOVANNI, Gangero's Royal Japs, Kate Castleton, Lulu Delmay and the Cawthornes were the fresh attractions at the Olympic Theatre the past week. Giovanni played operatic and popular airs upon musical goblets in a skillful manner, and later in the evening he exhibited a number of trained canary birds, which performed numerous difficult feats that denoted long and laborious training. Among these were the ascent and descent of ladders and spiral perches, feats on a single and a double trapeze, and the firing off of a miniature cannon by one of the birds, that remained perched upon its carriage after the discharge without exhibiting fear. Gangero's troupe of Japanese in point of skill and agility far excel all other troupes of that nationality that have hitherto visited us. Thommy Taro first performed some difficult contortion feats while standing on a very small box, which formed the apex of a pyramid formed of other boxes resting upon a table. Gangero gave some wonderful feats of juggling, using first two small wooden boxes, and subsequently a stone bottle and a box. It would be futile to attempt to thoroughly describe this act upon paper; but some idea may be given of it by saying that Gangero, by exercising his knowledge of equilibrium, caused the bottle to assume positions on the box which apparently defied the laws of gravitation. Holding the box, with the bottle lying on its side upon the top of it, in his left hand, he caused the bottle to rise apparently by the sudden extension of his right arm, and when the bottle had reached an angle of forty-five degrees he caused it to maintain that position for a few seconds, and then again, forcibly extending his right arm, the bottle assumed an upright position. This portion of their performances concluded by a screen-balancing act by Mme. Gangero and Que Taro. This screen was made of strips of wood, so arranged as to form a series of ladders, one side of the screen being covered with paper. Mme. Gangero, having a recumbent position, balanced the screen upon her feet. Que Taro then stepped upon the lower strips of wood, and as he ascended he broke holes in the paper with his hands and feet, and broke out numerous of the wooden strips, until he had made an orifice large enough for him to crawl through. He then passed through the screen, and continued his ascent on the other side, making another opening near the top, through which he emerged into the view of the audience, and then descended to the stage. Later in the evening Kehue Taro and Thommy Taro gave a double-contortion acrobatic act, which fully equaled any before seen on the local stage or in the equestrian arena. After some feats of balancing, Gangero concluded their entertainments by giving wonderful feats of juggling with balls, sticks, etc. After tossing five balls in the manner common to all jugglers of that class, he produced one that resembled those used by baseball players, save that it had more elasticity. He threw it to the stage, and, as it rebounded, caught it upon the top of a small stick some ten inches in length and shaped like an old-fashioned toddy-stick. He used two sticks of this description, and with these and the ball performed some of the most astonishing tricks we ever witnessed. Lack of space prevents us from describing all of these in detail; but reference may be made to one or two. He would throw the ball to the top of the proscenium, and on its descent would catch it on the top of one of the sticks in such a manner that not the slightest rebound was visible. Again, on its descent, holding the two sticks in one hand in such a manner that they resembled a pair of shears opened, he would catch the ball between the sticks while making a lateral motion. He balanced one of the sticks upon his chin; upon the top of the stick he laid his fan; then he placed the other stick upon the fan, about two inches to the left of the top of the other, and on the top of the second stick he laid the ball. By a sudden motion he caused the fan to slide out from between the sticks in such a manner that the bottom of the upper stick rested upon the top of the lower as the fan fell to the stage. While juggling a number of balls with his right hand and holding an empty soda-water bottle in his left, he ejected into the air from his mouth, at intervals, small pieces of some metallic substance, and as each piece descended from a high altitude he caught it in the bottle, and at the close of the feat emptied them from the bottle to the stage. He is the most remarkable performer that has ever visited us, and his performances seem to confirm the report that the other troupes which have been permitted to leave Japan have been of an inferior order of talent. The pretty face and arch manners of Kate Castleton as she stepped upon the stage, clad in full evening-dress of beautiful colors, did much to win for her the favor of the audience, which she increased by her excellent vocalization of several fresh songs. Lulu Delmay, attired in a short dress of white satin, trimmed with red roses, met with equal favor in singing songs of another description. The Cawthornes—Master Herbert and Little Joe—were seen as the Irish and Dutch emigrants, and by their comicalities created no little merriment. They have not apparently increased in stature since their last visit, and their entertainment has undergone no change. The programme also included Gilday and Giniven in acrobatic songs-and-dances; George H. Coes in banjo solos and songs; Schoolcraft and Coes in "Our Alabama Homes" and the sketch of "The Lawyer and His Clerk;" and the dramatic company in "Against the Stream." The attendance was fair.

THE WILKINSON BROTHERS, Minnie Farrell, the Bennetts, and McCullough and Casey were added to the company at Tony Pastor's New Theatre Nov. 13. The Wilkinson Brothers, who made their American debut on that occasion, are excellent performers, and their entertainment is comparatively novel. It may be classified as the neat Irish song-and-dance business. They have good voices of much power, sing well, and dance nimbly and gracefully. The novelty of the performances consists in their costumes, and the peculiar arrangement of their singing and dances. They do not follow the well-beaten track of singing a verse of a song and then giving a dance; but their dancing is at times commingled with their singing; at others, after a graceful pose is assumed, the dancing is suspended until some few bars of music are sung, and then resumed. During the four songs they sang they descended by easy stages from the extremely neat style to just the verge of the rough style. As they came upon the stage their faces were cleanly shaven, and their black hair was of moderate length. They wore white silk conical hats; a long overcoat of gray material, with a short cape and a black velvet collar; white shirts, with turn-down collars, tied with green cravats; black frock-coats; white corduroy knee-breeches; bright green stockings, and low-cut, black leather shoes. Their first song, which had a taking air, was "We're Two Noble Sons of the Irish Brigade," and in this they made a pronounced hit. Being recalled, they reappeared wearing black silk conical hats, and wearing otherwise the same costumes, saving that they had discarded their overcoats, and it could now be seen that their black frock-coats had short capes. They sang "Where the Apple Praties Grow," dancing between the verses. When they again appeared, the changes in their dress were confined to little conical hats of soft felt, and "claw-hammer" coats of blue cloth, having brass buttons and very long tails. They sang "The Boys of Mullingar," giving varied styles of dancing. They closed their entertainments with a rollicking song-and-dance entitled "The Rattling Boys from Paddy's Land," wearing gray frieze-coats and using shillelahs. Their success is pronounced, and they are a desirable acquisition to the variety stage. Minnie Farrell, attired in a sailor's costume of blue-satin pants, white shirt and blue-satin hat, sang a song, and later danced a hornpipe, with a fair degree of success. Frank and Eva Bennett were seen in a protean sketch entitled "Kitchen Domestics." Frank acted the characters of Cub, a house-servant; Nigirdus, a trapeze performer, giving a clever burlesque performance of that kind; the Black Mocking-bird, playing upon a banjo and a mouth-harmonicon at the same time, and introducing at intervals imitations of the mocking-bird; and Ole Bull, performing a burlesque violin-solo with so much vigor that the instrument gradually dropped to pieces. Eva Bennett, who is quite petite, was seen as Kitty, a house-servant; as a German emigrant, giving a song; as Katie McCree, an Irish song-and-dance performer; and as Mme. Nilsson, with a burlesque operatic air. They were aided by Frank Girard in the character of Mr. Dickson, a retired actor. The Bennetts are meritorious performers, and they scored a success. McCullough and Casey were seen to fair advantage in a rough Irish song-and-dance, and they greatly enhanced their popularity by subsequently giving meritorious clog-dances in a very agile manner. Jennie Morgan, who has been suffering from a severe cold, reappeared Wednesday night; but the traces of the malady were still visible. The Richmond Sisters continued their songs-and-dances, as did the Austin Brothers their feats of rifle-shooting. Tony Pastor sang many of his most popular songs, among them "Hildebrandt Montrose," in which his dancing has now become a marked feature. Gus Williams, among his numerous Dutch ditties, introduced a fresh one, entitled "After the Election is Over;" and the sketches of "The Sleep-walker" and "Joshua Whitcombe," with Den Thompson and Julia Wilson in the cast, filled out the programme. Business good.

NUMEROUS SPECIMENS of rare fish from various parts of the world have been added to the collection in the Aquarium since our last report. A devil-fish, with a mouth some fourteen inches wide, has replaced the one that died recently. The fish from Japan, which is of a bright-crimson color, with three separate and distinct tails of a gauzy texture, is a great curiosity. The water in the sea-tanks has become much clearer, thus enabling visitors to get a better view of the sharks, sturgeon, striped-bass, tom-cod, codlings, black-fish, etc. The managers, Messrs. Coup & Reiche, have generously thrown open their exhibition free of charge to the inmates of the various asylums in the city, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 M.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS continue to do a good business. The changes in the programme last week included "Get Up in de Morning," sung by Billy Birch; "Where Art Thou?" by W. H. Hamilton; "Oh, Yes! We all will be Dar," and other songs-and-dances by Johnson and Powers; fresh songs by Ricardo the burlesque prima-donna; "Man the Life-boat," by W. H. Hamilton; and fresh banjo-songs by E. M. Hall.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was revived at the Grand Opera-house on Nov. 13, and attracted a good attendance during the week. Mrs. G. C. Howard in her original character of Topsy was supported by her combination, the cast being the same as on its recent production at this house. The plantation scene, in which a large number of real colored folks are heard and seen in characteristic songs and dancing, continued to be one of the most attractive features.

BUSINESS has largely increased at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, the auditorium having been well filled during the past week. A new first-part was given, which included "Good-night and Pleasant Dreams," effectively sung by Edwin Kelly; "Where's dat Cat?" comically rendered by Sam Price; "Jessie Dean," pleasingly sung by J. H. Surridge; and "The German Fifth," which was given in a humorous manner by Edwin Lester. "Ching-chow-hi" continues an attractive feature, and Leon's descent on a rope from the dome of the theatre to the stage excites no little merriment.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES Lew Spencer gave his Teutonic specialties; Bobby Weston played solos upon the tamborine, and later gave swell-songs; Alice Girard sang serio-comic songs; Hurley and Marr were seen in songs-and-dances; Minnie Hall sang sensational songs; Prof. Donaldson gave juggling feats with cannon-balls; Horace Weston played the banjo; and the sketches of "One Bed for Three," "Wink Your Eye," "Tragedy vs. Comedy," and "Bedroom Troubles" filled out the bill.

EDWIN BOOTH has commenced a suit against Jarrett & Palmer of Booth's Theatre, claiming damages in the sum of $10,000 for the use of his name in connection with that theatre, and also praying for an injunction to restrain them from the further use of his name by them. It came up in court Nov. 17, but by consent of counsel was postponed until Wednesday next, Nov. 22.

LEWIS JUNE and George F. Bailey, well-known circus managers, sailed for Europe in the steamship Wyoming Nov. 14 for the purpose of purchasing animals and curiosities for the Barnum show.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Mme. Annette Essipoff, a pianist of Russian birth, made her American debut at Steinway Hall on Nov. 14. The lady, a pianist of extraordinary ability, was a revelation even to those who had been prepared by the preliminary notices to expect much, her conception and development of the numbers included in the varied repertory given during the past week warranting the assertion that she is one of the most wonderful performers whom we have had amongst us, sentiment, power and precision all finding an equal interpretation of the highest artistic excellence at her hands. Her renditions of numbers from Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Henselt, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rubenstein and others were strongly marked by a most earnest appreciation of the composers' motives. Mme. Essipoff evidences a rare mastery over technical difficulties. She has a true and powerful touch, shaded at times to the expression of the most delicate sentiment, her execution, graceful and easy in action, reflecting every phase of an emotional, artistic nature deeply imbued with the spirit of the compositions. Her concerts on Nov. 14, 15, 17, and matinee 18 were unqualified musical successes, to which M. Alfred Vivien, violinist, professor at the Royal Conservatory, Brussels, and an orchestra selected from the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Reinhard Schmelz, contributed. M. Vivien is a most excellent violinist, especially as regards execution with the left hand, by which he overcomes the most formidable technical difficulties. His bowing, however, lacks somewhat in certainty, and there is less breadth and fullness of tone than might be expected. The general impression is one, notwithstanding, favorable to the artist. The concerts are continued this week...... Miss Fanny Danziger, a young American pianist, made her debut in this city at Chickering Hall on Friday. The lady, a pupil of the Royal Conservatory, Leipsic, Germany, where she has been studying for the past few years, and where she has won especial honors as a piano-pupil, evidenced the possession of talent and the ability to successfully interpret a programme including Beethoven's Sonata in G major, a caprice by Schuloff, numbers from Rubenstein and Mills, and "Don Juan," a duet by Lysberg for two pianos, in which she was assisted by S. B. Mills. Her debut may be recorded as successful, although she yet requires experience and study to develop into an artist of the first rank. F. F. Muller, organist, Miss Henrietta Beebe and Chas. Fritsch, vocalists, took part in the concert......The Arion Society gave their first musical entertainment of the season at their club-house on Nov. 19. H. Brandeis and F. Remmertz were the vocalists; Mme. Carreno-Sauret, pianist; M. Sauret, violinist, the chorus being under the direction of Dr. Damrosch......M. Arbuckle, cornettist; E. A. Lefebre, saxophonist; Miss Lillian B. Norton, soprano vocalist; Master Herman Rietzel, pianist; Wm. Castle, tenor singer; Carl Lanzer, violinist; and Gilmore's Band, under P. Gilmore's baton, performed at the last Sunday-night concert at the Grand Opera-house.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" was revived at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Saturday evening, Nov. 18, "Life" having been performed at the matinee of that date for the last time. The promises of the manager as regards the splendor of both the scenery and costumes were fully kept. The Forest of Arden was a beautiful stage-picture. By the aid of a series of gauze drops, upon which foliage was painted, and the skillful use of colored lights, the effects produced were gorgeous. The acting as a whole was smooth and pleasing, but it cannot be called great. The sudden transposition of artists from sensational plays of the period to Shakesperian comedy seldom proves entirely satisfactory. However, as the production of this comedy may be regarded simply as a stop-gap prior to the revival of "The School for Scandal," which is to be produced Nov. 28, and is expected to enjoy a run, we may be pardoned if we swerve from the strict line of criticism. Miss Fanny Davenport, who made her first appearance this season, gave an even and fairly effective impersonation of Rosalind. She did nothing particularly deserving of censure, nor did she on any occasion rise to greatness. She departed from stage tradition by wearing for the boys' dress a tunic, tights, and shoes of a grayish tint. Chas. Fisher was not entirely satisfactory as Jaques, being deficient in that settled melancholy and gloom with which the character should be imbued. Mr. Rockwell acted the exiled Duke satisfactorily. Charles F. Coghlan, so far as the mechanical execution of the role of Orlando was concerned, was admirable, and he read his lines intelligently and with excellent elocutionary effect, yet the entire impersonation was somewhat lacking in imagination and magnetism. Frank Hardenberg, barring that he was a trifle hard, gave an excellent portrayal of Old Adam. Mr. Davidge's Touchstone has stood the test of public criticism wellnigh a score of years, and it can still be pronounced an artistic impersonation, lacking possibly a little oily humor. J. H. Ring gave a capital performance of Corin, and elicited applause on more than one occasion. William Castle, who sang the music of Amiens, did not create the furor anticipated. His voice seemed clouded. Miss Jeffreys Lewis was somewhat forced in style and manner as Celia. Miss Sydney Cowell labored assiduously to achieve success as Audrey, but she is as yet altogether too young for the character. She deserves credit for her efforts, however. The other characters were fairly performed. The attendance on Saturday night was very large, and during the other nights of the week fairly good.

AT THE MABILLE THEATRE the new people announced for this week are Kittie La Vard, Ada Freeman, and Frederick De Costa.

SOPHIE THORNE, Holbrook and Ryan and John Pendy are the fresh arrivals at the Parisian Varieties this week.

CHAS. L. HOWARD, manager of the Columbus (O.) Theatre, left for that city Nov. 19.

ALTHOUGH THE ATTENDANCE at Booth's Theatre fell off somewhat during the past week, still, considering the long run which "Sardanapalus" has enjoyed, it may be pronounced large, and certainly renumerative. The present week will be the last, save one, of its present run. F. C. Bangs' benefit on Friday evening was well attended.

"BABA" is running quite smoothly at Niblo's Garden, and the attendance continues good. An improvement is noticeable in the dancing of the coryphees, especially as regards precision of time. It is said that "Antony and Cleopatra," produced in spectacular form, will be the succeeding attraction.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the company the past week included Ada Sanborn, serio-comic; Gussie Leach, balladist; Alice Grey, vocalist; Herr Schlam, magician; Frankie Howard, change-vocalist; Emma Vern, serio-comic; Achilles Phillion, juggler and globe performer combined; Sig. Miranda and Lottie, trapeze performers; Eva Sinclair, drum-soloist, clog-dancer and song-and-dance; Sam Lang, Dutch comique; Frank Donaldson, Pantaloon; J. W. Sandford, Clown; and Reynolds and Carroll, song-and-dance.

MARIE ZOE is the star this week at the Bowery Theatre.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the following are billed for Nov. 20: Carrie Gardiner, Josie Walbie, Gussie Martinetti, Hatty Parker, Fanny Jerome, Charles L. Davis, Harry Mack and the Weston Brothers.

J. BANVARD JR. is painting new scenery for the New Broadway Theatre, late Wood's Museum, which is to be opened about Christmas. He will be the regular scenic artist of the theatre.

WILLIAM COURTRIGHT, Harry Blanchard, Curry and Fox, and Harry Woodson join Tony Pastor's company this week.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE Sam Devere, Ned and Willie Ainsley, Fred Warren, and Miss Marian Taylor are billed for Nov. 20.

THE TWIN SISTERS FRENCH and the Victorellis are the new arrivals at the Theatre Comique this week.

THE LONDON, Harry Miner's new theatre in the Bowery, opposite Prince street, it is thought, will be ready for opening Nov. 27, as work in every department is being rapidly pushed forward.

HENRY E. ABBEY has secured a lease of the Park Theatre for twenty-three weeks from Nov. 20, with the privilege of continuing beyond that period. He is to open it Nov. 27 with Lotta in "Musette" as the attraction. During the season John T. Raymond will fulfill an engagement. William Stuart is no longer connected with the theatre in any manner, Mr. Abbey getting his lease directly from Mr. Parrish, who is president of the trust company which controls the property.

J. H. MCVICKER, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, has petitioned the Board of Aldermen to pass an ordinance, a copy of which is inclosed in the petition, declaring the speculation in theatre-tickets a misdemeanor, save under the conditions named in the proposed ordinance.

HELLER'S WONDER THEATRE, late Globe, was opened, under the management of Robert Heller, Wednesday night, Nov. 15.

THE THREE INFANT ACROBATS taken from Alfred Smith, professionally known as Alfred Lenton (while performing with J. H. Murray's Circus in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.), at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, were remanded to the custody of that society on Nov. 17, in accordance with a decision then rendered by Judge Westbrook.

EDWARD HARRIGAN, who has written a great number of successful sketches for the variety stage, now aspires to become a playwright. He has an Irish drama entitled "Iascaire," which is to be acted for the first time Nov. 20 upon the stage of the Theatre Comique. Owing to the style of performance given there, and to avoid the necessity of lowering and raising the drop-curtain, it will not be divided into acts, but presented in seven continuous scenes. The company will be strengthened by the following dramatic artists, who have been specially engaged: J. Leslie Edwards, Welsh Edwards, Charles J. Fyffe, Mr. Ward, Mrs. J. J. Prior, Lizzie Edwards and Miss Melville.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE is to be opened this evening under the management of J. H. McVicker, when Edwin Booth will make his first appearance in this theatre and in this city this season. The play will be "Hamlet." A full list of the company and officers was given in a previous issue.

EVA BYRON was married to Harry Guyenette at the residence of the Rev. R. S. McArthur, in this city, Nov. 18, 1876.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

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THE TREASURER of the McKean Campbell Combination, who recently appeared to small audiences in Nashville, Tenn., decamped with the funds of the troupe while they were at Gallatin. On this account the company were forced to disband, and on the night of their last performance an act not down on the bills occurred. At midnight two members of the company, Mr. Durante and Miss Opal Lee, were united in marriage......Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination is to play at Nashville Nov. 23, 24, 25......The Robert McWade Combination will play "Rip Van Winkle" there 20, 21. Letter of Nov. 13.

JOHNSON ROSS & HICKS, dramatic agents, advertise their address in our business department.

GENEVIEVE ROGERS and Frank E. Aiken's Company are to perform in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Nov. 20, and the rest of the week.

CHAPMAN'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMPANY are to perform in Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 20, Stamford, Ct., 21, South Norwich 22, Bridgeport 23, 24, Woodbury 25, New Britain 27, Meriden 28.

OTTO VON HOYM.—The unwritten history of the German stage in the United States suggests no more familiar name than that of the tragedian whose sudden death is announced in private letters received here from abroad. Space is lacking to properly review his wide professional career. He had been so early known as far West as the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and had taken so conspicuous and controlling a part in the theatrical affairs of this city nearly so far back as a quarter of a century ago, that, naturally if erroneously, he came to be regarded as the pioneer of the German drama in America. It is an ample epitaph that, while by no means its pioneer, he was identified with a large share of all that is memorable as to the German drama on this continent. Born in Glauchau, Saxony, in 1822, his histrionic instinct first found expression in the playhouses of Coburg, Saxony, Thuringia and Weimar. After several years spent in the theatres of the principal German States as a light-comedian, he came to America. This was in 1851, and the occasional German performances then given in this city were his opportunities for a speedy popularity. Going West, under the management of Alexander Pfeiffer, he duplicated that popularity, especially in Cincinnati, and returned to New York in 1853. It is our impression that he was of the company which, after even the rage for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had failed to preserve it in English, opened the little St. Charles as the German National Theatre, late in the Fall of 1853. At all events, on Oct. 20, 1854, he and one of the Seigrist Brothers, familiar to circus annals, opened the Bowery Amphitheatre as the New York City Theatre, and out of this sprang the Old Stadt Theatre, which Herr Hoym began to make remunerative during the season of 1859-60, and which he abandoned in July, 1864. On May 26, 1858, he opened Hoym's Theatre, which on that date resembled almost anything but a theatre, though it has since made a fortune for Tony Pastor and may have one in store for the widow of Paul Falk, it being now the Volks' Garten. On Sept. 6, 1864, as acting-manager, he opened the present Stadt Theatre, at 45 Bowery. It was under his auspices that Daniel Bandmann made his professional debut in America, and it was Bandmann's success in Hamlet and Shylock in German in the Bowery that led him to venture upon Shylock in English in Broadway. It was either under Otto Hoym's management or with his co-operation that Madames Otilee-Genee, Becker-Grahn, Mertzke, Walter, Goerner, and the operatic Johanna Rosser, and Messrs. Edward Hearting, Alphonse Zerboni, Herr Heubsche and the late Bogumil Dawison achieved their initial successes in America; and this is substantially to be repeated as to numberless other performers in German, inclusive of the well-known English actor Charles Pope, Mme. Methua-Scheller and Mlle. Rosine Reiss. The season of 1865-6 was Herr Hoym's last complete one in this city. After supporting Bogumil Dawison in his American debut, Sept. 20, 1866, as Othello, he went South, and in December began an engagement at the National Theatre, New Orleans. As a star he reappeared at the Stadt Theatre on Nov. 6, 1867, in the role of Narcisse, and his last important professional act in this country was the production, for his benefit on Nov. 27, of the tragedy of "Maximilian," written by Dr. Krack of this city, and commanding an abnormal attention because of having for its basis the career of the hapless temporary ruler in Mexico. Having returned to his native land in 1868, he appeared at the theatres of Carlsruhe, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Breslau, etc. During the three seasons just past, he was director of the Nuremberg Theatre. Last October he was called to the directorship of the Bremen Theatre. The season had not fairly opened when the gravity of his disease warned him to return to his home in Auerbach. He never reached it, dying on the way at Darmstadt, on Oct. 29, of internal hemorrhage. We are not advised as to his family. His wife was an actress of much merit, and he also had a daughter upon the stage. While unfortunate with respect to Hoym's Theatre, he was sufficiently successful as a manager elsewhere to enable him to purchase an estate of three or four acres at Fort Lee, N. J., a small portion of which he subsequently disposed of for $6,000. To his professional duties he added those of an enlarged citizenship. In 1861 he was instrumental in raising the Forty-second Regiment of N. Y. Vols., and as captain of Co. H he accompanied it to the seat of war, his partner, Herr Hamann, meanwhile conducting the theatre. At White Oak Swamp, Va., June 30, 1862, in the Seven Days' Fight, he was wounded and taken prisoner. Having been exchanged, he reappeared at the Old Stadt, and his reception was one of the events of the season of 1862-3.

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., our correspondent wrote as follows on Nov. 18: "At McVicker's, Miss Mary Anderson's success financially has not been what her merits deserved. She began her engagement in 'Evadne' to a rather light attendance, but the business improved later in the week. 'Evadne' was repeated Tuesday, 'Ingomar' was given Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, and 'Romeo and Juliet' Friday night and Saturday matinee. The support by the company has been very good, J. W. Norton, who travels with her, lending efficient aid in the leading characters. Miss Anderson returns to her home in Louisville for the present. She has accepted a new play from the pen of Fred L. Greenwood, a young playwright of this city, which will probably be brought out during her engagement at Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore. During next (this) week, at McVicker's, the Kellogg Opera Company will appear Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights the stock company appear in 'The Great Divorce Case.'......At Haverly's Theatre, Stuart Robson and company appeared during the week beginning the 20th in his revised edition of 'The Two Men of Sandy Bar.'......At the Museum, 'A Case for Divorce,' by J. E. Kaler, business-manager of the theatre, has been put upon the stage in excellent style and very enjoyably played by the company. The piece is farcical to the verge of absurdity, and often broad to the broadest extent of French humor, but very bright and lively in dialogue and action, and withal the best play seen here in some time. The Misses Dolly Peak, Edna Cross and Belle Norton were each admirable in their characters, while Messrs. Griffiths, Wilson and Gunning were capital as the chief male personages. Mr. Hartwell had a wrong conception of his character, making it altogether too slangy. The piece will be continued another week, and 'A Bull in a China-shop,' supplemented by 'Italian Opera,' a little operatic sketch by Mr. Root of the well-known music firm of this city, will be given at the off matinees. Mr. Griffiths has in preparation 'Les Danicheff.'"

CONCERNING DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Cincinnati, O., our correspondent writes as follows on Nov. 18: "E. A. Sothern commenced a season of one week at the Grand Opera-house 13, in 'Our American Cousin,' which constituted the bill three nights and a matinee, 'A Hornet's Nest' being given the rest of the week. The attendance the first three nights was very fair, the change of bill, however, bringing full houses. Mr. Sothern had as support, in addition to the regular company of the theatre, Linda Dietz, J. H. Burnett, Mr. Cheever and Miss Storrs. His Dundreary proved as entertaining as ever. The salient features of his support were the Asa Trenchard of Walter Lennox, and Binney and Buddicombe (doubled) of Mr. Burnett, the latter's drunken scene being simply immense. The remainder of the cast was even and good, meriting no particular notice. Mr. Sothern's engagement terminates to-night. At the usual Wednesday matinee the stock company performed the 'Hidden Hand,' with Mr. Roche and Miss De Forrest in the principal characters. Rachel Macauley opens 20 in 'East Lynne,' followed by Adelaide Neilson 27......Augusta Dargon, supported by George Becks' Company, has appeared this week in a series of standard dramas at Wood's Theatre, the repertory embracing 'Deborah,' 'Henry VIII,' 'Camille,' 'London Assurance,' 'Queen Mary,' and 'Macbeth.' Miss Dargon has never before appeared as a star in this city, and has made an excellent impression in the various difficult roles she has assumed. The company is a strong one, embracing among others James H. Taylor, Joseph E. Nagle, Charles Loveday, George Becks, Rachel Noah, and Louisa Lyle. The attendance has been but moderate. The combination close this evening. On Monday, 20, the Haverley Minstrels open for one week. 27, Katie Putnam and Company. Dec. 4, John T. Raymond...... A portion of the company at the Grand started out with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' 13, to tour the neighboring towns."

FRANK S. CHANFRAU's second week at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., was fairly successful. "Kit the Arkansas Traveler" was played the first four nights of the week. "Sam" will be given to-night (17), and "The Octoroon" will close the engagement. The Florences begin a two weeks' engagement 20, and will be followed by Miss Neilson Dec. 3...... Mr. Vonden Osten, leading gentleman of Wurster's German Dramatic Company, will play Narcisse in English Dec. 8. Miss Rose Eytinge opens at the Opera-house Nov. 20 in "Rose Michel." Scenic-artist Watson has been busy for some time getting up new sets for this play......The German performances, which take place every Sunday night at the above theatres, are very popular......At Treasurer George Jones' benefit, which occurs at the Opera-house Nov. 18, the bill will consist of the burlesque of "Pocahontas" and an afterpiece. Ben De Bar will play King Powhattan.......John W. Norton of the Opera-house is in Chicago, supporting Miss Mary Anderson during her engagement there. Advices of Nov. 17.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, supported by May Howard and the regular company, appeared at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., last week, in "Brass," to appreciative audiences. Miss May Howard (her first appearance in this city) as Sybil Hawker charmed by her beauty, graceful manners and natural acting. Miss Marie Wellesley made a great deal of the part of Mary Markson, and developed ability to depict emotional characters. E. Varrey as the old Admiral, W. H. Bokee as Philip Markson, W. Treville as Mr. Wyvern, and W. Burton as John Masham were excellent. The other characters were fairly sustained. The scenery, furniture, appointments, etc., were all in good taste, and were much admired. Nov. 20, the stock company appears in "Married in Haste." Nov. 27, Mrs. Oates' Comic-opera Company. Letter of Nov. 19.

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY, with Miss Jane Coombs in a leading character, are to perform this week in Indianapolis, Ind.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to support Rose and Harry Watkins. See Advertisement.

RICE AND GOODWIN's extravaganza of "Evangeline" was produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 13, for the first time in that city. It is from the pen of J. Cheever Goodwin, and is marked by a dialogue replete with wit. The puns are plentiful, and the original music, by Edward E. Rice, which is well chosen, is of a pretty and inspiring nature. Besides being well written, the extravaganza enjoyed the advantage of being admirably acted. Miss Laura Joyce sustained the title-role with much spirit, although suffering from a severe cold, which interfered materially with her singing. Miss Kitty Blanchard made a pretty and interesting representative of Gabriel. George W. Howard infused a great deal of fun into the part of Le Blanc. Harry Josephs gave an amusing portraiture of Catharine, and N. C. Goodwin Jr. was very clever as Captain Deitrich, indulging in a marvelous "get-up." Harry Hunter in the pantomime role of the Lone Fisherman satisfactorily completed the cast. Golden and Dixey introduced the grotesque specialty of "The Heifer Dance," and met with much applause. "Evangeline" attracted a fair share of patronage, and will be repeated during the present week. Charlotte Thompson commences on the 27th inst.

JOSEPH M. SLOAN, a well-known pantomimist, now in Philadelphia, was on the 13th inst., in that city, presented with a gold medal by Tony Denier as a token of merit for assistance rendered as the Pantaloon in "Jack and Jill" during its late rendition in San Francisco. The medal is of solid gold, surrounded by a wreath and mounted by a spread-eagle, by which it is suspended to a scroll badge-pin. The presentation was made by J. F. Wallis on behalf of Mr. Denier.

THERE HAS BEEN quite a drop in amusements in Philadelphia since the departure of the Centennial pilgrims, and managers are now preparing new bills of fare for the entertainment of the resident population.

FROM TORONTO, ONT., our correspondent writes as follows under date of Nov. 17: "The Royal Opera-house was open Nov. 13, 17, with the Græco-Roman wrestlers, Bauer, Miller and Haygster, who drew large houses. The following is the company engaged for the coming season, which commences Nov. 20, the initial performance of which will be 'Rose Michel:' Manager, Joseph Gobay; business-manager, William G. Davis; treasurer, J. G. Cabal; scenic artist, Sig. Arrigoni; properties, James Jones; costumes, Mrs. Rainforth; carpenter, John Ambler; Neil Warner, C. W. Couldock, J. A. Smith, G. F. Ketchum, George Sands, Allen Halford, Harry Chester, J. R. Sparkman, R. Forsyth, W. Edmunds, Fred Montague, Sophie Miles, Annie Wakeman, Mrs. Harry Allen, Charlotte Neville, Nellie Clippendale, Grace V. Paynter, May Cushman......At the Grand Opera-house 'Conscience' was the attraction Nov. 13, 14, 15, 16. 'The Two Orphans' 17. In the first-named piece J. K. Vernon was very good as the Judge. Harry Clifton deserves considerable commendation as Eustace. B. G. Rogers was also good as the Doctor, but the remainder of the cast were not particularly deserving of any praise. Miss Claxton goes to Boston for two weeks Nov. 20. Nothing billed for week commencing Nov. 20. Mme. Janauschek begins Nov. 27......Grace V. Paynter, late walking-lady at the Grand, has joined the new company at the Royal."

MINNIE PALMER made her first appearance in Buffalo, N. Y., at the Academy of Music, Nov. 13, "Kisses" being the opening attraction. Our correspondent, writing on the 19th, says: "The nature of this play was very generally misunderstood, it having been billed as light, sentimental, and of the Lotta type, whereas it turned out to be a melodrama of the heaviest sort. The criticisms of the daily papers, although very favorable to the artist and her support, were harsh on the play, which had the effect to make business run light until 17, when it gave way to "The Ticket-of-leave Man," Miss Palmer assuming the role of Sam Willoughby, and making it the principal character of the play. This filled out the week, and business improved perceptibly with its production. Robert Brierly in the hands of T. F. Egberts was well sustained. George B. Waldron as Hawkshaw, E. F. Eberle as Dalton, J. B. Everham as Melter Moss, Isabel Waldron as May Edwards, and Mrs. Van Deren as Mrs. Willoughby, all appeared to advantage. Janauschek opens 20 for one week. Maggie Mitchell follows 27. The following changes have taken place in the Academy stock: Ed. Locke, comedian and stage-manager, goes to the Park Theatre, New York, to assume the same position there. Mr. Eberle, assistant stage-manager, assumes Mr. Locke's place here. Miss Van Deren, first old woman, also goes to the Park, being succeeded here by Mrs. Berrill. Mrs. Fisher, second old woman; J. E. McGregor, walking gent; M. J. Jorday, heavies; and W. B. Cahill, first low comedy, have been added to the company."

CHAPMAN'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMPANY gave "Pique" Nov. 16, and "The Big Bonanza" 17, at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J. The company is good, but the patronage they received was anything but encouraging. Particular mention may be made of A. H. Stuart, Ed. Chapman and Miss Stella Congdon. The latter in the character of Raitch in "Pique" displayed a good conception of the part, and kept the audience in a continual state of laughter. They went from here to Paterson, N. J., 18, and are billed in Elizabeth 20, Stamford, Ct., 21, South Norwalk 22, Bridgeport 23, 24, Waterbury 25. The Harrison company are booked for 27, 28, 29, 30 in "The Two Orphans," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the matinee 30 in the Institute Hall. Advices of Nov. 18.

"THE OCTOROON" was brought out at Music Hall, Portland, Me., Nov. 15, under the management of William Calder, and has attracted good houses. It has been presented with new scenery, and many new features have been introduced. William Calder gave an excellent performance of Salem Scudder. H. L. Bascomb's Jacob McClosky was a strong impersonation. J. L. Woodersen as Capt. Ball gave a good bit of acting, while his make-up was excellent. Belle Bailey was pleasing as Dora Sunnyside, and Alfy Chippendale excellent as Paul. Georgie Reignolds, who assumes the part of Zoe, was hardly equal to its requirements. The remaining parts were satisfactorily filled by C. W. Sutton, W. A. Donaldson, E. W. Beattie, C. R. Leonard, A. K. Adams, B. W. Reed, Miss S. Lewis, Adele Smith and others. Nov. 20, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be brought out. 27, Lizzie Walton will appear for one week. A sacred concert was to have been given Nov. 19 by the Arion Quartet of Boston, and Chandler's Orchestra, under C. R. Percival's management......The Portland Museum is to be reopened Dec. 4 under the management of Miss Fanny Marsh, who is now in New York making up her company......Stetson's Dramatic and Pantomime Company had a crowded house Nov. 14. The performances as a whole were not up to the standard of previous ones given here under Mr. Stetson's management. Letter of Nov. 18.

AT ROBERTS' OPERA-HOUSE, Hartford, Ct., Amy Stone appeared in "How She Loved Him" Nov. 16 to a fair-sized audience......Janauschek appeared 17 as Deborah in "The Jewish Maiden" before an audience that filled the theatre in every part...... Jarrett & Palmer's Combination acted "Julius Cæsar" 18. A small audience was in attendance.

JANAUSCHEK and a company, under Manager Henderson appeared at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Nov. 13, 14, 15, to large houses. "Macbeth," "Mary Stuart" and "Deborah" were the pieces given. The star was enthusiastically received. The regular season opens 23 with the following new company: Emily Baker, Georgie Langley, Belle Melville, Augusta Chambers, Isabella Preston, Jennie Wilson, Mrs. John Ferris, Annie King, Misses Waterman and Shaw, Henry W. Mitchell, Alfred H. Hastings, R. F. Fuller, George Jordan, C. H. Clark, R. Moriarty, M. W. Langan, W. Springer, J. N. Beers, J. Taylor, W. Harding, T. Marling, R. Learney. The play selected for the opening night is "Women of the Day." The theatre is now being refitted in its various departments. Advices of Nov. 19.

FURBISH'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMBINATION began an engagement of one week at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 13, presenting "Divorce" 13, 14, 15, 16, and matinee 18, "Mons. Alphonse" 17, and "Article 47" 18. The company met with only indifferently good patronage, the weather and election excitement both being adverse. From there they go to Terre Haute, Ind. E. A. Sothern begins 20 for five nights and one matinee......At Library Hall, Miss Genevieve Rogers, supported by Frank E. Aiken's company, performed in her play of "Maud Muller," presented there for the first time, and continued throughout the week to fair business. This troupe opens in Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 20, from where they proceed to New Orleans, La. On the evening of Nov. 16 some person relieved Frank Bosworth, stage-manager, of a fine overcoat, two pair of wrist-mufflers, a pair of fur-tipped gloves, and some valuable papers, none of which have as yet been recovered.

CHARLES WALCOT, supported by the company from the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, appeared in Reading, Pa., Nov. 16, before a fine audience, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The scenery and costumes were accurate. The Falstaff of Mr. Walcott was a praiseworthy rendition, and elicited applause. W. A. Chapman's Dr. Caius was a brilliant piece of acting. Mrs. E. L. Davenport and Mrs. Chas. Walcot deserve special commendation for their excellent acting of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford. H. E. Meredith as Francis Ford, Lin Harris as George Page, H. E. Chase as Shallow, E. Wilks as Slender, W. H. Wallis as Sir Hugh Evans, Sam Hemple as Host of the Garter, Mrs. W. A. Chapman as Dame Quickley, and Lizzie Creese as Anne Page rendered good support. They played at Pottsville 17, Norristown 18. Correspondence dated Nov. 18.

"OUR BOYS" was first produced in this country on the 20th of September, 1875, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and there enjoyed a run of four weeks; was revived there on the 26th of June, 1876, and has had since an uninterrupted lease of life up to the 18th of November, when it received its 174th representation at that theatre. "Money" will be presented during the current week, followed on the 27th inst. by the production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, will present "School for Scandal" during the present week, with Mrs. John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Smith, Miss Helen Houghton and Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, M. Lanagan, W. H. Leake and Harry Lacy included in its cast. Anna Dickinson commences an engagement here Nov. 27 as Anne Boleyn, in her own play of "The Crown of Thorns."

THE EXTRAVAGANZA of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" will be produced at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for one week, commencing Nov. 27.

CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY (the Buffalo Boys) will produce their new drama, "The Two Foundlings," on Thanksgiving night, Nov. 30, at the Grand Opera-house, Wilmington, Del. "The Two Foundlings" has been adapted by William Carleton the comedian from Marryatt's novel "Japhet in Search of a Father."

JOSEPH D. MURPHY, formerly treasurer of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and lately connected with the Centennial Exhibition as an inspector of admissions, was recently presented by the employes with a set of resolutions of their thanks and esteem, inclosed in a handsome gold frame.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE OF ELKS purpose opening shortly in Philadelphia a handsomely fitted-up club-room, where the members can indulge in social intercourse, and hospitably entertain their visiting friends of the fraternity. The proceeds of the Elks' annual benefit in December next will be devoted to the above-mentioned project.

THERESA WOOD, whose Carline was one of the features of "The Black Crook" during its production in Philadelphia, has canceled her engagement for the season by the advice of her physician, and will not appear again on the stage until her health is fully restored.

DURING THE "Evangeline" Combination's season of two weeks at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the dramatic company of the last-named establishment, under the management of John F. Gorman, will play in Norristown, Reading, Lancaster, Pottsville, Wilmington and Trenton.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was repeated at the evening performances, with "The Two Orphans" at the matinees, the latter play being given for the 141st consecutive and last time at this theatre on the afternoon of the 17th inst. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Bobby Newcomb and W. H. Bailey in the leading roles, will be given afternoon and evening during the present week. The managers of this establishment for the last five months—A. R. Van Horn, James H. Mead, and Wm. Davidge Jr.—have been tendered a complimentary benefit, which will take place on the afternoon and evening of the 29th inst.

P. W. GOATCHER, scenic artist at the principal London theatres, has been engaged by Manager McDonough to fill a like position at Simpson's Museum, Philadelphia, which will be opened on Dec. 4.

AMONG the many entertainments of the Centennial season in Philadelphia, none have enjoyed a fuller attendance than the spectacular drama of "Around the World in Eighty Days," at the Kiralfys' Alhambra Palace, where it was given for the last time on the evening of the 18th inst. During its last week the ballet troupe was strengthened by the return of Mlles. Letourneur and Bemmelsberg and Mons. Gavans, W. H. Sheldon enacting Passe Partout, with the remainder of the cast unchanged. This theatre will be closed during the present week to allow of rehearsals of the new spectacle of "Azurine, or a Voyage to the Earth," which will be produced for the first time on the 27th inst., on which occasion Gustavus Dore's drop-curtain—"the only one ever painted by this artist"—will be unrolled for the first time.

JOHN DILLON and Marie Louise Dillon, supported by J. H. Wallack's company, perform in Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 22, 23, Indianapolis, Ind., 25, one week. Terre Haute, Lafayette and Logansport to follow. Business is reported good.

KATE RANOE, in the sensational play of "The Revolt of the Commune," in which she recently appeared at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., has been the recipient of a number of complimentary notices from the press of that city, extracts from which are published in her card elsewhere.

A LEADING LADY and two singing chambermaids are wanted for a comedy company. See Harry Marshall's advertisement.

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CLIPPER we chronicled the death by suicide of the well-known actor F. A. Fitzgerald. The following poem, which tells of his own gloomy forebodings, and which was written by him a few weeks before his death, we copy from *The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Mirror*, in which paper it originally appeared:

THE LAST ACT.

[Many old actors will remember the author of "John, Jean and Jonathan," a satirical comedy, played, I think, at the Arch-street Theatre in 1854. A conversation with him a short time before his death suggested the following lines:]

Dark was the night! In gloom profound
The city lay, and scarce a sound
Of human feet or human voice
Was heard around,

As through the haze of mist the lamps
Shone dimly red, to light the tramps
Who hastened through its ghostly gloom,
Chilled with its damps;

Who hastened each into his lair,
Whence wolfish want and wan despair—
Twin beasts that prey on human kind—
In anger glare.

One form passed by that seemed to me
Familiar—"Wayne!" I cried. "Ah, me!"
A wailing, trembling voice replied,
"'Tis him you see!"

"Heavens! can it be? The gifted Wayne
A beggar?" "Yes! to beg is gain;
To live I beg, though hating it
Worse than Hell's pain!

"Come! yonder is a den where sin
Runs riot in debauch. Within
Its doors are life and drink—
Life, light and gin."

In that last word I read his doom—
A pauper's death, a pauper's tomb.
"Ah, me! who weds himself to drink
Is Misery's groom."

With trembling hands he grasped the cup!
"Why, this is but an infant's sup!
More! more! Within my breast the fires
Of Hell flame up!

"And aye—within, above, below,
In boxes, pit and gallery, lo!
A spectral throng—they gibe at me,
They call! I go.

"This, my last act—my failing breath,
Dimmed sight, the earth that reels beneath—
All tell me that the end is near;
The drama, Death!"

P. A. FITZGERALD.

KATIE PUTNAM opened at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 13, in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Our correspondent, writing on the 17th, says: "Miss Putnam is a clever actress, and her rendition of Little Nell and the Marchioness was appreciated by large audiences. Mr. Bates as Dick Swiveller was hardly up to the standard of expectation. This gentleman severed his connection on the 16th inst., and his place was filled by Mr. Sullivan, manager of the company. Mr. Coleman's Quilp was one of the leading features of the play. Harry Linden's Grandfather Trent, Mr. Curtis' Sampson Brass, and Mrs. Post as Sally Brass, are also worthy of commendation. For Miss Putnam's benefit, Friday evening, a comedy-drama by Mrs. Ettie Henderson, entitled 'Tot the Match Girl,' will be produced......Annie E. Dickinson will appear on the 20th.......The Opera-house did not open on Monday evening, owing to the sudden indisposition of Adelaide Neilson. The lady appeared, however, on Tuesday evening as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' with Eben Plympton as Orlando. Miss Neilson in the mimic love-making scenes with Orlando showed to advantage. Mr. Plympton's Orlando was fine, as were Mr. Willard's Banished Duke, Mr. Mainhall's Duke Frederick, and Miss Fletcher's Celia. The minor characters were well handled. Mr. Bock as Jaques was uneven and stagy, and Mr. Stockwell was overweighted as Touchstone. The play was repeated on Thursday evening. Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee 'Romeo and Juliet' was produced, with Miss Neilson as Juliet. Her rendition of this character is very fine, but she can hardly be considered a great actress. The death-scene was considerably marred by portions of the audience withdrawing during its progress, causing those who remained to miss some of the best points. Mr. Plympton's Romeo was excellent. Mr. Bock as Mercutio, Mr. Willard as Paris, Dean as Friar Laurence, Miss Herbert as Lady Capulet, and Mrs. Holmes as Nurse, played judiciously and well. Miss Neilson does not appear on Saturday evening, but the stock company produce 'Bertha the Sewing-machine Girl.' Houses large. Nov. 20 John E. Owens as Solon Shingle."

"ROSE-MARIE," the latest novelty at the Museum, Boston, Mass., was brought out on Monday last, but has not met with success, wrote our correspondent on Nov. 18, continuing: "It is a dramatization from the French, and the work of Mr. Fred Williams. The cast given it was as follows: Jacques Bridault, Charles Barron; Levardier, William Warren; Mons. Popelin, R. F. McClannin; Henri Truchot, O. H. Barr; Paul Chanteloup, F. G. Cotter; De Fabrias, G. W. Wilson; Toulssant, J. Burrows; Notary, F. Saunders; Rose-Marie, Annie Clarke; Mme. Truchot, Mary Cary. It is in four acts, and is a play of considerable interest; but few things seem to attract nowadays. Mr. Barron made an excellent Jacques, and Mr. Warren as Levardier appeared to advantage. Mr. Wilson as De Fabrias was very satisfactory, and Mr. McClannin as Mons. Popelin played well. Messrs. Barr, Cotter, Burrows and Saunders were all that could be desired. Miss Clarke as Rose-Marie and Miss Cary as Madame Truchot bore the burdens of the feminine portion of the cast, and were both of them most successful. The scenery was fair, as was the general mounting of the piece. To-night, for Chas. Barron's benefit, 'The Three Guardsmen' and 'A Conjugal Lesson' form the bill, and on Monday 'Ruy Blas' and 'My Turn Next' will be given. Tuesday 'Marble Heart,' Wednesday and Thursday 'Wanted, A Divorce,' and 'Indian Summer.' Friday and Saturday an entertainment by amateurs only, when the Amaranth Dramatic Club will give performances of 'The Ticket-of-leave Man' as a complimentary testimonial to a Miss E. J. Merrill. On the 27th another new play from the French will be produced, this time a military drama illustrative of events during 'The Commune of '71.' 'Virginius' and 'The Iron Mask' are in preparation......At the Globe, Stuart Robson closes his engagement this afternoon, and starts at once for Chicago, where he opens on Monday night as Col. Starbottle. Quite a jump—Boston to Chicago. This evening the first performance of the Soldene Company takes place, the programme including 'Madame L'Archiduc' and 'Trial by Jury,' which will also be repeated on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday 'Chilperic.'......Col. Sellers is at the Boston Theatre this week, doing a very fair business. His support has been very good. E. D. Buckley as Clay Hawkins and Mrs. Thos. Barry as Laura Hawkins were especially effective. The scenery was first-class, the explosion of the Amaranth being particularly well managed. To-night is the last performance, and on Monday Kate Claxton appears in 'Conscience.' 'Sardanapalus' is in preparation."

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the programme presented during the week ending Nov. 18 was marked by an agreeable variety, and included as fresh features the serio-comic vocalism of Emma Brennan, the juggling feats of Joseph Norton, the musical specialties of Fields and Hoey, and Mlle. Alexandrina and Fred Warner's musical sketch, concluding with the sensational drama of "Yacup," in which George W. Thompson gave a vigorous and acceptable rendition of the title-role. Buffalo Bill in his drama of "The Scouts of the Plains" opens on the 20th, and will be the novel attraction of the current week.

"LOST IN LONDON," considering the interference of extraordinary political excitement, had quite a successful run at Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., closing with the performance of Nov. 11. On the 12th Joseph Murphy opened a two weeks' engagement in "Kerry Gow." Our correspondent, under date of Nov. 14, says: "The audience which greeted his inaugural performance was remarkable for its numbers and enthusiasm, the theatre being literally packed from pit to dome, standing-room included. The supporting cast was one of general excellence, Mise Emma Wilmot endowing the part of Norah with an emotional warmth peculiarly acceptable. W. H. Power gave to the role of Raymond Drew all the strength of which it is capable. J. F. Pike as Major Gruff, Walter Kelly as Valentine Ray, Miss Connie Thompson as Alice Doyle, Roland Reed as Sergeant Bull, and H. B. Hudson as Capt. Basil Sidney were all thoroughly acceptable. At the close of his present engagement Mr. Murphy will appear in Cincinnati......The opening of the Varieties Theatre under the management of Mr. Chas. Pope, on the evening of Nov. 13, was an event which called together an audience of unusual brilliancy. The impression created by the inauguration performance is in every respect so favorable as to be prophetic of a prosperous season. The play selected for the occasion, 'Our Boys,' had never before been presented in this city, and it was brought out with excellent scenic appointments, a strong and even cast, and received at once into marked popular favor. Miss Rosa Rand gave a very bright and vivacious rendition of the role of Mary Melrose. J. F. Wheelock gave evidence of a very careful study and correct conception of the character of Talbot Champneys. Perkyn Middlewick received a good interpretation at the hands of Russell Soggs. A slight lack of evenness is the only unfavorable criticism which perhaps can be applied to it—quite pardonable in view of a first appearance in the role, and of its prominence in the piece. W. H. Southard's Charles Middlewick was none too strong or well-defined. The Misses Agnes Proctor and Addie Kunkle were excellent in the roles of Violet Melrose and Miss Champneys, and Miss Fannie Lee especially good in Belinda. 'Our Boys' will remain the attraction, with two matinees each week, until Nov. 27, when Mr. Sothern is announced as the first stellar attraction. The following are the officers of the theatre: Lessee, Charles T. Howard; manager, Charles Pope; treasurer, J. Kittredge; chief doorkeeper, Edward Flood; scenery, Harry Dressel; orchestra, Richard Madden; prompter, J. H. Brown; costumer, Mrs. R. J. Brown; master machinist, Harry Jensen; property-maker, F. H. Quick; calcium and illuminations, A. R. Bagnetto. A full list of the company has already appeared in THE CLIPPER."

LILLIE COLEMAN advertises for an engagement as general utility lady.

KIRALFYS' "Around the World" began a week's season in Detroit, Mich., Nov. 13, enjoying large houses and pleasing the people......John Thompson opens there Nov. 29 for four nights.

AFTER AN UNBROKEN QUIET of twelve weeks, the amusement season in Fort Wayne, Ind., was opened by Lucille Western, supported by Stevens' Company, Nov. 15, with "East Lynne." She presented "Green Bushes" 16 to a good house. Route: Indianapolis 20, one week, Terre Haute 27, Vincennes 28, Evansville 29, 30, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1, one week, where Miss Western closes with Stevens, who will then take Sothern as his star.

THE KATIE PUTNAM COMEDY COMPANY is organized for this season as follows: J. J. Sullivan, proprietor and manager; John E. Warner, business-manager; Charles F. Richards, treasurer; Harry Linden, stage-manager; the Misses Katie Putnam, Sara Alexander, Clara Curtis, E. P. Mortimer, Kate Coleman, Fanny Norelle, Mrs. E. M. Post, Messrs. E. Coleman, Harry Linden, Frank Curtis, J. Sullivan, H. D. Gale, J. H. Reddy, Walter Hine, J. J. Macready, George Allen, George Gaynor, and W. B. Reed.

"LIGHT AT LAST" is the title of a new drama written by Archibald Gordon of Brooklyn, L. I., for Mr. Sothern.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS, supported by J. C. McCollom, commenced a five nights' engagement at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13. Business opened only fair, but steadily increased during the week. "Mary Stuart" was produced Nov 13, "The Hunchback" 14, "Queen Elizabeth" 15, "Lady Audley's Secret" 16. In this Mrs. Bowers was ably supported by J. C. McCollom. Miss Emma Pierce as Alicia was easy and natural, while Mr. Bradshaw's make-up and acting as Luke Marks were excellent. Mr. Haviland as Sir Michael appeared to advantage, and acted the character in a creditable manner. Mr. Duffield as George Talboys and F. O. Smith as Sir Harry, were good. The other characters were played with uniform excellence by the company, which embraced Mrs. Preston, Florence Freeman, Mrs. Horton, Miss Bronson, J. F. Cross and R. H. Evans. "Camille" was given 17, and "Mary Stuart" at the matinee 18, when the engagement closed. Saturday evening Mrs. Annie Cogswell acted in "Ingomar" before a fair audience. Lotta is billed for 20. Letter of Nov. 18.

JAMES DELMON GRACE.—This once prominent professional died in Providence, R. I., on the 15th inst. It may be said of him that, powerless to walk, and almost helpless from paralysis, he had for years lived only in the shadow of that grave to which a supreme moment of mercy has at last consigned him. Almost from the time that he first became physically unfitted for any portion of his vocation, he had been dependent upon the thoughtfulness of his former fellow-actors of both sexes; and it is to be chronicled, in further proof of the generosity of the theatrical profession, that he was remembered frequently by many of those to whom Fortune had been more helpful than she had proved to him. These little kindnesses were the rifts of sunshine that made the shadow endurable, and the recollection of them must oftentimes have been to him a source of more than momentary pleasure. As an actor he was admirable when in his prime, his fine presence being accentuated by a pleasing style that made him a favorite both in the theatre and in the social circle. Little that we deem authentic is now accessible as to his early dramatic career. All that is set down in the published books of stage-biographies is that "he was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1827, traveled with Sol Smith's Dramatic Company in the South, with his wife (Charlotte Crampton), in 1843, playing under the name of Delmon; first appeared in Cincinnati on Aug. 10, 1845, at Shiers' Garden, as Claude Melnotte; and first appeared in New York July 18, 1848, at Burton's Theatre, as Walter Gay." Assuming that there is no mistake as to 1833 and 1827, he was probably born in 1817, although that would make him still but sixteen years old when, as a married man, he was playing under the name of Delmon. On the other hand, if 1827 is correct, the 1833 should be 1843. He was probably nearer 53 years old than either 49 or 59. Leaving these discrepancies to be adjusted by some of the elder of our theatrical readers, we shall begin at a period familiar to many of the younger ones. J. D. Grace was of the company with which, on July 10, 1848, William E. Burton opened Palmo's Opera-house as "Burton's Chambers-street Theatre." During the season that followed prior to Aug. 16, but on this date Brougham's "Dombey & Son" (there first produced on any stage July 24, 1848) was brought out in its reconstructed form, and Grace, as Walter Gay, took the place of James C. Dunn. On Sept. 7, when Brougham's "Capture of Captain Cuttle" was first produced, Grace played Feeder; on the 11th, when Milton's "Comus" was brought out "for the first time in America" (an error of the bills), he was the Elder Brother; and on Oct 2, when the antiquated drama of "The Broken Heart" was first acted on any stage under the now more familiar title of "The Toodles" (what had been Mr. and Mrs. Tweedle were rechristened Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Toodle, and soon became Toodles, all the other characters remaining unchanged), Grace acted Charley Fenton. These are the only noteworthy incidents of his career at Burton's that season, which ended in June, 1849, his last part there being Feeder on the closing night. The seasons of 1849-51 he passed at the West, mainly in Cincinnati. Returning to New York, he made his first appearance at Niblo's Garden, June 10, 1851, as Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal." With the close of that Summer season he withdrew again from this city, joining the forces at the Providence Museum on Sept 6. There he was leading man for a long time, and became a great favorite. That house being burned, its manager built Forbes' Theatre, and, as Charles Surface, the Grace was of the company that inaugurated it on Sept. 6, 1854. Thence he came to this city, and on Oct. 30, 1854, as Ruy Gomez in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," made his first appearance at the Broadway Theatre. Here his versatility was called into play; and, besides being the original representative in America of Chizzleton in the farce of "My Friend the Major," and the original in this city of Wilderpate in Robson's play of "Love and Loyalty" (brought from England by E. L. Davenport), he supported the Richings Troupe as Col. Mannering in "Guy Mannering," and established Miss Jean Davenport (Lander), Miss Agnes Robertson (Boucicault) in "Asmodeus," Miss Eloise Bridges in her week of debut on the dramatic stage, Miss M. E. Makeah (Vandenhoff), Edwin Forrest, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport in such business as Capt. Crosstree in "Black-eyed Susan," Malcolm Graeme, Lartes, Francis ("The Stranger"), Claudius ("Much Ado About Nothing"), Rolando ("The Honeymoon"), Sir Thos. Clifford, De Beringhen ("Richelieu"), Lorenzo ("St. Marc"), and Michael ("William Tell"), in which last-named part he closed at the Broadway on May 25, 1855, to make his last appearance at that house. It was in this year that the memorable Shakespearian Tableaux, in which he impersonated Hamlet, were produced at our Academy of Music. When the old Bowery Theatre first opened its doors under the lesseeship of John Brougham, on the 30th of Aug., 1856, he made his bow there as Banquo to the Macbeth of Charles Fisher and the Lady Macbeth of Mme. Ponisi. Thence he went to the Charleston (S. C.) Theatre for the season of 1856-7, opening Nov. 3. When the new theatre in St. John, N. B., was opened, May 18, 1857, he became its leading man and stage-manager. Returning once again to this vicinity, on June 22, 1857, as lessee, he began an experiment with the luckless Newark, N. J., Theatre. The venture was not successful, and he went with E. L. Davenport to the Howard Athenæum for the season of 1857-8. Can we now be restored to this city, being engaged for leading business at what was still called "Burton's New Theatre," though Burton had abandoned its direct management. The most ambitious part he essayed here was Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Miss Fanny Morant, on Jan. 4, 1858. After Burton's Dave closed, he went back to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, opening April 25, 1859. He was engaged for the New Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre subsequently, but could not have remained there long, as late in the Fall of 1859, as in the Spring of 1860, he was starring in this city. During his latter essay at that house being as Claude Melnotte on Nov. 13. We believe that in the latter part of 1860 he became stage-manager of the Boudoir, a cosy but short-lived theatre in Boston, and there, in December of that year, a comedy from his pen, and entitled "Mutual Insurance," was produced. After this he branched off into a new line, that of a Yankee comedian. Late in 1861 he went to England under engagement with Dion Boucicault, and on Feb. 11, 1862, opened at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, as Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon." After a successful engagement at the Amphitheatre, in that city, in April, he reached this city in the Summer, and on Aug. 25, 1862, began at the Winter Garden for the season. When Gabriel Harrison, on Sept. 10, 1863, opened the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, Mr. Grace was at the head of its staff, and thence he went South to the Louisville and other theatres as a star, playing Jonathan Ploughboy in "The Forest Rose," and kindred characters. The last season at Barnum's Old Museum, destroyed by fire July 13, 1865, was inaugurated on Sept. 12, 1864, and he was of the company, opening in C. W. Taylor's new Masonic drama of "The Signet of King Solomon." In the following August he again went to England, accompanied by Thomas McKeon of Philadelphia, and on Oct. 2, as Salem Scudder, opened at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, Ireland. While abroad he also made a feature of Solon Shingle. After his return he confined himself chiefly to the Southern theatres, ultimately becoming a mere prompter. In the Spring of 1868 he was so severely attacked by rheumatism that in May he was forced to lie up in Manchester, N. H. This was the beginning of his fatal illness. Contemplating another trip to England in the hope of relief, he was tendered a matinee benefit at Barney Williams' Broadway Theatre, near Broome street, this city, on Feb. 3, 1869. The weather was inordinately tempestuous, and the receipts amounted to but $160. Since 1870 he had resided in Providence, R. I., paralyzed. He had been married thrice, we think. From his first wife, who is dead, he separated; the second, Mrs. Sarah K. T. Grace, died in Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 8, 1865; and the third, if there really was such, may yet be living. Among those who had aided him in his illness were Mme. Janauschek, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Manager Henderson of Providence, F. S. Chanfrau and Lester Wallack. His funeral took place on the 17th inst., from his late residence, No. 4 West Hoyle street, the Rev. Henry W. Rugg of the Episcopal Church officiating. Interment being in the North-end Cemetery, and the pall-bearers Wm. H. Allen, W. H. Sheppard, Henry Fuller and John Cuff. It remains but to add that physical infirmity had not impaired the vigor of his mind. The announcement of the funeral service says "in the 53d year of his age," no doubt a correct estimate. A Providence paper states that he left no relatives.

ADELAIDE VANCE'S COMBINATION gave two performances at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, Nov. 17, and matinee 18, appearing in "Cross and Crown." The company did not appear Saturday night, owing to the indisposition of Miss Vance. The support was very indifferent, and the attendance small. The company left on the 19th for Lynchburg. [Miss Vance's manager writes to us, under date of Nov. 20, "that, owing to Miss Vance's ill-health, being disappointed in obtaining a good company, she has decided to disband her company and return to New York.—ED. CLIPPER.].....The Ghost Show, composed of ten performers, and giving two exhibitions daily, will occupy the theatre this week. John T. Ford's company are announced for the 27th.

JOHN E. OWENS was the star at the Brooklyn, L. I., Theatre last week.

MRS. H. C. FERGUSON, who was for some half-a-dozen seasons a prominent member of the Amaranth Society (amateur), made her debut on the professional stage at the Brooklyn, L. I., Theatre, Nov. 17, acting quite successfully Belinda in "Our Boys," which impersonation she repeated at the matinee and evening performances of 18. She has been unfortunate in the selection of a name for stage purposes—Mrs. Fred Williams—there being a professional lady of the same name, who has been prominently before the public for some years; and unless the change it will be found to the detriment of her professional career it will probably prove a source of inconvenience to her in the future.

TONY DENIER, the well-known clown, while in this city, about four weeks ago, ordered to be manufactured, by a well-known jewelry house, four solid gold medals for Wm. Voegtlin, scenic artist; Gus Grenlock, Mr. Dove of San Francisco, and Joseph M. Sloan of Philadelphia. Mr. Denier received them in Chicago Nov. 15, and expressed them to the several recipients. They are slight tokens of Tony's appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered him during his late pantomime production at Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco. The medals are very beautiful, and the one sent to Joseph Sloan, a correspondent informs us, is valued at $250. It is surrounded by a wreath, and is mounted by a spread eagle, by which it is suspended to a scroll badge-pin. On the face is inscribed: "Tony Denier to Jos. M. Sloan the Pantaloon." On the reverse is: "Jack and Jill." San Francisco, Sept. 4, 1876."

LOTTA closed a successful engagement at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Nov. 18. She began 13 in "Musette," which was acted three nights, and then appeared in "Zip" for a like period. The stock company lent admirable support, several members thereof achieving notable successes. Of these Sam Reed, the second comedian of the theatre, who was cast for Billy Bokus in the first-named and Philosophy Jack in "Zip," in both instances furnished clever delineations. Curley made a hit as Timothy Tilters in "Musette," while Fulton Russell, Hattie O'Neill and Mrs. Eberle merit praise for the good acting they exhibited throughout. The Carlberg Italian-opera Company, Eugenie Pappenheim prima-donna, will constitute the attraction at this establishment Monday and Tuesday evenings, and for the rest of the week. Chas. Fechter and Lizzie Price are announced. On the opera nights the stock go to Troy to support Fechter.....The Jarrett & Palmer Combination presented "Julius Cæsar" at Martin Hall 14, drawing a good house. Letter of Nov. 19.

IN TOLEDO, O., Lucille Western and a company acted Nov. 13 in "East Lynne," and 14 in "Green Bushes."..... Salsbury's Troubadours performed 17, 18, with a matinee on latter date. They go into the oil regions for the week commencing 20, and perform in Buffalo, N. Y., the week beginning 27.

THROUGH THE DISBANDING of several combinations who were under engagement to appear at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, that theatre is closed, and not likely to open before Dec. 4.

FLORENCE FAIRCHILD commences a tour of five weeks Nov. 27, appearing in the play of "Cruel Destiny," written for her by Messrs. Lancaster and Magnus. She will be supported by a carefully-selected company, of which Lewis Morrison will be the leading artist. Dates can be arranged through Chas. Melville, as per card.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON was the chief attraction at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week, presenting "The Crown of Thorns" each evening except Saturday. In the impersonation of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, Miss Dickinson, considering the short time she has been before the public as an actress, did well. The support by the regular stock was good, with the exception of one or two who were not quite up to the standard. On Saturday evening "Fanchon" was presented, with Miss Effie E. Elisler as Fanchon and John A. Elsler as Father Barbeaud, his first appearance this season, Nov. 20, Henrietta Chanfrau, supported by C. W. Taylor's company.

A JUVENILE MAN, walking gentleman and a utility man are wanted for Boyd's Star Company. Address James Harrison, as per card.

THE SUTTAN BROTHERS, gymnasts and acrobats, now performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., publish their address in another column; also a press extract which speaks very favorably of their performances.

THE TUDORS—John and Amy—specialty artists and dancers, who have performed with success at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, advertise for engagements.

A LADY GYMNAST is wanted by Matthews and Leopold to assist them in the Ladder-of-life Act. Address care of this office.

TOM MAY FINK'S COMBINATION the following have already been engaged: The Misses Alice Newton, Phoss McAllister, Adelaide F. Eaton, Agnes Delaney, Messrs. Charles Dade, Charles E. Newton, Harry T. Kelly, Charles Warwick, Harry Sinclair, Joseph Bogie, M. J. Dillon and Robert Wood. This company is to perform in both Norwalk and Danbury, Ct., on the same day, a special train having been chartered for the purpose.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., owing to the non-arrival of our correspondent's letter, we can only brief items of amusements in that city during the week ending Nov. 11. The Grand Opera-house was announced to open 13, under the management of Charles Wheatleigh, with "Wanted, A Divorce." Leonard Grover's comedy of "Our Boarding-house" and "The Connie Soogah" are underlined.....At Baldwin's Academy of Music, Miss Clara Thompson and her English-opera Troupe closed their season Nov. 11. The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell were to have appeared 13.....At the California Theatre, "Old Titles" was produced Nov. 6, but proved a failure, and gave way 10 to "The Two Orphans," with Miss Millie Wilton and Kate Mayhew as the orphans, which ran the rest of the week. Frank Mayo and Miss Josephine Laurens are underlined for 13.....At Maguire's Opera-house the Georgia Minstrels continued their performances.....George Rignold arrived from Australia Nov. 10. He reports that George Chaplin has joined J. A. Bartlett, Frederick Thorne and others, and have taken the "Henry V" scenery for a tour of the interior towns of Australia.

A LEADING HEAVY ACTRESS is wanted as per card of Carlisle & Caverly.

MR. C. E. BONFACE can be engaged to produce "American a Gold" by addressing as per advertisement.

FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS are wanted by Manager Sinn to perform at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1. See card.

HOWES CLIFFORD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Marquette, Mich., Nov. 16, 17, 18, and are billed in Negaunee 20, Ishpeming 21, 22, Escanaba 23, Menomonee 24, 25, Oconto 27, 28, Green Bay, Wis., 29, 30, Dec. 1, 2, thence to Milwaukee. The company includes Felix A. Vincent and Eva Vincent as the stars of the combination, George W. Waters, Lester Burton, J. Hazen, W. Banks, H. Barrett, Frank Mortimer, R. P. Graham, Clara Baker, Nellie Walters, Ada Perkins and Mrs. George Walters.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA SEASON at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., was quite a success. Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mlle. Palmieri, no opera was given Nov. 14, the only time the house was dark during the engagement with Swaetnam's Minstrels, Philadelphia, Nov. 20.

LADY PERFORMERS are wanted at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa. See card.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, business continues good, the novel features last week being the serio-comic vocalism of Miss Annie Harris and Flake, the song-and-dances of Mlle. Henrietta, and the concluding sensational drama of "Champion Jack, the Philadelphia Bootblack." On the evening of the 18th inst., John R. Lane, the business and stage manager of this theatre, was agreeably surprised by the public presentation of a valuable Masonic compass and square, with a diamond in the centre, this valuable gift being from Harry Enochs and the gentlemen of the company as a slight token of their respect and esteem for his good management during the past season. The Lord Sisters closed here on the 18th inst. The Moncayo Family, Clifton and Forepaugh, Neoskeleata and Prof. Gorman open on the 20th inst.

MLLE. DE ROSA, premiere danseuse, made application on the 16th inst., in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, for a warrant for the arrest of W. G. Clarkson, who is alleged to have defrauded her of several thousand dollars, and who is now a fugitive. The application was granted.

THE ATTENDANCE during the past week has been very fair at Madame Dudlow Theatre, Reading, Pa. Of the new arrivals, Butler and Mackie were good in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and Charles Loder in German songs and clogs received quite an ovation. In the absence of Kate Forrest, who left for Philadelphia Nov. 13, Mme. Duclos danced several fine solos in the Minuet. The Sisters Howard and Miss Howard were seen in new and taking acts. Bob Brimmer's bone-solo and essence are artistic. On the 16th, during the Minuet, while Wenona Bridges was dancing a pas, her dress took fire at the footlights, and serious results might have followed but for the prompt action of Joseph Engelmen, a patron in the audience, who rushed to the stage and saved Miss Bridges by extinguishing the flames. Harry Blanchard goes to New York 21, and Dan Sully and J. H. West have formed a partnership, and will leave for Baltimore 23, where they are under engagement. Harry and Clara Fielding and Harry Blanchard were tendered a benefit at the Grand Opera-house 18, and were assisted by many prominent performers and Messrs. Brimmer, Butler and Mackie, Wenona Bridges and H. J. Munroe of Duclos' Theatre. Financially it was a success. Dan Sully also volunteered. Advices of Nov. 18.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., Tommy Granger, Clark Bros., Walter Benn and Fanny Anderson were the new features. The Brothers Clark did not appear, although billed. In the olio Tommy Granger's song-and-dance, Tim Rogers' Irish eccentricities, Clark Brothers' musical act, Barrie Durrell's songs, Hank Mudge's clog and James Gaynor's banjo specialities all took well. Monroe's graceful slack-wire walking and the Morosco Family in ground and lofty tumbling achieved a decided success. "The Two Orphans" was produced at this house, and has been running well as an afterpiece, with H. W. Williams and Walter Benn as Jaques, and Pierre and Lucy Clifton and Fanny Lee as the Orphans. Business good. Departures: Hank Mudge, James Gaynor, Myles Morris and Barrie Durrell, to the Oil Regions; and the Morosco Family, to Baltimore, Arrivals 20: Lulu Mortimer, Shaffer and Slavin and George W. Hunter.....Next week Lawton, variety performers, were in this city on the 17th, going East. Letter dated Nov. 17.

THE REOPENING OF the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., by John J. Kirkpatrick, Nov. 13, was attended with considerable pecuniary success, and the succeeding performance proved remunerative. The opening company, though not large, yet included some good performers, and, on the whole, appeared to give satisfaction. The following people filled out the programme: Cummings and Hines, agile song-and-dance men; Willis Pickert, a good clog-dancer; Fred Sharpley, a fair negro comedian; James A. Kelly, general performer; Georgie May, male impersonator; Ada Lynwood and May Marshall, vocalists; and La Petite Florence, a miss about twelve years of age, who is decidedly clever, being an excellent dancer. No departures. Announced for 20: Kitty Gardner and Annie Wood. Advices of Nov. 19.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., Fernando Henry and Edna Markley were the fresh faces Nov. 13, both giving satisfaction. No announcements for the 20th furnished us.....Mozart Hall is doing a fair business, the closing people being Billy Hasson, for Grand Rapids; Nellie Leslie and Mrs. Ritter. Coming on the 20th: Annie Clarke, Miss Beatrice, Billy Colton and Lulu Francis.....Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish singer; Niles and Evans, song-and-dance men; and James Carr, Ethiopian comedian, appeared on Nov. 13 at the Orchestrion Hall, where business has ruled very large. Master Eugene, who made his debut here on Nov. 6, has made such a hit that he has resigned his other duties and joined the profession, in which he is soon destined to become an excellent gymnast. Closing 18 are Niles and Evans for Cincinnati, and the clipping Dutch Sisters, for 20, Signor Capello and Nellie Ormolo are billed. Letter of Nov. 18.

MURPHY AND MORTON are performing at the Eagle Theatre, this city.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., an interesting and wordy discussion is just now in progress regarding the authorship of a play produced at that house on Nov. 13. Sam Devere, who played a week's engagement there, commencing on above date, claims to have written the drama entitled "Just in Time," in which he sustained five characters; and his pretensions are angrily disputed by J. J. McClosky, the probable upshot of the matter being an injunction, etc. The drama, if so it may be called, drew a series of crowded houses at each performance, the large attendance, however, being not probably due to the popularity in Brooklyn of Sam Devere than to any intrinsic merit existing in his supposed play. The preceding olio introduced feats of juggling by Harry Sheldon, character-songs by James McKee, Prof. Parker and troupe of trained dogs, male impersonations by Blanche Selwyn, and negro oddities by Ben Gilfoil.....At Hooley's Theatre a continuance for a second week of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" resulted in a lean treasury and displacement of the incumbent management..... The Olympic Theatre during the same period presented Morgan and Welch in "An Irish Holiday," and later in "Irish Oppression." Erba Robeson sang ballads; Conway and Mack appeared in songs-and-dances; Ida Burt gave serio-comic songs; John B. Wills rendered Dutch songs and sayings; Delmaine and Fields, of Grand Duke Theatre fame, danced a double-clog in a meritorious manner, their difficult steps, many of them original, being given with a precision and accuracy wellnigh faultless. The bill concluded with a two-act drama called "Pirates of the Prairies." Advices of Nov. 20.

THE MADISON SQUARE OPERA-HOUSE, late Theatre Comique, on Jefferson street, Memphis, Tenn., is to open Nov. 20 under the management of "Lish Evins and Phin Starr" as proprietors; John C. King, manager; Geo. Wild, acting and stage manager; Prof. Paul Snyder, leader of orchestra. The following company is announced: The Cooper Brothers, Maggie Louise, Lester and Williams, Grace Davenport, Maurice Gilchrist, Byron Davis, Tibbles and Clark, the McCaslins, La Pauline, and Viola Wray.....Acheson's Washington-street Varieties continues to present new attractions. The latest are Jennie Hughes, Johnny Fisher and Terry O'Brien Nov. 13; Johnny Clifton and Prof. Quinlan, the legless gymnast, 16. The departures were Ella Stone, La Pauline, Viola Wray, George Wild and Chas. McCaslin. Stage-manager Marsh Adams is very sick. Joei Davidson acts in his place. Pearl Georgia and La Petite Florence Meacham, a precocious girl of five years of age, appear on the 17th. Advices of last-named date.

JOHN M. TURNER, formerly of Bulkley and Turner, banjoists, can be engaged to appear in his trick banjo manipulations, juggling, imitations, etc. See advertisement, in which there is an endorsement of his ability as a performer from Manager Benson of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Terre Haute, Ind., did a poor business the past week, owing to counter attractions. The new people were Jerry Cavana, Wesley and Pearl, and Ed. and Virginia Charlwood. Cavana's "Dutch Justice" ran during the week. Harry and Emma Evans did not leave last week, owing to their general usefulness. Wesley and Pearl are good acrobatic song-and-dance men, and Mattie Seymour, as a general worker, is good, and she has been engaged for the season. Coming 20 are Mlle. Olympia and Harry De King, and Moneta Rey. Nellie Clark left for Peoria, Ill.

MORTIMER WILLIAMS, comedian and jig-dancer, and Alice Florence, vocalist and dancer, opened at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Nov. 13. They closed 18, going to Baltimore; also Harry Woodson, to New York. Kitty Smith failed to appear or to give an excuse Ailie Monte and Bobby Daly are to open 20.

THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING really new in variety circles in Boston, Mass., the past week. At the Boylston Museum, Yankee Locke was the new arrival, and his eccentric impersonations have met, as they always do, with favor. The remainder of the entertainment was as usual. Locke remains another week, and the olio will include the names of Jenny Wade, Adelia Dixon, Healey and Ella Saunders, John H. Carle, Billy Wylie, Morgan and Welch, J. H. Jeffreys, Erwin Thomas, Geo. A. Garland, and Cherie Chipman. Concerts are given at this establishment Sunday evenings.....At the Howard Athenæum, the list of names includes Ida Vernon, Morris, John Hart, W. Henry Rice, Sheridan and Mack, Mollie Wilson, the Sanyeahs, Alecia Jourdan, Western and Walling, J. D. Kelly, and Harry and John Kernell. Next (this) week "The Devil's Auction" will be brought out, with Dr. Kane's Arctic panorama once more together, and a ballet, including Mlle. Bonfanti and Mlle. Sohlke. Letter of Nov. 19.

SHOOTING IN BALTIMORE, MD.—Maggie Gray, serio-comic vocalist, shot herself about 11 o'clock P. M. Nov. 13, with a pistol, near the corner of Frederick and Saratoga streets, the ball entering the left breast about one and a half inches above her left hip, and lodged about two inches further down in the tissues. The ball was extracted the following morning, and, although the wound is painful, it is not dangerous. The public accounts of the shooting differ, some stating that it was intentional, others that Maggie Gray was on her way to wreak vengeance on a ballet-dancer, then performing in the Grand Central Theatre, who had alienated the affections of a well-known business man from Maggie Gray, and that, while lying in wait, the pistol was accidentally discharged.

AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., frequent changes of bills, introducing in new acts the list of artists mentioned in my previous letter, have sustained the popularity and interest of the performances, and enthusiastic audiences. Rose Eytinge achieved a hit in their negro acts of "Zack Beasley," "Susie's Serenade" and "Canal-street Cadets." Kitty Sheppard, who was also accidentally omitted in my notices of last week, has proved an acceptable vocalist. Among the departures this week are the Pascal Sisters, Ben Reid and party here, and Harry Montague, destination unknown. New appearances announced for this evening: The Lawrence Sisters and Conners and Kelly. Advices of Nov. 14.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN A VARIETY THEATRE.—Moore's Opera-house, Sacramento, Cal., was inaugurated Nov. 18, and a large audience was in attendance. It is located over a large livery stable, on Second street, between K and I, and had previously been used as the State armory. It had recently been converted into a theatre by putting in a gallery and a tier of boxes, and the hall could seat one thousand persons. A telegram informs us that, soon after the performance began, the spectators were startled by a sudden sinking of the floor, accompanied by the cracking of beams, and soon the entire auditorium, the stage and gallery, fell into the stable beneath. The rear portion was partly supported by the stalls, and the spectators were thrown upon the heads of those in the stage. The lights were extinguished by the concussion, and a scene of frightful confusion ensued. The fire-alarm was struck, and in a few minutes the firemen were on the ground, and with the assistance of the police proceeded to rescue the wounded and extricate the dead. Intense excitement in the meantime assembled, and the excitement was intense. Hundreds of people crawled from the ruins unassisted and uninjured. On clearing away the debris the following were found dead: S. W. Perry, janitor of the Court-house; Frank Myers, son of Foreman, compositors in the *Record* and *Union* offices; Henry Vaca; Ezra Woolsen, formerly County Treasurer. Michael Tiernan and two unknown performers escaped with some bruises. Eddie Peak of the Swiss Bellringers, and Mrs. Wilson, a variety performer, were also injured, the latter dying subsequently. Many of the wounded taken from the ruins are in a critical condition. The floor was unsupported except by the usual beams.

MILTON NOBLES has the following dates still open: Nov. 27 and Dec. 4. His address can be found in our business department.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., Oliver Doud Byron has appeared during the week in "Plenty of Money." The character of Hoyley Snayle is of the eccentric type, something similar to that of Uriah Heap, and he makes a success of it. The balance of the support of the company was above the average, Messrs. Love and Barret; and the Misses Nellie Maskell and Madelaine Hardy being particularly excellent. Mr. Scott Marble (who came here instead of to the Museum) made his first appearance. He is somewhat mannered, but of good talent. The rest of the cast was in the main satisfactory. A brief variety olio, in which the Russian Athletes, Frank Lewis, the Carlo Sisters, and Ella Mayer took part, preceded the drama. They all leave with the week, Mr. Byron going to Pittsburg, where he takes a brief engagement. Coming 20: St. Louis Ella Mayer and the Russian Athletes, destination not known; and the Carle Sisters remain in town. Nov. 20, the Kiralfy Troupe begin an engagement in "Around the World in Eighty Days".....Will E. Chapman has returned from Eastern Kentucky, and resumed the managerial helm at Haverly's Theatre, ...At the Coliseum an excellent business has been done. Guy Linton and Lucy Adams are better than ever, and have made several admirable additions to their repertory. The La Rue Family, Master Tommy, and the Vivian Sisters have proved popular. The only departures are Sig. R. Abecco, who remains in town, and Searles, Beggs and Master Haney, who go to the Toledo, a minor variety theatre here. The arrivals for 20 are the D'Alves Sisters, the two Haleys and Dick Mack. Letter of Nov. 18.

THE BARLOW BROS. perform in their song-and-dance specialties at the Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J., this week.

Artists in all branches of the variety busines can find engagements at the Atlantic Varieties, Toledo, O., which opens for the season Dec. 2. A pianoplayer and musicians are also wanted. See Manager Woodward's card.

FANNY SEYMAN advertises for two partners to form a troupe of grotesque and fancy dancers.

THE NEW ARRIVALS Nov. 13 at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., were Adele Leonard and Nellie St. John in sentimental songs; Will H. Morton in character songs; Harry Kelly in sketches; Bryant and Williams in well-executed songs-and-dances; and Miss Kate Bance as Philomel the Petroleuse in "The Revolt of the Commune." The departures Nov. 18 were Bryant and Williams and Miss Rance, with no immediate engagements. Announced for 20 are Jennie Morton, Scanlan and Cronin, and the Sharpleys (three in number). Business good.

B. C. HART, with a company of fifteen specialty artists, under the caption of Hart's Academy Company, commence a week's engagement at Reeves' Opera-house, South Cleveland, O., Nov. 22. We are informed by H. Hickes, manager, that they will go to Youngstown on the completion of their present engagement..... The attractions at the Theatre Comique the past week were the Perry Brothers in songs-and-dances, Joe Taylor in cornet-solos, Murphy and Shannon in Dutch business, Maggie Pearl in serio-comic songs, Alta Hallet in a trapeze act, and Jerome and Cameron in songs-and-dances. Departures 18: Taylor, Green and Taylor, Jerome and Cameron, and Murphy and Shannon. Arrivals Nov. 20: the Morosco Family, Mlle. Annetta, the Belmont Bros., and Harry Vardey. Letter of Nov. 18.

WALTER GALE, character vocalist and change vocalist, is now in the third week of his engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city.

THE AUSTIN BROS. in their rifle-shooting feats are still performing at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city. They publish their route ahead in our business department.

HARRY CLARK, gymnast, is requested to communicate with his brother, as per card in this issue.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Danville, Ill., is under the proprietorship of John Shaser, with J. E. Green general director. The Witman Family were the attraction during the week ending Nov. 11.

THE DASHINGTON BROS. will in future be known as Searles, Downing and Greayson, triple-clog artists, comedians, banjoists, etc. Open dates can be obtained by addressing Jerry Downing, care of this office.

MIKE GALLAGHER, Irish comedian, vocalist and dancer, now playing at the Third-avenue Theatre, this city, publishes his address in another column.

E. S. WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION appeared in Hopkinton, Mass., Nov. 13, Hudson 14, Marlboro 15, Spencer 16, Worcester 17, Palmer 18, and is billed in Chicopee 20, East Hampton 21, Holyoke 22. Dr. W. H. Smith is piloting the party, and reports business good.

SHED LE CLAIR is performing in the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ITEMS to Nov. 18 are sent as appended by our regular correspondent: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 12 were the Parker Sisters and Sidney C. France. The Parker Sisters performed songs-and-dances in very good style, Norah Parker's clog and Ida Parker's flat-dance being particularly excellent. The drama entitled "Saved at Seven," with Chas. Foster as the Major. His impersonation of the pilfmaker was highly amusing, as also was Miss Jennie Chitsie as the Major's young wife. The play was well acted by the dramatic company, which remains over. Departures: Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, to Brooklyn, N. Y.; Baby Bindley, to Richmond, Va.; Scanlon and Cronin, to Washington, D. C. Geo. W. Herbert has resigned his position as assistant treasurer. Billed for Nov. 20 are J. Z. Little, the Carroll Sisters, and Tom Young. Since last week the New Central Theatre last week business improved. "Taking the Pledge" was laughingly rendered by Dick Gorman, Dan Collyer and G. B. Radcliffe, followed by the Claire Sisters—Minnie and Maggie—in "Olympian Sports"—a fine act, which gained great applause, as did Miss Maggie Claire's feats upon the flying rings. "The Grecian Beauty, or Mabille Garden," with Miss Frankie Christie as premiere, and Prof. Lawrence's Parisian groupings, are still in favor. The entertainment concluded with the drama of "Tim Blinkers, or Jack the Bootblack." The Phenix" will now once more together, and a ballet, including Mlle. Bonfanti and Mlle. Sohlke. Letter of Nov. 19.

SHOOTING IN BALTIMORE, MD.—Maggie Gray, serio-comic vocalist, shot herself about 11 o'clock P. M. Nov. 13, with a pistol, near the corner of Frederick and Saratoga streets, the ball entering the left breast about one and a half inches above her left hip, and lodged about two inches further down in the tissues. The ball was extracted the following morning, and, although the wound is painful, it is not dangerous. The public accounts of the shooting differ, some stating that it was intentional, others that Maggie Gray was on her way to wreak vengeance on a ballet-dancer, then performing in the Grand Central Theatre, who had alienated the affections of a well-known business man from Maggie Gray, and that, while lying in wait, the pistol was accidentally discharged.

AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., frequent changes of bills, introducing in new acts the list of artists mentioned in my previous letter, have sustained the popularity and interest of the performances, and enthusiastic audiences. Rose Eytinge achieved a hit in their negro acts of "Zack Beasley," "Susie's Serenade" and "Canal-street Cadets." Kitty Sheppard, who was also accidentally omitted in my notices of last week, has proved an acceptable vocalist. Among the departures this week are the Pascal Sisters, Ben Reid and party here, and Harry Montague, destination unknown. New appearances announced for this evening: The Lawrence Sisters and Conners and Kelly. Advices of Nov. 14.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN A VARIETY THEATRE.—Moore's Opera-house, Sacramento, Cal., was inaugurated Nov. 18, and a large audience was in attendance. It is located over a large livery stable, on Second street, between K and I, and had previously been used as the State armory. It had recently been converted into a theatre by putting in a gallery and a tier of boxes, and the hall could seat one thousand persons. A telegram informs us that, soon after the performance began, the spectators were startled by a sudden sinking of the floor, accompanied by the cracking of beams, and soon the entire auditorium, the stage and gallery, fell into the stable beneath. The rear portion was partly supported by the stalls, and the spectators were thrown upon the heads of those in the stage. The lights were extinguished by the concussion, and a scene of frightful confusion ensued. The fire-alarm was struck, and in a few minutes the firemen were on the ground, and with the assistance of the police proceeded to rescue the wounded and extricate the dead. Intense excitement in the meantime assembled, and the excitement was intense. Hundreds of people crawled from the ruins unassisted and uninjured. On clearing away the debris the following were found dead: S. W. Perry, janitor of the Court-house; Frank Myers, son of Foreman, compositors in the *Record* and *Union* offices; Henry Vaca; Ezra Woolsen, formerly County Treasurer. Michael Tiernan and two unknown performers escaped with some bruises. Eddie Peak of the Swiss Bellringers, and Mrs. Wilson, a variety performer, were also injured, the latter dying subsequently. Many of the wounded taken from the ruins are in a critical condition. The floor was unsupported except by the usual beams.

MILTON NOBLES has the following dates still open: Nov. 27 and Dec. 4. His address can be found in our business department.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., Oliver Doud Byron has appeared during the week in "Plenty of Money." The character of Hoyley Snayle is of the eccentric type, something similar to that of Uriah Heap, and he makes a success of it. The balance of the support of the company was above the average, Messrs. Love and Barret; and the Misses Nellie Maskell and Madelaine Hardy being particularly excellent. Mr. Scott Marble (who came here instead of to the Museum) made his first appearance. He is somewhat mannered, but of good talent. The rest of the cast was in the main satisfactory. A brief variety olio, in which the Russian Athletes, Frank Lewis, the Carlo Sisters, and Ella Mayer took part, preceded the drama. They all leave with the week, Mr. Byron going to Pittsburg, where he takes a brief engagement. Coming 20: St. Louis Ella Mayer and the Russian Athletes, destination not known; and the Carle Sisters remain in town. Nov. 20, the Kiralfy Troupe begin an engagement in "Around the World in Eighty Days".....Will E. Chapman has returned from Eastern Kentucky, and resumed the managerial helm at Haverly's Theatre, ...At the Coliseum an excellent business has been done. Guy Linton and Lucy Adams are

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

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"The Revolt of the Commune" is a vigorous sort of play. It has a rough earnestness, which blends well with its melodramatic character. Of Miss Ranoe it may be said that her conception of the part of Philomel is excellent. In one scene where her babe is put in her hands dead, she is capital. Without forcing the point, and without shrieking her grief, as is customary and traditional, she implies by gesture, and awoke a storm of applause.—BALTIMORE AMERICAN, Nov. 7, 1876.
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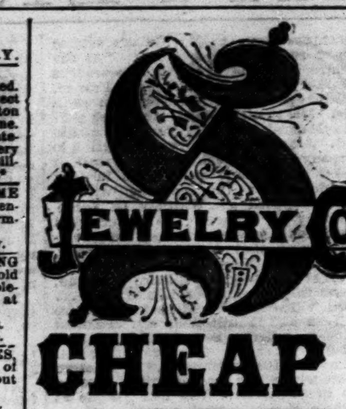

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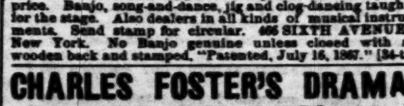

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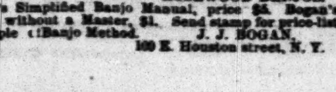

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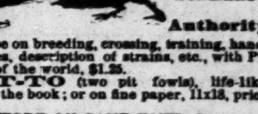

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